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CHILLON.

CHILLON:

A TALE

OF THE

GREAT REFORMATION

OF THE

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JANE LOUISA WILLYAMS.

Chillon, thy dungeon is a holy place.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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PREFACE.

In the beautiful summer of 1840, the author of the following tale, accompanied by a young friend, spent four months in the castle of Chillon, at the upper end of Lac Leman.

So romantic a habitation, placed amid scenes of such surpassing loveliness, could not fail of exciting, even in the most unimaginative mind, a desire to know more than history has recorded of the former inhabitants of a building devoted from remote ages to the reception of that description of persons who, above all others, afford most scope for conjecture, and make the largest demand on our sympathy—prisoners of state.

Accordingly, in our eager pursuit of romantic adventures, we rambled untired over every part of the venerable edifice,—explored

"The highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,"

climbed its towers, crept through its vaulted passages, looked shudderingly down into its oubliettes, and fear

lessly descended between the beams of its floorless chambers; marking also, with inexhaustible admiration, every variation of light and shade through all the changes of the atmosphere, amid the wild uproar of the storm, and in the breezeless stillness of the summer calm. But all in vain! No beckoning ghost, no rusty dagger, or bloody stain, pointed out the grave of the murdered. No worm-eaten parchment rewarded our scrutiny. Even the engines of torture had been removed by the paternal government of the Pays de Vaud; and those *materiel* personages, Messieurs les Conseillers d'Etat, had so scrubbed, whitewashed, and walled up the most interesting parts of the castle, that scarcely a spider was left to spin again the drapery of ages over its walls.

Disappointed in our search for the tangible relics of the olden times, we turned to the legendary lore of our kind and intelligent châtelaine, and accompanying her into those apartments of her castle seldom opened to strangers, caught at, and appropriated with eager delight, the histories connected with them.

Hour by hour, pacing by owly light the spacious salle des chevaliers, have we heard her relate the history of "Le petit Charlemagne," and his fair princess; and scarcely did an unclouded sunset pass, without our descending to view its magic lights play on the pillars of Bonnivard's dungeon, remaining long after they had faded, to listen to the oft-repeated, but never wearying story of "Le jeune Cottier."

Nor was the inspiration of the outer world unwooed.

We climbed the neighbouring mountains, and passed whole days shrouded in their vast forests—glided over the bosom of the crystal lake, or wandered on its shores, until we felt ourselves almost identified with the romantic scenes around us; and acquired from the neighbouring peasantry the title of "Les dames du château."

From such materials the following tale has been woven. It is strictly historical in its leading features, in the character of its principal actors, as well as in the outline of their lives; and where history has been silent, tradition has supplied her deficiencies. Thus, to use a somewhat fanciful metaphor, history has furnished the warp, tradition the woof, and fiction has interwoven a few glittering threads and love-knots to ornament and connect the whole.

This tale, begun only for amusement, (and a pure and delightful one it has proved,) would probably never have been offered to the public, but from its connection with a period of peculiar interest to our church and nation; and that the reading and research which its development required, led to the investigation of subjects now so universally discussed, and so variously regarded.

Fiction has been enlisted as a powerful ally by both parties; even grave and learned doctors have not scrupled to dip their pencil in her glowing tints—and whilst some of the legends of the dark ages have been presented in our own days as the production of truth—powerful and christian authors have thrown her light veil over startling and heart-rending realities.

Availing herself of the same attractive medium, and

with the same object in view, the author ventures to produce this little narrative.

The offering is laid on the altar of Him, who regards not the magnitude of a gift, but its motive.

May he accept and sanctify it!

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CHILLON.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

. . . . I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I shall see my boy again.

KING JOHN.

IN the autumn of the year 1535, the precise day not being clearly specified in our archives, an assembly of the citizens of Geneva, convoked by the great Reformer Farrel, met in the cathedral of St. Pierre.

That suffering city, besieged by her enemies from without, and reduced to great privation and consequent distress within, had been cheered and encouraged amid her struggles by the light of truth which had pierced the dark clouds of error and superstition, that had long obscured her faith, and which the emigrants to whom she had generously afforded protection, when flying from their bloody persecutors in Dauphiny, had been the chief means of disseminating. These holy men had taught the afflicted people, that prayer and humiliation were the most acceptable incense that could be offered on the altar of the true God, and that a simple trust in the efficacy of a Saviour's atonement was of far more avail than the vain processions, idolatrous ceremonies, or costly gifts, by which they had hitherto sought to propitiate Him. It was a truly spirit-stirring scene! No melodrame got up to animate the passions, or dazzle the senses of the spectators; no pageant in which the great displayed, and the vulgar admired and envied the trappings of state and luxury; nor even a joyous holiday for energy to repose, or toil to relax his sinewy arm, and wipe the sweat of labour from his brow. Here man met man, on a footing of equal want and equal unworthiness, to plead their common cause in the moment of common danger, and their prayers were breathed in simultaneous fervour for the protection of their hearths, and the purification of their altars.

The scene was rendered even more imposing by its naked simplicity. The vast cathedral, deprived of its superfluous and idolatrous ornaments, was thronged by persons of all descriptions, who, pressed closely together, composed a mass of auditors, hanging in mute emotion on the lips of the preacher,—a human mass of emaciated and suffering beings, whose brightly gleaming eyes and resolute bearing formed an affecting contrast to frames wasted by unnatural effort and unwholesome food. The appeal of the preacher was made with the solemn and mighty eloquence of truth; and the youngest and gentlest in the congregation shrunk not from the further sacrifices he exacted, or the picture of protracted endurance, which he unhesitatingly placed before them,—of increased effort,—of hours of painful watchfulness and growing danger,—and the daily diminution of necessary sustenance. All sacrifice was deemed light for the giant cause in which they were engaged. Such, Geneva, was thy faith and noble disinterestedness in the hour of peril and privation! Sad is it, indeed, that thou shouldest fall, like the star of the morning, from thy bright estate! But our tale is of the past, and we proceed.

When the solemn service was ended, the members of the council, together with the chief military officers, and the principal citizens, repaired to the Town-hall, there to concert measures for carrying into effect the suggestions of the preacher, to whom they had listened as to the messenger of Heaven; whilst the remainder returned to implore a blessing on their deliberations.

In all that praying city no holier hands were held up, nor more devout breathings poured forth, than in the closet of Madame Cottier, a widow, who resided with her only son, a youth of sixteen, in a small house near the Porte St. Antoine, close by the Priory of St. Victor.

On entering her house, she desired the servant who composed her simple household to leave her alone until the arrival of her young master from the council-chamber, when they would partake of the evening meal together, at the hour appointed for the termination of the national fast. Susanne cheerfully set about her work as her mistress retired into an inner apartment, where she was soon absorbed in the solemn offices of devotion.

Although past the bloom of youth, Madame Cottier was still in the prime of life, and neither sorrow nor time had materially impaired the loveliness for which she had once been celebrated,—a loveliness heightened in the eyes of those who knew that the angelic sweetness of her countenance was but the reflection of a soul as gentle and as pure, and that the lucid softness of her blue eyes mirrored a heart that overflowed with tenderness

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bottom of the same table, and entered into the passing conversation.

"Alack and well-a-day!" said she, laying down the first morsel that was to break her long fast, and raising her hands and eyes in utter despair. "All those fine houses to be pulled down to the ground, and their beautiful gardens ploughed up! I trust, however, they will at least spare the apartment in which Madame first saw the light. I warrant ye, Monsieur Calliffe will use his interest for that."

Michael shook his head. "Our counsellors, Susanne, exert their influence only to be placed first on the list of sufferers. My noble uncle himself proposed the measure, and offered with his own hand to pull out the first stone from the house of his forefathers."

"But, dear child! even if the inhabitants are obliged to quit them, what harm can empty houses do?"

"Ah, Susanne, you are a bad general; these empty walls might shelter our enemies, and perhaps be converted into batteries from which to attack us."

"Aye!" said the woman, solemnly, "since Satan has been permitted to teach men his murderous arts, and to supply them with sulphur and brimstone from his bottomless pit, the world has become too hot for Christians to live in! When our soldiers trusted to their two-handed swords and their cross-bows, we were free and happy, but now—"

"The Lord is our shield and buckler," interrupted Michael; "whom then should we fear?"

"Alas! dear boy, it is not for myself I fear; my sand is nearly run, and gladly would I lay my aged body in the breach, if it would prevent the entrance of harm to thy dear mother and thee; but something tells me, Michael, that the aged and the young will lie down together ere long."

"Your faith is weak, dear nurse; you cannot see the myriads of heavenly guards encamped round about our city."

"I cannot, my son! I see only destruction and famine; but I can look beyond our mouldering ramparts, and behold a brighter city, whose walls are of adamant, and her gates of pearl."

"Aye!" said the thoughtful boy, "it is to that safe enclosure we must look; into which no enemy can enter, and from which no friend will depart. There will be no hunger, no thirst, no tears,"—he paused a moment, and then added,—"no partings *there!*"

Madame Cottier raised her eyes towards her son's as he said this, and perceived they were full of tears; but the entrance of her brother, Monsieur Calliffe, interrupted the conversation, and quitting the dinner-table to greet him, she led the way into

another apartment, into which the uncle and nephew followed. The dignified gravity of Monsieur Calliffe's deportment did not conceal from his sister's awakened observation that something more than ordinary agitated him, and that he looked at her and her son with unusual scrutiny.

"Michael has doubtless informed you," he said, "of the result of this day's meeting, and of the sacrifices Geneva expects o her citizens."

"He has communicated your loss, dear brother," said Madame Cottier, tenderly embracing him, "and my gain. He has told me that you have nobly determined to sacrifice your own house, and to inhabit mine. I need not, surely, say how cordially I shall welcome you and the dear boys to it?"

"You need not, Marie. But that is not the demand I alluded to: I did not do you the injustice to call it a sacrifice to receive the husband and sons of the murdered Madeline to your home and heart."

Madame Cottier became ashy pale, as turning to Michael, her brother continued,

"Your resolution has failed you, boy; I see the announcement is left for one of tougher mould. My dear Marie, intelligence has been received by our government, throwing some light on the mystery in which the fate of one, whom we all love and venerate, has been long enveloped. A deserter from the Duke's ranks, who was long stationed in his state prison at Chillon, reports that our friend and benefactor, the Prior of St. Victor, lies in its dungeons. Before we can take any measures for his release, we must ascertain the truth of the soldier's statement, and that it is not a falsehood invented to procure his own freedom, or with some deeper design. This brave boy has volunteered to seek the benefactor of his father, and I come in the name of the Council to ask your sanction to the enterprise."

"O ask me not!" exclaimed Madame Cottier; "cruel boy, why wouldest thou leave me? Knowest thou not that the world would be but one vast wilderness without thee?"

"Dearest mother, think of our benefactor; think on him who rescued us from a prison, and now lies himself in chains!"

"But thou, my child, what couldest thou do for his release? They will not admit thee into the castle; the guard is strong and suspicious; thy name and country will exclude thee."

"We have already concerted the means of concealing both," said the brother. "The Lord will be with the lad; had my boy been old enough, I would joyfully have intrusted him to his keeping."

"O brother, have pity on my weakness!" exclaimed the

widow. "I cannot part with him; he is my all; my only stay and comfort!"

"Your all, Marie? Are these the words of a christian woman? Your only stay? Is not God Himself at your right-hand to support and comfort you? Yea, though He slay us, yet should we trust in Him! When the wife of my bosom died a victim to poison administered by one she loved and trusted; when I lay writhing beneath its lingering tortures, and the holy men I had received under my roof, for which reason it was administered,* fell sick almost unto death, was not the Lord with us to make all our bed in our sickness, and to raise them up again for the support of our suffering Israel? and will He desert us now?"

Madame Cottier answered not, but placing her thin white hand on her son's shoulder, whilst the tears streamed over her pale cheeks, she looked imploringly in his face.

"Upbraid me not, dearest mother," said the youth, whose contending emotions almost choked his utterance. "God knows how painful it is to me to be separated from you even for an hour; but if you willed not that I should endeavour to return the benefits we have received from St. Victor, why did you tell me of them? Why did you teach me so passionately to love him, and lisp my infant prayers for his deliverance? Why did you enforce my father's dying injunctions to visit and comfort him, should he fall into trial and captivity?"

Still the mother was silent; but her tears were dried, and a brilliant hectic coloured the deathlike paleness of her cheeks. Cottier placed her gently on a chair, and throwing himself on his knees before her, whilst a glow of affectionate devotion lighted his eyes, and gave an almost seraphic expression to his whole figure,—"Mother," he said, "I feel it to be the will of Heaven that we make this effort for the deliverance of Bonnivard, and you know that it is no momentary enthusiasm which has suggested it. How often have we wished for the opportunity of serving him—how often prayed to be made the instruments of his deliverance! Shall we, then, when that opportunity is vouchsafed to us, draw back from the service we have implored, and the boon so graciously accorded! But I will not move without your consent; the sacrifice must be voluntary, and a mother's blessing must hallow the enterprise."

Those who looked on the changing hues of that mother's face, saw how the weakness of the woman contended with the devotion of the martyr. The latter conquered. She laid her hand on her son's head, and raising her meek eyes to heaven, said,

* Historical.

"The blessing of the Lord rest on thee, my child, and on thy efforts for his persecuted saint! O my God! do Thou have pity on my weakness, and accept the costly sacrifice I lay on Thy altar!"

Overpowered by the touching scene, and unwilling to betray feelings which he could not suppress, the stern Reformer silently embraced his sister, and left the apartment. The mother and son retired to their separate chambers, and when they met the next morning, it was with a calmness and fortitude found, where they had sought it, at the footstool of grace.

During the few days which elapsed before Michael's departure, Madame Cottier received all the encouragement that christian sympathy could bestow, and her pastors and neighbours vied with each other in kind co-operation. On the morning he was to leave her, as with a dry eye, though trembling hand, she placed the last article in the traveller's little knapsack, she called him to her, and said, "My son, I have little that is valuable to give thee, excepting this watch; take it—it was thy father's, and is all that remains of former opulence;—nay, do not refuse it, my child, it will remind thee of both parents."

Michael took the offered gift. It was a large watch, made in the cumbrous fashion of the age, and although only of silver, was of considerable value, both from the strength and beauty of the workmanship and the comparative rarity of the article.

"Why should I deprive you of this memento, dearest mother?" he said, as he endeavoured to return it; "I may go into situations perilous to its safety. If you will that I accept the gift, at least keep it for me until I return to claim it."

"My child, thou knowest not what occasion thou mayest have of assistance beyond the scanty supply I am able to afford thee—take the watch, I conjure thee!" It will ease my heart to know thou hast this resource for an hour of need, and to receive thy promise that in such, thou wilt not scruple to use it."

The mother and son are parted. He has gone forth with a sorrowing heart, but elastic foot and hopeful spirit, on his errand of mercy; and she has retired to her little apartment, to lay open her griefs before One, who alone can understand and heal them.

CHAPTER II.

THE VILLAGE INN.

. . . . . Oh, unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; beneath this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.

As You Like It.

Although the distance from one end of the lake of Geneva to the other is now, through the almost magic influence of steam, traversed in a few hours, the land journey is not so speedily effected; and in those days, when the roads were very imperfect, and the passage of the mountains precarious and dangerous, it will be believed that the journey for a foot passenger was not made without considerable difficulty. Other impediments, peculiar to the disturbed state of the country, also beset the path of our young traveller, since the enemies of Geneva were everywhere dispersed, and numerous armed bands of freebooters, on pretence of aiding the Duke or the Bishop, spread terror and devastation around, considering all as fair prey who offered any lure to their cupidity.

Well acquainted, however, with the mountain passes, which he had frequented from childhood, in rambling parties with his school-mates, Michael avoided the more public paths, and wandered through the retired valleys, climbed the steep fastnesses, and claimed the hospitality which had often before been accorded him. Some time, therefore, elapsed ere he reached the end of his journey, when emerging from a deep forest, he looked down on the lake, and saw for the first time the castle of Chillon rising from its clear waters.

The little village of Veytaux, into which his path led, boasted the best inn, or hostelry as it was then called, of the neighbourhood; it bore the title of the Star and Cross, the arms of Savoy, which were displayed over the entrance. It was famed far around for its good cheer, its merry landlord, with his pretty daughter; although the latter, being the waiting woman of the lady of the castle, seldom graced her father's bar. She was now at home, and was supposed to be the principal attraction to one of his guests, who, with the concierge, or maitre d'hotel of Chillon, occupied a table spread in the gallery near the door, as Michael approached it.

Sergeant Prepotenti was a tall, soldier-like man, with dark moustaches and beard, haughty look, and proud bearing. He

had seen a great deal of service, and stood higher in the favour of the governor than in that of his daughter's waiting-woman, although he declared that neither the sunny plains of Italy, nor the warm banks of the Rhine, if yielding a finer-flavoured vintage, could boast so fair or sweet a flower as the Rose of Veytaux.

She now stood at the door, her dark bodice setting off her slender waist, her petticoat just short enough to show her neat foot, and the black lace of her cap according well with the dark eye that sparkled beneath it; and when to this, on a Sunday or a fête day, her national costume was completed by the fanciful little straw hat fastened behind by long streamers of blue or pink ribands, there were many others who thought the fair Paysanne well deserved her name of "the Rose of the Valley." Our Veytaux Rose had, like her renowned namesake of the garden, qualities more valuable than external beauty, a fragrance more enduring than the tints of youth and summer. Amongst her numerous virtues, however, we cannot reckon any Desdemona-like pity for her warlike lover; she listened unmoved to all his tales of dangers and hair-breadth 'scapes; and his histories of

"Accidents by flood and field,"

never won for him such a sweet look of pity as the village maiden cast on our poor way-worn traveller on his entrance. It is true, she did not advance to loosen his knapsack, or bring water for his toilette, but whilst her father rendered him these personal services, she had spread her whitest napkin and laid on the table the refreshment which he seemed to need.

The position occupied by the sergeant enabled him to observe the alacrity with which Rosette ministered to the stranger's wants; he had noticed that instead of the coarse bread and hard cheese usually presented to the hungry mountaineer, she had heaped his board with the delicate produce of the dairy, and the fruits of the season; and he had also observed the maiden fix her eyes with deep earnestness on the young traveller's countenance, as he returned her courtesies with a gentle acknowledgment and melancholy smile.

His repast ended, Michael asked permission to join the party in the gallery, and this overture to sociability was courteously received by the cheerful and venerable seneschal and mine host, who ran for a flagon of his best wine, and whilst his daughter seated herself at a little distance with her knitting, he laid it on the table with the air of one who has made up his mind to enjoy himself.

"Voila, Monsieur le Sergeant," he said, "I doubt whether

your côte roti, or rudescheimer, has higher gout than this wine of our last year's vintage."

The man of war looked incredulous as he lifted the sour liquor to his lips, but said in a condescending tone, "Nay, each country has its excellencies. You may let the German and French gentlemen boast of their wines, whilst you have your mountains and your fair maidens."

Mine host was not satisfied with the compliment; like most people, he liked to be flattered on his weakest point, and, besides, he did not exactly approve of the last part of the sergeant's speech, and he hastened to change the subject by asking the stranger "What news he brought?"

"My journey has laid chiefly over the mountains," said Cottier, with some embarrassment.

"Aye, I see," returned the landlord, "that you have had but rough travelling, for you seem tired, and your accoutrements are the worse for wear; but even honest people now-a-days are sometimes constrained to take crooked paths."

"I will venture to guess," said the concierge, with a knowing look, "that this young gentleman has been chased by those miserable heretics from Geneva, and is come to take refuge amongst the loyal subjects of the Duke. If, now, it would please ye to take service amongst us, I think——."

"We want no recruits from the rebel city," said the soldier, rudely interrupting him, and preventing Cottier's reply, "the Duke's party is sufficiently strong."

"That may well be," said the young girl, approaching the table on the pretence of replenishing the wine; "since you have taken almost all our young labourers from us; to-morrow our vintage commences, and I fear we shall have but a sorry band."

"Right, my Rose! thou hast always thy wits about thee, and wouldest no doubt engage this young stranger to help us in the place of that silly fellow, Jules, who our sly friend here has sent to the other side of the Alps to fight against the heretics."

The sergeant now fearing he had outwitted himself, and placed his rival in the vicinity he least wished, turned to him and said, with an assumed courtesy, "I mistake greatly if Monsieur le Voyageur has ever been accustomed to any share of the vineyard's duty but that of partaking of its fruits; so gay and gallant a cavalier should take active service in these stirring times."

"Such is my wish," said Michael, colouring; "and if his Excellency the Governor would not scorn so poor a recruit,—I——."

"Recruit!" repeated the concierge, who was anxious to put

his claim for the handsome young stranger's services, conscious that it was a more reasonable one than either of those already advanced; "tush, my lad! thou art far better suited for a page than a soldier, and thou art come in the very nick of time, for my Lord the Governor has commanded his servant to seek out some such a comely youth to serve his noble daughter during the expected sojourn of the Duke. Truly exigency and opportunity did never more fully suit, for thou seemest made to answer the somewhat dainty requisitions of my fair mistress. Monsieur Bontemps, thou must bring the lad with thee to the chateau, and we will finally arrange our matters, whilst thou and the sergeant judge the merits of his boasted rudescheimer."

"Nay, thou art too hasty, good Monsieur Confetti! the young gentleman must first hear the conditions before he undertakes the service," said mine host.

"That shall he, and in my lady's own words. 'Bonniface,' said she,—for like the dear departed Countess, her noble mother, she always calls me by the name given me by my godfathers and godmothers—'Bonniface, I find my father has commissioned thee to hire me a page; now I pray thee let it not be an unhandy clown who will shame us by his awkward gait and clumsy fingering, nor a saucy knave who will slight our mountain customs for his city habits. I would not have a blunt soldier, who would rather storm a breach than wait on a lady; nor could I endure a *petit miatre*, who would run from the smell of all powder that was not scented with musk or ambergris.' Oh! I can assure ye, sirs, I have hunted far and near for such a nonpareil, but one way or another there has been a crook in every lot I have hitherto lighted on, until my happy encounter this evening."

"And what are the services required?" asked Michael; "I fear such a wild chamois as I am would make a sorry genet for a fair dame."

"Oh, you would soon get accustomed to the rein in her gentle hand; but to speak in plain Swiss, your duty would be to attend the lady in her rides, place her mantle in the skiff, and sometimes, perchance, accompany her in it across the lake on fête days to the Church of St. Meurice, although, sooth to say, she goes there but rarely of late; wait on her at her meals—prepare her fishing tackle—carry her hawk—pick up her arrows—feed her little greyhound which the Duke gave her—and——."

"Hoot! hoot!" exclaimed the landlord; "why this is more than one man could do, had he legs and arms *en quatre!* you will frighten your bird from the quarry!"

"Yet I have not quite made out the list of his duties as *page*

de dames, although I may perhaps have added some that he may never be called on to perform, seeing my gentle mistress delighteth not in the amusements of fishing and hawking."

The garrulous old man was here interrupted by Rosette, who said with warmth, "One thing should be added, that our dear lady never claims hard service from any one, and that it is our delight to do her bidding; but the chateau is confined, and the life we lead there would soon weary those accustomed to mountain breezes and liberty."

"If mountain air and liberty suit the gentleman," observed the soldier, "there is free booty and the Alps in the service of our master the Duke."

"Gentlemen," said Cottier, slightly colouring, "it would appear that men and service are scarce in these parts, since you are thus anxious to find employment for so poor a workman. I thank you for your offers, but with all due deference to the Lady Beatrice, I would rather protect than wait upon her, and if the Governor would admit me into the service of the fortress,——."

"Nay, nay!" impatiently exclaimed the concierge, "you are yet too young for the rough service of war; the best school for it is that of the ladies; having learnt to obey their commands, and accommodate yourself to their fantasies, martial law comes easy enough. To-morrow, I repeat, I shall be at the conciergerie, and the bottle of rudescheimer will stand untouched until mine host shows us how to draw the cork."

"I will not sell the services of my guest for a cask of your best vintage," answered Bontemps; "but if it be his pleasure to take a walk to the castle, I will gladly accompany him."

"You forget, father," said Rosette, "that monsieur requires a little rest, and that his accoutrements stand in some need of repair. I would not for the world subject him to the jeers of the saucy knaves of the castle in such a plight."

The landlord looked at his daughter with surprise, and she blushed as he said gravely, "What thou observest, maiden, may not be gainsayed, but I know not that it is discreet in thee thus to meddle with the concerns of our guest, or polite to point out his deficiencies."

A smile of triumph curled the lip of the sergeant at this reproof of the poor girl's unwonted officiousness; but Cottier, turning to her, said with infinite sweetness, "Surely christian kindness to the weary and wayfaring is the truest courtesy, and therefore, maiden, I will hope for thy further services in addressing me to some skilful hand who will mend my torn vestments, and whilst awaiting their restoration, I will, with mine host's permission, lend a helping hand in his vineyard."

"A bargain!" said Bontemps, shaking the youth's hand;

good uncle Isaack will speedily right the gear, and Rosette shall conduct you to-morrow to his cot. You shall work as much or as little as you like in our vineyards, but I bespeak your company, together with that of our good friends here, at our noonday meals, and hope ye will also partake of our cheerful cup at night."

The concierge and his companion accepted the welcome invitation, and ere the former could address Cottier, Rosette interrupted by reminding him that she had heard the evening bell, and that probably the bridge might be drawn up before they reached the castle.

"Why, maiden," said the father, "thou art unusually liberal of thy counsel to-night! however, it may not be amiss to follow it, as doubtless the traveller needs repose. I will bear ye company, gentlemen," he continued, bowing to the concierge and his companion, "to the top of the hill, and we will talk of our matters by the way."

When the party had quitted the inn, Rosette turned to her guest with great earnestness and heightened colour. "Notwithstanding my dear father's rebuke," she said, "I am going to offer unasked advice. I would entreat you seriously to examine the step you are about to take, in seeking an entrance into yon melancholy abode."

"You know it, then?" asked Cottier eagerly.

"How should I not?" replied the maiden; "I went at the age of ten, first as playmate to the Lady Beatrice in her castle of Brieres, and remained in after years as her serving-maid, or companion, as she was pleased to term me. At the death of the Countess her mother, his Excellency would not consent to be longer parted from his only child, and so he sent for us both to Chillon. My kind mistress, since the death of my poor mother, spares me in busy times to help my father, which is a great indulgence to us both. I shall return to my prison as soon as the vintage is over, although but for my dear young lady's sake I would never again enter it, and I solemnly warn you against the attempt. But here comes my father. In our walk to my uncle's cottage to-morrow I shall have an opportunity of explaining myself more fully. Here is a light, monsieur; your little chamber lies on the left of the first stage. Good night," she continued, speaking loud, "*bon repos!*"

Cottier took the lamp, and returning her salutation, ascended the stairs as Bontemps approached the house.

CHAPTER III.

THE DREAM.

Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
YOUNG.

As our young hero entered his sleeping apartment, and beheld the pale rays of the moon faintly playing on the floor, admitted through a small door which led into one of those wooden galleries that are still seen surrounding the Swiss cottages, he laid down his lamp, and stepping out on the balcony, leant over the railing to gaze, it might seem, from his fixed look and unchanging posture, on the lovely scenes around, but in reality as little heeding them as the various sounds which proceeded from the court below. The old domestic, Nannette, had bid her cows good night, and fastened her goats in their fold; the hens had flown to their roost in the penthouse, from which they were every now and then disturbed by the old woman's frequent visits to the shed, either to replace her well-scoured copper pans, to rinse her pails in the fountain which incessantly poured its bright waters over them, or to make some culinary preparation for the early breakfast. The little vessels had folded their wing-like sails, and lay at anchor in the shady nooks of the bay; the plashing oar was still, the woodman's axe at rest. The social rooks had flown in flocks to their nest, and the solitary eagle had sailed high over the cottage roof to his mountain eyrie. All this passed unheeded by the thoughtful one, whom the soft voice of Rosette roused from his reverie.

"Go to bed! go to bed, dear father mine!" she said; "think how early you rose this morning, and how soon you must be stirring again to-morrow. You are not now so young and able as when you chased the chamois with the good prior."

"Ah, dear child, thou shouldst not name those days and sleep together! I will go to bed to content thee, but I am not disposed to slumber. I do not feel at ease about this young traveller; 'tis a likely youth, and I would fain prevent his listening to our foolish old concierge, and still more to that wily soldier;—we must not allow either of them to lure him into the castle."

"Well, well, dear father!" said the affectionate girl, gently drawing him towards the house, "go to bed now, and we will talk to the young gentleman to-morrow."

Bontemps walked a few paces forwards, but stopping suddenly he laid his hand on his daughter's shoulder, and looking into her face whilst he spoke low and earnestly, asked, "Hast thou never seen that youth before, Rose? Sometimes methinks I could almost name the spot and hour where we had met, and anon I lose my clue. Yet surely I am not mistaken!" he continued thoughtfully; "I *have* seen those clear eyes, blue as our lake, yet shaded by a sadness that does not become his years—that form, supple as the young pine of the forest, straight yet yielding. Yes! I *have* seen them all before—but where? Pshaw! I will go to rest, and try if my dreams will unravel the mystery."

"Now that's a dear good father!" said the maiden; "and who knows but aunt Alice may help us to interpret them; but remember, to dream you must first sleep."

The father pressed his darling to his bosom, kissed her forehead and each blooming cheek. "God bless thee, my only one!" he said, and they parted for the night.

Cottier listened to their retreating footsteps, until all was still. The moon had now risen entirely over the Sanschaud, and the rugged peaks of Ney were silvered by its beam, which were reflected in the sleeping lake. All nature reposed—so still, so motionless, that Michael heard only the ticking of his watch that he had laid on the table. That watch, the last remnant of his father's wealth, the last memento of his mother's tenderness, naturally turned the current of his thoughts to his deserted home. "My mother! my tender mother!" he repeated, whilst tears fell plentifully over his downy cheeks. "And who will cheer thy dreary hearth in thy boy's absence? O Thou!" he continued, falling on his knees, "whose last care was for thy mother, protect and comfort mine!" Sobs here choked his utterance, and mental prayer was all he could offer—but when was such offered in vain? When did the full heart breathe out its anguish unheard or unconsoled? The young Christian rose from his knees strengthened, sustained, comforted; and retiring to his humble bed, after placing his precious watch beneath his pillow, he soon fell asleep. But his slumbers were disturbed by dreams, in which the events of the last few days were mingled with those of times long past, and scenes far distant.

There is something at once so mysterious and interesting in the visions or dreams of those whom deep feeling or extraordinary circumstances have placed in a state of unusual excitement, that however they may be generally accounted for by natural causes, however all other solutions may be deemed superstitious, we have seen in all ages the strongest minds occasionally yield to their influence. These visions, often incongruous and even ridiculous, and almost always obscure and undefined, have

nevertheless great power over sensitive and imaginative minds, and are by them interpreted as the prognostics of evil, or the warnings of conscience. Many of these phantasmia have coloured the future life of the dreamer;—every one knows the effect of such on that of Colonel Gardiner, and if one half of the world ridicules, the other respects it.

Addison says dreams are characteristic, and that a fair estimate might be made of the disposition of that man who would be candid enough to relate his sleeping visions. Yet surely this would not always prove a just criterion; since a man often dreams that he performs the action he most fears and abhors, and sleep will sometimes treacherously bring before us circumstances we most wish to forget, and persons we are most desirous of banishing from our thoughts. Nor do we always dream of those subjects that usually occupy our waking hours, or on which we most frequently converse. The slightest sunbeam which glances across the darkened chamber of memory—a passing word, a look of remembrance will, if suppressed by waking effort, return when reason slumbers, and linking itself with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, dormant if not forgotten, bring back the past with all the vividness of reality. But we touch a complicated chord, let us therefore return to our slumberer.

Cottier dreamt that he stood on the shore of a wide-spreading lake, from whose dark waters rose a proud castle that seemed to bid defiance to all approach. The moonbeams lay on its towers, and gleamed from the helmets and accoutrements of the armed men who guarded its battlements. The drawbridge was up, and in vain he sought to pass the mote that surrounded the building; for wherever he presented himself, armed heads, the vizor up, grinned defiance at him. Baffled, but not discouraged, he returned to the margin of the water, and heard a low moaning voice repeat his name. It proceeded from a part of the building which appeared to have its foundation beneath the waves, and the dreamer would have thrown himself into them in order to swim towards it, had not some irresistible force held him as if rooted to the ground. At length as he was turning disappointed away, he perceived a small boat approach the shore, self-moved, for the veiled figure which sat in its stern, had neither oar nor rudder. It came near and touched his feet, and he was springing into it, when he was again held back. He turned, and beheld his mother! She was dressed in deep mourning, and looked pale and sorrowful. "My son," she said, "go not with that man; see you not that he is the messenger of Death!" And Cottier looked, and beheld beneath the veil in which he was shrouded, a skeleton, in whose ball-less sockets the worm, "foul rioter!" hung in lazy folds. As the youth hesitated, the

phantom stretched out his long arm, and rudely plucking him from his mother's clinging embrace, drew him into the boat. It glided rapidly round the castle, and stopped beneath its wave-encircled walls, and from out the grated window the low moaning voice was again heard to repeat his name. "I come," he exclaimed, as he sprang from the boat, climbed the high perpendicular wall, and looked through the dim aperture. What saw he there? A vaulted chamber supported by massive pillars, and at the foot of one of them, lay a form long graven on his waking imagination—the form of a prisoner, majestic even in misery. As he gazed, a sudden light broke in on the obscurity of the vault. It was not the light of the sun, nor of the moon, but bright gleaming flambeaux, hung by no human hand, beamed from every arch, and shed over the form of the captive an expression of celestial beauty. As the dreamer gazed, a clap of thunder echoed through the building, and shook it to its foundation; and with the incongruous transition of dreams, he suddenly found himself alone on a rock in the midst of quick gathering waters, which rose higher and higher, until the icy chill reached his heart—he shrieked and awoke!

He awoke—the cold sweat lay on his brow, and moistened the bright curls that clustered round it; but his eyes were heavy, and they closed again, and again his dream presented the same scene. He stood once more on the lone rock, breast high in the waters; but a bright benignant being was near him, and although dark clouds hung over his head, yet there was a stream of light on the distant shore—a shore of such matchless beauty, that Cottier strained his eyes to view it, and longed yet feared, to plunge into the waves and swim towards it. "Trust thyself to me, my son," said the bright stranger. "Rest on my shoulder, and I will bear thee safe to yonder pleasant land;" and the young man did as his guide directed him. The waters receded as they advanced; gales of perfume fanned their cheeks, and as they approached the land, soft strains of harmony burst on the ear. But the excess of delight as well as suffering, will break the bands of sleep; and once again Cottier awoke.

He arose and looked from the gallery. The moon had sunk behind the mountains, but the stars still gleamed through the pure ether. There was no longer the deep solitude of night; for although the day had not dawned, yet there was that universal glow that precedes its opening: the gentle stirring of Nature before her awakening—as the countenance of infancy brightens, the tender limb is extended, and then the laughing eye opens. And thus rose the sun that morning, gilding the snowy peaks of the Dent de Midi. Human voices floated on the breeze; the

oar again divided the dancing waves, and the labourers returned to the vineyards to resume their pleasant tasks.

The simple toilette of our young traveller however was finished ere the sun had risen from the earth, or any one of the inmates of the hostelry was stirring; he therefore let himself quietly down from the gallery, and ascended a steep winding path which rose just behind the village. Skirting the side of the mountain through a thick forest of chesnut-trees, it conducted him into an open space of verdant grass, which sloped gently down to the edge of a gigantic wall of bare and rugged rocks that guarded that part of the lake. A blue mist still hung over its waters, but rolling slowly back as the sun rose above the Aventine, it gradually discovered the smiling banks, and the grey towers of Chillon; the banners of Savoy floating from their battlements, and glittering in its rising beams. As the filmy veil disappeared from the unfolding landscape, Cottier recognized the scene of his nightly vision, and he remained, his eyes fixed on the mysterious building, until he imagined he beheld the boat and its phantom guide, glide round the dungeon walls. In an age when the belief in witchcraft and supernatural agency was yet rife, and superstition was a part of faith, although emerging from its unhallowed influence, Cottier could not shake off the impression which his dream, united with the coincidence of the scenes before him, had naturally made on his mind; but whether viewing it as arising from natural causes, or sent from heaven to warn him of approaching danger, it changed not his purpose, although it quickened the energy of his prayers for strength to accomplish it.

After some time spent in meditation, our traveller walked slowly back to the village inn, and met its young mistress, bearing a pitcher of water from the fountain.

"You are early, sir," she said; "I thought, after the fatigue of yesterday, you would long have outslept the sun this morning."

"I would not willingly close my eyes on such fair scenes as these, Mademoiselle Rosette. It seems, when I look on your broad lake, and upwards to your groves and mountain pastures, that every thing here combines to make man happy."

"The great God has willed it so," said the maiden, with a sigh; "but his sinful creatures have sadly marred his gracious gifts. Did you visit the castle, sir?"

"I looked down on its battlements: methinks 'tis a goodly pile, and placed amid fair scenes. I marvel at thy discontent with it, maiden."

"Alas, sir! think you that yon bird that laves his wild wing in the lake, would love captivity better for being within sight

of his wonted haunts? And know you not," she continued, her voice and manner betraying increased earnestness, "that many a noble eagle has beat his wings against the bars of Chillon? Believe me, few ever leave those walls with unclipt feather, and that there is far more happiness beneath many a Chalet hut on the coldest mountain."

"Rosette! Rosette!" cried her father; "why dost thou stop talking there whilst the labourers are waiting for their breakfast? Vite! vite!"

The kind-hearted maiden staid to claim a promise from Cottier that he would not leave them for a few days, which promise he freely gave, as he considered it would be advisable for him, ere he entered the castle, to gain all the information he could respecting it from his pretty hostess and others. For this reason, he followed her into the house, and begged he might take his breakfast with the happy party who, seated around a large table, each with his mess of potage and rye bread, enjoyed the homely refreshment after his early task.

There was, however, little to be learnt. The peasants talked of the expected visit of the Duke of Savoy to the château, and of the splendid preparations there making for his reception, with the eagerness for novelty and show common to the vulgar; but on all other subjects connected with him, there was evidently much constraint.

When the kitchen of the inn was emptied, Rosette applied herself with diligence to the duties of her ménage, in order to be at liberty for her evening's excursion; yet, let not any of my readers do an injustice to my little Vaudoise, by imagining it was the pleasure of the walk with the young stranger that quickened her step; she had weightier reasons to desire an interview—and moreover, Rosette was no coquette.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSION.

. . . . . Oh 'tis a cause
To arm the hand of boyhood, and rebrace
The slackened sinews of time-wearied age!

GRAY.

WHEN the noonday meal was despatched, and the young mistress of the inn had seen the remains, with true Swiss housewifery, carefully deposited in the larder, after having with an hospitality equally national, pressed her viands on the acceptance

of her guests; she gave old Nannette sundry charges respecting her household arrangements, placed a flagon of wine and his pipe in her father's favourite gallery, and then set off to climb the mountain with her young companion. When they had quitted the village, and ascended through some vineyards, they reached a beautiful sloping meadow, which few English gentlemen would blush to call park, studded as it was by magnificent walnut-trees, and encircled by forests of the still more verdant chesnut. In the midst of this smiling lawn, stood a commodious farm-house, the inmates of which were busy in gathering in their abundant harvest, the men battering the luxuriant branches with long poles, in accordance with the assurance of the old distich that

> "A spaniel, a wife, and a walnut-tree;
> The more they are beaten the better they be,"

whilst the women were employed in gathering up the fruit, disengaging it from its green husk, and packing it in sacks. The foremost of the busy group, a fine young man, whose countenance beamed with health and good humour, was the first to discern the approach of Rosette, and to bid her and her companion welcome—a welcome that was reiterated by every member of the family, and it was with difficulty that the maiden could extricate herself from the pressing hospitality of the elder, and the still more urgent entreaties of the younger, to enter their dwelling, by a promise of sharing their evening meal on a future day. The young man whose clear brow had been somewhat overcast at the refusal of Rosette, now looked delighted at her condescension; and as the travellers pursued their way up the steep ascent, it was evident he was in no haste to bury himself amongst the branches of the trees, whilst her light form was in sight. After a climb of half a league, they reached one of those glens of exquisite verdure, which might throw all our landscape gardeners into despair; where all is grand, extensive, and sublime, yet finished with the polish of miniature beauty. Here, at the door of a small cottage sat an old man, busied in the occupation of a tailor. He was aged and poorly clad, and his grey hairs were thinly scattered on his brow; but his ruddy complexion and sinewy arm indicated that his calling had not always been a sedentary one. He sat on a bench at the door, anxious to catch the last gleam of sunshine, and intent on repairing the rents of a well used garment, from some fragments, almost as time-worn, which were collected in a basket at his side. As Rosette approached, and tapped him gently on the shoulder, he embraced her affectionately, saying, "What brings my sweet Rose from

her valley? and whom does she conduct hither, just as the sun is setting?"

"It is a stranger, dear uncle," she replied, "who wants your help to repair the rough usage he has met with in his travels." Cottier opened his knapsack, and gave its contents into the hands of the old man.

"Aye!" he said, "I can mend these bottines; I am but an inexpert hand, seeing I was not bred to the trade, but it is all grist, as they say, that comes to my mill; and a man is happy now-a-days, to earn his soup and rye bread in any honest way. Such buskins as these," he continued, "are not the manufacture of our parts, they are the work of one Jean Grossi, at the Porte St. Antoine. Do you know any thing of Geneva, young sir?" The old man took off his spectacles, wiped away a tear that had dimmed them, and looking earnestly at Cottier, who hesitated in replying to his question, said, "It seems to me that I have seen your face before, sir traveller: whence come you? But perchance you like not to declare, for now-a-days a man is startled at the sound of his own name, however honest a one it may be."

"And therefore leave we the stranger to conceal his," said Rosette; "but where is my dear aunt?"

"She is gone to the old pine tree on the rock," said Isaack; "gone as usual to see the sun sink in the lake, and to look down on the castle. There are some within its dungeons, who never behold its precious rays till they are hid from our sight. I think sometimes, it is for this reason, Rose, that your aunt never enjoys them either, and that she sits in the darkest corner of the room. There, round and round goes her wheel the livelong day, till the vesper hour, when up she gets and out she goes, not for the saluat of the holy Mary, but ——" the old man stopped, crossed himself, and hastily added, "But do thou go, my fair Rose, and join your aunt; perhaps Monsieur will remain with me the while."

"Nay, uncle," said she; "but he must come with me. I cannot get down that slippery path alone."

The old man smiled. "Why what has crossed the path of my mountain chamois? Light of foot, and quick of eye, when before did she need help? There are feebler limbs than thine, my child, that climb that rock, and dimmer eyes that look down its dizzy steep. My poor Alice will one day find a grave there, I fear; yet it is her only pastime to wander out at evening, and kneel on that cold stone. The young lads of the hamlet have cut steps in the sod, and they carefully sweep the snow from them; for she is kind and helpful to all, and they in turn love to do these little offices for her. But go, my children: the sun

hastes to his evening bath in the lake—you will be late." And he turned busily to his work, as the young people left him to pursue their way up the mountain. After ascending it about ten minutes, they came to a verdant plain, and crossing that, reached a precipitous side of the mountain, in some parts clothed with dark forests of fir-trees; at others, presenting only barren rocks, which fell almost perpendicularly many hundred fathoms below. On one of these rocks, the sharp points of which rose considerably above the rest, grew an enormous pine, whose gigantic head had been scathed by lightning, yet whose rude branches, although bared of their leaves, and moss-grown from age, stretched wide on every side, as if to compensate for the fallen grandeur of its once lofty head. Just below this rock there had been an opening made by a mountain torrent, the bed of which, now dry, was used to convey wood to the valley; and the narrow vista admitted a view of the castle of Chillon, as well as of a portion of its surrounding lake, in which the sun seemed already to have half plunged his setting orb. The approach to the summit of this pine-topped height was not made without difficulty, for the rude steps were cut around the outside of it, and hung over the dizzy steep which, as we have already observed, reached to the borders of the lake; and as the travellers turned the side, and gained a firmer footing, made by the protruding roots of the old fir-tree, they discerned a figure kneeling beneath its seared branches. It was that of an elderly female, and at this evening hour, excepting that the penitent had no rosary, and that the altar above her was but the dark pine, a stranger might have supposed, from the habits of the age and the religion of the people, that she was some pilgrim at a far-sought shrine. She was aged, but there was a light in her dark eye, and a grace in her tall form, that spoke of early comeliness. She wore the costume of the Canton, excepting that the bodice, petticoat, and apron, were all of black, and her head had no covering but a silk cap of the same colour. She was looking intently on the setting sun, and did not notice the approach of the young people, who stopped, unwilling to disturb her devotions, of which the moving lips, clasped hands, and uplifted eye, testified the fervor. At length, the sun's last rays were quenched in the lake, and the suppliant having risen from her knees, Rosette and her companion approached her. She greeted them kindly, kissed her niece affectionately, and taking Cottier's extended hand, held it within both hers, whilst she looked earnestly at him; then throwing her arms around his neck, she exclaimed, "My son! my son!" whilst her tears for some time choked further utterance: and the young people looked at her, impatient for an explanation of her emotion. "Aye, look again, dear boy!" she

t length exclaimed; "my hair is bleached, and my cheeks vithered since I was driven from the good man's sheltering oof; for summer suns have scorched, and winter snows have chilled me, whilst he pines in darkness and in chains."

"Alice, dear Alice, I know you now!" exclaimed Cottier, as the sudden recollection shot like a bright beam across his countenance, clearing its perplexed expression, and he threw himself into her arms. "It is your own kind smile, your own dear voice: but you are changed, my aunt, for still I must call you by that endearing name—and Rosette too, I have difficulty in tracing my little companion in the tall woman."

"Yes, dear boy," said Alice, as she held him at a little distance, whilst she gazed on his animated countenance, "the buds have unfolded, whilst the full-blown flower has withered on its stem. But say, what brings you here? and what hope do you offer for the captive? is the hour of deliverance at hand, and has Geneva awoke from her guilty slumber?"

"Alas! she is herself in bonds; hampered and beset on all sides; yet does she not forget her first friend, and I am come at her bidding, to seek him. Tell me then, where is St. Victor—where is my benefactor?"

"Hush!" said Alice, "breathe not that name, but in prayer! Here! here!" and she led the young man to the brink of the rocky precipice; and pointing to Chillon, continued, "our friend and benefactor—the friend and benefactor of mankind—lies *there*, in darkness, in solitude, and in chains!"

"I am sent to break those chains."

"May Heaven bless thy efforts! Hear me, my children!" continued the old woman sorrowfully. "I feel that *my* race is nearly run. I feel that I shall not much longer be called on to witness the injustice and cruelty I cannot prevent. But promise that *you* will never forget that he, to whom, under Heaven, you owe all the earthly blessings you possess, pines in a dungeon. Heaven regards not the strength and power of the instruments it uses to bring about mighty ends; and hands however weak, may break the strongest chains. Kneel with me here, and swear that you will not depart from the faith St. Victor taught and now suffers for; that you will sacrifice youth, liberty, nay even life itself, rather than betray that, or forget him. And yet," she continued, after a moment's pause, "am I not wrong in requiring this promise? It is easy for one whose sand is nearly run to talk of sacrifice, but for ye, my blooming ones, for whom life has as yet offered nothing but hope and enjoyment, I am still a coward, and my weak faith shrinks from laying the cross on your young shoulders." And she looked with tearful eyes on them as they knelt at her side.

The maiden's attitude was that of deep humility; her hands were crossed on her breast, and beneath the lashes of her downcast eye, the tears plentifully escaped, and rolled over her now pale cheek. But the slender boy-like form of her companion was in striking contrast to the fixed and resolute expression of his closed lips and flashing eye. The evening breeze blew aside the bright clustering ringlets of his hair, and bared his high and intellectual forehead.

"And what is life," he said, "but a probationary passage to a brighter world? What are youth, strength, intellect, but talents intrusted to our care? My God! all I have is thine—all I am is thy work; what a glorious privilege it is to lay all thy gifts on thine altar, and so early, to dedicate them and myself to Thee!"

There was a silence of some minutes, and each full heart offered its own peculiar sacrifice. At length, Alice arose. "My children," she said, "the evening is far advanced, and it is time you return to the valley. This meeting has been one of great joy, but it has also been one of trial to my feeble frame. I want time and solitude to collect my thoughts, and to ask counsel ere I can venture to give it. My dear son, promise me you will take no important step until you see me again at the end of two days hence,—I dare not name a more distant period. Our meeting must be beneath this old pine, and at sunset. In the meantime, do you enjoy one more day of liberty, and join in the delightful occupation of the vintage. A day will come when we shall all meet in the Lord's vineyard."

They now walked together to the cabin, where they took an affectionate leave of Alice and Isaack, who promised to be ready for Cottier's next visit; and the young people pursued their way down the mountain, talking over the events of their childhood, when Rosette had been a frequent visitor to her aunt under the happy roof of the Prior of St. Victor. As she was a few years older than Cottier, she had recognized him on his first appearance at her father's, and she had begun to explain the prudential reasons which had induced her to conceal the discovery until she saw her aunt, when she was interrupted by the appearance of Colin Dulait, who had come with his sister to meet and accompany them home.

As the labours of the vintage were to commence at an early hour the following morning, the family retired to rest immediately after supper; and the slumbers of our young hero were not again disturbed by the dreamy visions of the night.

CHAPTER V.

THE VINTAGE.

Along the shores, among the hills, 'tis now
The heyday of the vintage; all abroad
Busy in gathering—all among the vines
Filling their baskets of green wicker-work;
While many a canzonet and frolic laugh
Come through the leaves. It is enough to make
The sad man merry.

ROGERS'S ITALY.

WHAT a beautiful scene is a vintage! at least such it was in the sixteenth century, of which we write. Many, perhaps, who have witnessed its comparative dulness in our days, may be inclined to combat the assertion; for, alas! what rustic enjoyment can withstand the encroachments of artificial refinement, which, creating a craving for novelty and excitement, render our simple pleasures tasteless and monotonous? We have our amusements too, but they are sophisticated ones, and oftener purchased at the expense of Nature and of Taste, than that of profit or expediency;—for instance, what lover of the picturesque even, although he turn disappointed away at the first view of the stunted vineyards of France, would be imprudent enough to regret their lavish pruning, when assured that the flavour of the fruit is heightened by the deformity of the vine? Luxury and ease are the idols of our era. We are world-wisely content, to leave to the knight-errant his enchanted forests, and to the enterprising traveller his fresh adventure, whilst we loll at our ease in the arm-chairs of our railroad carriages, and eat, smoke, and yawn on the deck of our smooth gliding steamers. But all this, we allow, is vain declamation. We may inveigh against the spirit of the age we live in, but are nevertheless blown onward by its powerful breath. "The steam is up," and we must go forward.

Human life may be compared to a pair of scales, of which we are constantly shifting the weights, but its actual burden remains unlightened, and its fulcrum unmoved. We discern minute evils, and feel their pressure in our own times; whilst ages gone by are judged by their leading characteristics; and the most enthusiastic admirer of knights and troubadours, if any such yet linger amongst us, must acknowledge with a sigh over poor human nature, that even the bright era of chivalry was obscured by many a dark deed of injustice and oppression. If, however,

a green spot is to be found in man's pilgrimage, we must seek it amid scenes of retired usefulness and rustic occupation, such as Père Bontemps' vintage presented in the year 1535.

In those remote times, when social meetings were more rare, the gathering in of the fruits of the earth was an event of greater enjoyment than in these days of more multiplied amusement, but perhaps of less heartfelt pleasure. We do not *now* mix our recreations and business together; the "busy bee," that former example for our childhood, is now too slack a workman. Labour is not now permitted to lighten his task by a cheerful hum, but works, like the mole, in silence. Our fields are reaped with care, our profits calculated with accuracy, but the harvest-home song is hushed, and the Christmas log burnt out.

The vineyards of Père Bontemps presented a favourable picture of the ready hospitality and light-hearted glee of the olden time. They were situated in one of the loveliest spots of the earth, and were not then, as now, enclosed within stone walls, nor their gadding vines cruelly confined to the low stiff growth of a gooseberry-bush; but, trained from tree to tree, hung in graceful festoons, whilst the foliage and shade of the supporting branches gave an additional beauty to the pendant fruit.

Happily for the traveller, the rich chesnut, walnut, and even the fruitful cherry-tree, are still allowed to remain in some parts near the head of Lac Leman; but even they, alas! are gradually diminishing, and ere many years pass, will too probably give way to the formal vineyard, which has spoiled the beauty of its banks between Lausanne and Vevay. In the sixteenth century all looked

"Like Eden in the world's first spring."

Bontemps' vineyards were very extensive; not minutely divided as now, and the fruits collected only by each separate household. The laws which have since regulated the gathering in of the grapes were not then in force, and as it was not necessary that he should commence at the same time as his neighbours, he had profited by their ready offers of assistance, and collected a large band of all ages to aid in the pleasant labour. Some of these, mounted on ladders, gathered the fruit which grew beyond the reach of others, who were equally busy in stripping the lower branches of their rich clusters. The grapes, collected in small wooden tubs, are now poured into high vessels of the same material, called brantes, and pounded or bruised, until the skin is broken, and the juice set free, when it is conveyed in large barrels to the pressoir. In former times, the custom, still kept up in many parts of Italy, of treading out the grapes, strictly

illustrated the allusions of Holy Writ. The younger lads and lasses of Père Bontemps' vineyard received the fruit from the tubs in which it was collected by the vignerons, in larger baskets, and thus conveyed it to the press-house, where it was thrown on rough wooden tables, and the decayed fruit carefully picked from it by the elder women, before it was carried to the trough, which occupied the centre of the cellar. Here the gushing fruit was bruised under the naked feet of the young men who "trod the wine-press," until the juice arose above their ankles, and flowed off into the vat, where it was left to ferment, and form the choicest wine. An inferior sort was procured from the skins of the fruit, placed under a press that occupied another part of the large apartment, and was worked by the strongest and most experienced of the vine-dressers. Our young hero's post was at Rosette's side, where he aided her in her multifarious employments as directress of the busy group; whilst young Dulait, confiding in his mistress's affections, took the more politic course of ingratiating himself with the father, by presiding at the pressoir: this he did with so much skill and diligence, that Bontemps acknowledged he was an exception to his favourite assertion of the degeneracy of the age—that darling apothegm of declining years, even in the sixteenth century. Nor was the kind-hearted old man less delighted with the attention of the young stranger to his daughter's comfort.

"Thank ye! thank ye! sir traveller," he exclaimed, as Cottier came loaded with the ample provision of household bread, cheese, and wine for the dinner. "It is kind of you to help the maiden, who is always too forward in burdening herself."

At noon the merry group collected beneath a large walnut-tree, whose dried and fallen foliage, strewed at the roots, afforded them a pleasant carpet, and no longer excluded the rays of the sun, which at that season began to be agreeable. Rosette and her assistants distributed the simple and plentiful fare, and filled large cups with wine, which, passing from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, were speedily drained, since even the fairest and youngest were not content merely

"To kiss the cup and pass it to the rest."

The jest and laugh circulated too, and the latter became universal, as an elderly vigneron, who had remained a little behind the others at the press, appeared, bearing in his hand, with an air of great triumph, a small bunch of grapes, and declared he would claim the forfeit from the fairest maiden present. This custom of demanding a kiss from any young lass who leaves a single bunch ungleaned of her appointed task, is continued to the pre[illegible].

sent time. The forgotten cluster is termed a grappillon, and the fortunate finder, whose demands are rather regulated by choice than justice, usually excites the same fun and confusion as Père Dulait occasioned some three hundred years before.

In an instant each maiden, not doubting her own liability to the penalty, was on her feet, and a pretty scene of uproar ensued, since the sly jester, more intent on the joke than the reward, ran after each fugitive in turn, allowing them all to escape from his extended arms, until he came behind a cheerful looking old woman who, in unfeigned delight at the fun, might have sat for the portrait of

"Laughter holding both her sides,"

and suddenly clasping her round the neck, whilst he kissed her ruddy cheeks, exclaimed, "Voila, mon amie! thirty years ago I chose thee as the best and comeliest maiden of the commune, and I've never since seen any reason to change my mind."

The wife rallied her husband for his foolery, whilst a tear of gratified affection stood in her yet bright eye. The simple rustics clapped their hands with delight at the little scene, and Rosette filling the wine-cup, sent it round to the health of Père and Mère Dulait. When the bustle had subsided, Dulait, turning to Michael, said, "You are come in a good time, to share in our vintage and the visit of our noble Duke, who is expected shortly at the castle, when its old towers will ring with merriment. He will bring with him a large retinue, and all the grand gentry of the neighbourhood,—a fair band of knights and ladies, will be there to greet him."

"Ay, I warrant ye!" said another, "there will be rare mirth in the hall, and plentiful cheer in the grande cuisine."

"The tirage is to be on the first day, I hear," observed a third, "and the rowing-match on the last. Is it true, Mademoiselle Rosette, that your young lady will give away the prizes herself, and that they were worked by her own hand?"

"Aided by another equally skilful," interrupted Mère Dulait, glancing at the waiting-woman.

"Nay, I did but wind the silks and sort the shades," said she, modestly; "my lady did all that required skill. There is not an embroidress in Savoy that can excel her,—the flowers seem to grow and bloom beneath her fingers. She learnt the art of the nuns of Santa Clara, and the good sisters have not allowed her to forget it, for they have sent her many a task since. But she executed this flag we are talking of with far greater pleasure, I can assure you; and therefore I trust, gentlemen," she continued, slightly colouring, "that it may fall into some worthy

hands hereabouts, and not be carried to the other side of the water."

"We will do our best to keep it," said Colin Dulait, "and the embroidered purse for the archers also; but *here* I have some misgivings. Those archers of Piemont have keen eyes and strong arms, and lack not practice."

"Hist!" said mine host, "here comes the best bow in all Savoy, and our merry little friend, the Concièrge;" and he arose and advanced some steps to meet and welcome them. "Sit ye down, sirs; here is plenty of room and cheer too, if ye do not scorn a turf seat and simple provender. Our grapes are fresh and fair, albeit our wine may not compare with the sergeant's favourite beverage."

"Ah the Rhudesheimer again!" said the Concièrge; "I see thou wilt never be content until thou hast drank the sergeant's health in his own liquor. Well, there it is, gentlemen, at your service. But where is my comely page? Ah, I see, doing fair service, as his duty is, to the ladies, and making acquaintance with his future companion, Mademoiselle Rosette,—this is all right."

When the new-comers had taken their places, the old man said, with good-humoured condescension, "Don't let us interrupt your merriment, neighbours; the sergeant loves a joke, albeit he looks a little grave, and I am as fond of a good laugh as any stripling amongst ye. I looked hard about for a grappillon, but the lasses are too cunning for us, eh, Colin!" and turning to the young man, he asked if his bow was strung for the coming contest?

"*I* have some thoughts of trying for the prize myself," interrupted the haughty soldier, "and showing these rustics of what tough wood the bows of Piemont are formed. Monsieur le voyageur," he continued, turning to Cottier, "are you disposed to contend for the purse of ducats worked by the delicate fingers of our young mistress and her fair waiting-woman?"

"I should like to," he replied, "provided his highness will admit of foreign competition, and convince him that our arrows have not lost their faithfulness since they clove the apple of Tell."

The soldier looked fiercely round, and Bontemps perceiving the restraint the presence of his guests from the castle placed on this rustic party, proposed that the younger members should resume their labours, whilst he did the honours of a pipe and flagon to the elders under the shade of his favourite gallery.

When the party were dispersed, Cottier proceeded to aid Rosette in collecting the remains of the repast, since the hospitality of the Swiss was not bounded in those days, any more than in the present, by the wants and appetites of their guests.

"We have the highest authority," said he, as he placed some pieces of broken bread in the basket, "for gathering up the fragments. Ah, Rosette! how many passages of Holy Writ have the scenes of this day brought to my mind! The labourers in the vineyard—the few gleaning grapes—and, above all, He who trod the wine-press alone! How little do these poor people think of these things!"

"How should they?" returned the maiden, looking timidly around. "How can they drink of a fountain whose waters are sealed? O, Monsieur Michael, if ever that blessed time arrives when all who thirst may drink, it seems to me, that the husbandman will not sow a seed but in hope, nor gather its fruits but in joy and thanksgiving."

"And that time is fast approaching, dear Rosette; the shades of darkness are fading away like the morning mist: we must pray that God will send labourers into his fields, which are already white for the harvest."

"And we must pray, also, for strength for these labourers," replied she; "for the heat and burden will fall heavily on them. And now, Master Michael, listen to me, for we should not be observed to converse long together. Since you are not to be deterred from entering the castle, I pray you, let it be in the service of my young mistress. You will now go alone to visit my aunt, and on your return, my father will conduct you to Chillon, whither I shall soon follow."

Saying this, she called some of her companions to her assistance, and they all returned together to the house.

CHAPTER VI.

ALICE.

She was a woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love.
WORDSWORTH.

IT was not without much difficulty that our young traveller disengaged himself from the happy group, and the pressing solicitations of the aubergiste, in order to fulfil his engagement with Alice; but on pleading the necessity of fetching his little haversack, he was at length permitted to depart; and this time he bent his steps alone towards the mountain path. It was a lovely evening; the lake seemed one bright sheet of silver; a

number of barges with their lateen sails crowded its bosom, bearing towards the castle wine, flour, and other provisions, for the coming festivities. The peasants, in joyous bands, were gathering the grapes which hung in festoons from the trees; some were seen amid the now falling foliage of the chesnut or walnut, shaking the fruit to the ground. All around was beauty, plenty, and mirth,—the very mountains seemed to rejoice in the beams of the sun, for whilst their sides were clothed with luxuriance, and variegated with the thousand rich tints of autumn, their rugged summits reflected back his laughing rays. The cattle, returning from their summer abode in the mountains, mingled their voices with the sound of their bells, whilst the shepherd's pipe and goatherd's call completed the joyous concert. But the heart of Cottier sympathized not with it,—he had a melancholy foreboding that this might be the last time he should climb the mountain path, and share the wild liberty of nature. He thought, too, of his distant home, and widowed mother.

"I shall never return," he said, "I shall never again bound like the untamed chamois from rock to rock,—I shall never chase the wild partridge on the mountain,—I shall never hear the shepherd's horn awakening me to all the glorious freedom of youth and happiness. But there will dawn on the earth a day of moral freedom: the fetters of the mind will be unloosed, and the Sun of Righteousness will overshadow with his wings my native city."

When Cottier reached the cottage, he learnt that Alice was awaiting him at her accustomed seat, and that though she had been very ill, her brother tried in vain to persuade her to remain at home; and there he found her, pale and suffering, but calm, and she welcomed him with evident delight, as he seated himself by her side.

"It is now many years since we used to meet beneath the roof of our common benefactor," he said, taking her hand affectionately; "how many indulgences do I now recollect to have received at your hands: our birthday fêtes, our evening sail on the lake, our walks on its borders. It was you who first taught me to read, and I well remember how delighted I was when my dear mother took me with her of an evening to the priory, as the reward of diligence and obedience, when Monsieur le Prieur, wearied with public duties, and the hollow pleasures of a court, used to steal a few moments to spend with us in your little parlour. Ah, tell me, dear aunt, since you perhaps can solve the mystery, how was he entrapped? For he left Geneva with the passport of the Duke, fearless of no evil but the dangerous illness of his mother."

"When do the good suspect evil, my son? When did St. Victor mistrust any one who offered him the hand of friendship? *I* knew well those with whom he had to deal, and begged him not to rely on their promises; but the illness of his aged mother, and his desire once more to see her and the home of his infancy, overbalanced my entreaties and cautions, and he set out alone. A few days after, he sent for me and his little page, the only ones left of his once numerous retinue."

"The news of the good Prior's renunciation of his benefice reached us whilst we were with my mother's family at Château D'Oex," said Cottier; "and on our return to Geneva, we could find no trace of him."

"Our excellent master," continued Alice, "urged us often to leave him, when the necessities of Geneva could scarcely furnish him with a bare maintenance; but we were not chargeable to him, for we worked night and day that we might not diminish the good man's store,—but I wander from my narrative. He sent for me, as I have already said; it was to share with him the cares of the sick bed of his mother; and many a night did we watch beside it, till Heaven granted this dear parent to his prayers, and he saw her once more restored to health. I can remember, as if it were but yesterday, the morning of his departure, and his tender leave-taking. I remember, too, our fears,—but I must not linger, for my strength is failing, and I have yet much to say. St. Victor left us, commending his mother to my care, and taking his little page and a guide with him. Fourteen days after, the boy returned to tell a tale of treachery. Bonnivard, trusting to the faith of the false Duke, was proceeding from Mondon to Lausanne, when, passing the Jura at St. Catherine, a captain and fifteen armed men rushed on them. 'Save yourself,' cried Bonnivard, whilst he plunged his spurs into the sides of his mule. The traitor guide, however, prevented his escape, for turning his horse round, he fell on St. Victor, armed with a large knife, with which he cut the belt of the Prior's sword, and left him without any means of defence. The band of armed men, their cowardly captain at their head, now surrounded their victim, and he was led away a captive. It was long ere we discovered that the leader of that treacherous band was the Sire Antoine de Beaufort, and that the dungeons of Chillon contained our benefactor."

"And how did you make the discovery?" asked Cottier, who had remained almost motionless, his eyes fixed on the narrator.

"I remained to close the eyes of Madame Bonnivard, who had a fatal relapse on hearing the intelligence of her son's imprisonment, and then I came hither, not without a hope that I

might obtain some clue to his prison. Alas! I was not long in doubt. My niece Faunchette, Isaack's only daughter, had, though sorely against his wishes, married one of the favourite followers of the governor of Chillon, and our little Rosette was the Lady Beatrice's companion and waiting-woman. This gave my brother occasional entrance within those gloomy walls, and although there hangs a mystery over all that passes there, the eye of affection can penetrate even where the light of day is shut out. Here, then, my son," continued the poor woman, "for five long years have I lived, supported partly by the kindness of my friends, and partly by my own feeble hands. I brought nothing with me, since all I received from my master ministered, in after years, to his necessities. He knew it not, for bred in courtly affluence, he inquired not how his comparatively humble wants were supplied. One by one, the costly presents he had made me disappeared, and the savings of years were expended. I received them from, and joyfully returned them to, him."

Just as Alice had finished her mournful history, the sun reached the edge of the horizon, and threw his slanting beams across the lake.

"It is now," she said, "the moment when I feel drawn closest to my suffering friend; just as the sun throws one parting ray into his dungeon, and I always wish to pass it in prayer. Michael, we will kneel together, and pray for freedom for the captive, and that the rays of gospel light may soon be spread over our land, chasing away superstition, cruelty, and oppression."

"So be it!" said the youth, as he placed himself on his knees by her side. "O God! hear our supplications, and whatever may be the path of suffering appointed us here, may light and freedom visit our benighted land. Purge our church from its errors, break down its idols, and set up once again the pure worship of Thy Son. Make me but the weak instrument in the blessed work of breaking yon prison walls, and I am content to suffer all that Thou seest fit."

"My son," said Alice, "dost thou know the full import of the prayer thou hast offered? Dost thou consider that imprisonment, torture, nay, even death itself, may be the lot of those who seek the freedom of Bonnivard, or the spread of the Gospel? The dungeons of Chillon are deep, and there are tortures inflicted on the quivering flesh, which make the stoutest heart quake."

"I have well counted the cost," said the young man, with a low voice, that spoke resolution even in its calm quietness. "It is not in ignorance, nor in the rashness of youth, that I have undertaken my mission. I know the flesh is weak, but strength will be given me for my day; and I have gazed on those dark

rocks until every personal fear has been dispelled by pity for their inmates. They may chain the body," he continued, and his voice became more animated, "but there are no shackles for the soul! To-morrow I must enter on my duty; aid and encourage me, dear aunt, by prayer and counsel, rather than daunt me by your fears."

"Since such is thy determination, or rather—for why should I use the light parlance of man?—since such is the will of God, and, as I truly believe, the inspiration of his Holy Spirit," said Alice solemnly, as she wiped away the tears that in spite of all her efforts filled her eyes; "why should I wish to thwart it? Yet oh! that heaven would accept another sacrifice! Oh! that my aged limbs ——."

"Dear aunt," said Michael, interrupting her, "why these melancholy forebodings? Look at that clear lake—that brilliant sky—is there any evil presage there?"

They stood some time in silence, when Alice, laying her hand on Cottier's arm, exclaimed, "Look yonder, Michael!" and she pointed to a small cloud which was rising over the rocks of Millerie. "In that dark cloud I see a prognostic of ill—in the low murmur of the wind I hear a dirge—hark! how it sweeps across the lake, darkening its bright surface."

It was but too true; even as she spoke the storm advanced. It might be traced bursting from the line of Savoy mountains, ploughing up the placid lake, and forming dark eddies in its limpid waters. The thunder rolled along the rocks, and the rain falling in torrents, completely drenched the garments, and bent the feeble form of poor Alice. Her young companion sought in vain to shelter her from the fury of the tempest, under which she sunk almost without life. Isaack, however, soon arrived, and together they bore her down the rock, and placed her on her bed in the cabin.

Whilst the former revived the dying embers, Cottier chafed the sufferer's hands and feet, and after he had poured a little warm goat's milk down her throat, she gave some faint signs of returning animation, although as yet unable to speak.

"I will descend to the village," said Isaack, "to seek the leech, if you will not fear to stay by Alice till I return; the distance is not great, and I shall quickly come back. Cheer up, dear sister," he continued, affectionately bending over the invalid, "I shall soon bring you help."

He took her hand, and the dying woman returned the warm pressure of his fingers. She tried in vain to speak, and ere he left the cabin she sunk back on her pillow, and her eyes were again closed. It was now quite dark without, and one small lamp threw its faint flickerings around the chamber, which was

small, but arranged with scrupulous neatness, and contained some articles of furniture seldom found in similar dwellings; such as a few high-backed chairs of dark carved walnut, a table of oak, and a cabinet of the same material, with a curious lock, and claws of silver.

The rain had abated, and the wind was lulled in temporary stillness, which was interrupted only by an occasional wild gust, like the shrieks of the spirit of the storm. No sound was heard within but the deep breathings of the dying woman, which became gradually quicker: a faint tinge of returning life coloured her wan cheeks, and she opened her eyes.

"I am dying," she said, "but my heavenly Father has heard my prayer, and I depart most willingly. Listen to me, my child! the words of the dying are words of weight! I see a light in the dungeons of Bonnivard—I hear the bars of his prison drawn back—the shouts of his deliverers reach my ears—the innocent are free, and the guilty punished! But thou!—where art *thou*, my son?" She paused for a few moments, and then continued. "On the confines of two worlds how little do a few years appear—how small the difference in the short span of man's existence, whether he be cut off in the early bud, or left to wither on the dry stalk. We all have our missions, and thou hast thine. The life and liberty of Bonnivard are essential to the church, and we should deem every sacrifice light that is made in such a cause. Go to Chillon, and Heaven will direct thee further. I think, that in the service of the Governor's daughter, thy opportunities for observation and action will be best forwarded. The maiden is gentle and inclined to the faith—but beware of that son of blood—beware of Antoine de Beaufort! Time presses," she continued, as she laid her hand on her breast, "and the beatings of this labouring heart are numbered. Take the key you will find beneath my pillow, and open yonder cabinet, which contains the only treasure I possess—a Bible, the gift of Bonnivard. You will, if possible, convey it to him in his dungeon—you will tell him that his faithful Alice has read the precious promises it contains,—that they have enabled her to welcome suffering and to endure want. Tell him, too, that her last prayer was for him, and the rest of God's persecuted saints." She was again silent for some time, and then added, "They come! I hear their feet on the mountain: but before they reach the threshold, my soul will be in the bosom of my Lord. Comfort my dear brother, and help him to bury my poor remains,—but let no priest of Rome approach them with idolatrous rites! I die trusting only in the merits and atonement of my Saviour, and utterly disclaiming all self-righteousness and works of man!" These were the

last words of the departing saint; she crossed her arms meekly on her bosom, closed her eyes, and fell asleep in Jesus.

There can scarcely be imagined a situation more solemn than that in which our young hero found himself. He knelt by the side of the pale form, gazed on the calm countenance, and felt from that moment the utter nothingness of life, and all its busy strivings. He had realized in a few short moments his mission and his destiny, and his young heart was braced for exertion and for martyrdom. The word of God had been made known to him through the medium of his dying servant; and her dark prophetic warning of his fate had not shaken his constancy.

Cottier was still on his knees when footsteps were heard near the dwelling. He arose, and opening the door, admitted Isaack and a monk, whom the old man informed him, had kindly accompanied him, but the leech was not to be found.

"Your sister, my poor Isaack," said Michael, affectionately pressing the old man's hand, "needs no help from man; yonder lies her breathless body—her soul is with her God."

The old man sank on a chair, and covered his face with his hands. "My sister! my poor Alice!" he exclaimed, "thou art then gone before me—gone to tell the blessed saints in heaven the cruelty of man on earth!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE MONK OF ST. BERNARD.

And tho' he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful man full piteous;
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught,
A lore benignant he discreetly taught.
To draw mankind to heav'n by gentleness
And good example, was his business.

CHAUCER.

Occupied by the grief of the poor old man, Cottier had scarcely been aware that he had brought a companion with him to the cabin; and when, after some minutes of melancholy intercourse, they entered the inner chamber where Alice lay, he was startled, and at the same time awed, by the scene which met this view. The dead body, partially raised on the pallet, her arms crossed on her bosom, appeared almost to press to it a crucifix which lay between them. A few candles threw their flickering light over the form of the departed, giving the appear-

ance of motion to the stillness of death, whilst it fell on another figure of such singular and striking expression, as speedily engrossed the whole of the young man's attention.

"It is Father Ambroise, the Monk of St. Bernard," whispered Isaack.

He was kneeling at the bedside, repeating the prayers for the dying. His hand pressed on the wrist of the corpse, as if searching for some signs of life, his eyes raised to heaven, and so absorbed in devotion, as to give the intruders time and opportunity to gaze on this singularly solemn and beautiful countenance. He was tall, and extremely thin; but this was discernible only in his almost transparent hand and attenuated features, since the long gown of the Augustine habit gave fulness and dignity to his form. His head was uncovered, save by the jet black and glossy hair that partially shaded his high and intellectual forehead, the tonsure having deprived the back of his head of that natural ornament. His countenance expressed the most tender sadness, and a benevolence which might have been almost too invariably calm and sweet, had it not been ennobled by an elevated abstraction, that indicated more of pity than of sympathy for those with whom he conversed. His features must in youth have been eminently handsome, since amid their paleness and emaciation, there was still observable that delicate chiselling which belongs only to the highest order of beauty, and oftentimes to the same elevation of birth. His face was channelled by lines which spoke of "danger, long travel, want and woe," or the destructive passions of the mind, rather than of the natural course of time; for his large and penetrating eye, although somewhat sunken, shone with unquenched fire, and his movements retained all the power and activity of manhood.

Habitually reverential towards all forms of devotion, although imbibing from the strong impressions of the awakening light of the Reformation, a repugnance amounting to horror of the superstitious rights of the Church of Rome, Michael paused a few minutes as he advanced to interrupt those now passing before him. He could not but be aware how much the success of his own plans depended on the concealment of his religious sentiments; yet the injunctions of the dead were sacred, and would have overcome every other consideration, had he not been spared all further indecision by the Monk himself, who rising from his knees addressed old Isaack. "It is too late!" he said, in a voice of deep pathos, "the spirit has fled, naked and unshrived, to the place of probation—perhaps of everlasting punishment! Oh! why didst thou not call me before?—why didst thou not inform me that thou hadst this poor woman in thy cabin? But perhaps," he continued, as the old man's sobs

prevented his reply, "she was only a passing traveller, who asked thy aid? Speak! whence came she, and who was she? Was her illness sudden?"

"Alas, no!" said Isaack; "she had been long ailing, but I did not look to so speedy an end. I often urged her to send to the curé, but my poor sister ——," and here he stopped, fearful of betraying too much.

The Monk turned on him his anxious eye. "Thy sister!" he repeated, "and she has long inhabited thy dwelling? Why have I not seen her in the church?—why was she a stranger to the confessional? Or liked she to attend the mass at the quiet sanctuary of Montreux, rather than amongst the armed men of the fortress?"

"My sister was aged and feeble," replied Isaack, his eye falling under the fixed look of the interrogator, "and could not descend the mountain."

"And were there not stronger and younger limbs," asked the Monk, "who would have gladly brought the holy sacrament of the church to its servant? Is there any abode so wretched, any height at which the human pulse will beat, and human blood will circulate, unknown to the footsteps of the Monk of St. Bernard? Did I find the path to thy cabin too rugged when I trod it almost daily, to administer to thy suffering Madeleine's wants?"

"Alas, no, holy father!" sobbed the poor old man, "and Heaven will reward you for your kindness to her, and hundreds of other suffering beings; for night or day, in fair weather or foul, you never tire in your deeds of charity."

"Did thy sister come to fill the empty chair of thy poor Madeleine?" asked the Monk, interrupting him.

"I cannot deceive you, holy father," said the old man with a strong effort, and trembling exceedingly; "my sister has been for five years the hidden inmate of my dwelling. How could I refuse the poor refuge of my roof to one who was knit to me by such tender ties of blood and heart?"

The Monk started back, as if an adder had crossed his path. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "is it even thus? Has the leprous plague tainted even the keen mountain breeze?" and snatching the crucifix from the cold resistless hands in which he had placed it, he pressed it with holy reverence to his lips. "Forgive!" he said, "thou sacred, yet now despised emblem of our holy faith; forgive the insult I have offered thee! The incense of prayer and penance must purify thy inadvertent defilement, and atone for my culpable negligence. And thou, unhappy old man!" he continued, turning to Isaack, "thinkest thou the chastisement of heaven will not reach thee for thus harbouring the enemies, and de-

ceiving the servants of our holy Mother, unless prayer and penance, fasting and pilgrimage, wash out the stain? No!"—and he raised his emaciated hands on high, and pointed to the opening clouds,—"as sure as Heaven's thunder now rolls over our heads, so sure will God's anger be proclaimed towards the contemners of His laws!" and he darted on his companion a glance of his bright eye, which seemed to borrow fire from the lightning it fearlessly gazed on, as the eagle's from the rays of the sun on which it unshrinkingly rests.

There was a pause of some moments; at length the Monk, turning to Cottier, said, "Young man, art thou the child of this heretical mother? art thou too lurking from the ken of our offended church?"

Isaack hastened to prevent Cottier's reply. "No, holy father," he said, "the lad is rather desirous of shedding his blood in her cause; he comes here purposely to enrol himself amongst the soldiers of the Duke."

"His soldiers!" repeated the Monk, with a softened voice, "thy years are tender for such a calling. But why do I find thee by the heretic's death-bed?"

Cottier explained in part the cause of his visit to the mountain, and the sudden illness and death of Alice, and as he spoke the eye of the Monk wandered from his countenance to that of Isaack, and again settled on the pale features of death.

"I must away!" he said, evidently making a strong effort to withdraw from the contemplation; "the chamber of heresy is not a fit place for the servant of the church—and yet how soft she slumbers! The cold clay feels not the fire that torments the writhing spirit. Poor! poor old man!" he continued, as he turned his pitying eye on the bowed figure of the aged sufferer, who, in the utter prostration of grief, the tears coursing down his furrowed cheeks, and his hands joined in humble helplessness, stood between him and the door. "Ay, natural tears will fall. If water did not sometimes find its way to the eyes, blood would burst from the heart. Have I been merciless to thy deserted age?" he said, in a voice of the most thrilling tenderness, —"it is that thy precious soul should not perish. Have I steeped thy furrowed cheek in scalding tears?—it is that thy spirit should not bathe in liquid fire. We must do penance for this offence, and prayers shall unceasingly be poured forth this night in the cell of Father Ambroise."

As he said this, he glided past the old man, and as he and Cottier followed him to the door, to entreat that he would not venture out in the storm, they saw him dart down the rugged path with the rapidity of the lightning that illumined it.

"What a mysterious yet interesting being," said Michael, as

they returned to the house; "oh, that his energy and talent could be brought to promote the right cause!"

But his companion now claimed all his attention. Wearied in body, distressed in mind, the poor old man needed both rest and refreshment. Cottier collected the embers on the hearth, added fresh fuel, and placed the sufferer, near the cheerful blaze that he had kindled. Accustomed to the rough wants and exigencies of a hunter's life, he knew how to make those simple preparations which were necessary for their mutual accommodation; and whilst the simple meal was being cooked, he changed the old man's wet garments, and chafed his benumbed limbs. To all these tender cares the sufferer submitted with the docility of a weary child, calling down from time to time, a blessing on his gentle attendant, or breaking out into touching lamentations for his beloved sister. He swallowed with apparent unconsciousness, the warm nourishment which Michael conveyed to his lips, and suffered him to place him on his bed, which stood in the corner of the outer room; then, as his young nurse smoothed his pillow, and covered him with every thing of warmth that the cabin afforded, he sank, utterly exhausted, into a peaceful slumber.

"Sleep on, thou lonely one!" said Cottier, the tears he did not attempt to suppress, falling on the old man's face. "To the eye of faith, thousands of angelic beings, unseen by mortal sense, encompass this lone mountain, as they did that on which the Prophet sat; and they will not allow the companies of the wicked one to approach or touch one of thy grey hairs. O God! give me the faith nearer and nearer to behold that angelic guard!"

The gentle boy now retired with noiseless step, to occupy poor Isaack's high-backed chair in the chimney corner. The storm was hushed, and succeeded by a calm, that its violence rendered more obviously still. "Just such is the calm of death," thought Cottier; "just such is the stillness that succeeds thy day of storm, poor Alice!"

He now recollected her dying charge, and opened the Bible she had entrusted to him. The blank page at the beginning contained the name of Bonnivard, and a few words purporting that it was a present from him to his faithful servant and friend, with a reference to a text of scripture. Cottier kissed the signature of the human being he most revered, and turned to the chapter indicated; it was the 11th of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, and he read it slowly through, stopping occasionally, and resting his hands with the open book on his knees, as he raised his eyes and heart in prayer. "It is a hard saying," he murmured, "at which the weak flesh quivers," and he read over

again the appalling list of human suffering. "It were comparatively easy to lay the head upon the block, but it is from these protracted tortures the soul shrinks." He closed the Bible and looked at his watch; the hand pointed to midnight. "Another circle is run," he continued, "another day completed. Time was when the hours flew in gay joyance by: now, each has its own sad mission of sorrow, sickness, or death."

He laid his watch and book on the table, and closing his eyes, endeavoured to recollect the melancholy events of the bygone day. By degrees the pale form of Alice, the penetrating eye of the mysterious monk, the past, the present, and the future, were confusedly blended—and Cottier slept. Youth and age keep few vigils.

"Though sorrow may endure for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning," and the bright smiles of nature, after the storms of the preceding night, verified the consoling assurance of Holy Writ. Though the lightning had blasted some of the foliage of the oaks, and a few of the giants of the forest were laid low, yet the verdure was freshened by the rain, the flowers opened their petals, the birds carolled from throats dilated with joy, and the goats gambolled around the cottage door, and knocked with their horns for their accustomed admittance. But alas! the moral world does not so quickly revive. Though purified and renovated, it long bows and droops beneath the effects of the storm that has passed over it.

Sleep yet weighed down the sorrowful eyes of the inhabitants of the cabin, and the ear of Alice was closed forever to the voice of her favourites. At length a loud knock at the door awoke Cottier, who, springing up and opening it, found young Dulait, who had been induced by Rosette, at some hazard, and with considerable difficulty, to venture on the ascent of the mountain, the torrent having entirely obliterated the path. On learning the mournful tidings of Alice's death, he promised at his return to communicate them to François Bontemps and his daughter, informing them at the same time of Cottier's benevolent intention to remain, and assist old Isaack in paying the last duties to their departed relative. The young man also promised to convey his excuses to the Concierge, and tell him that his preparations were not yet in sufficient forwardness to permit of his making his appearance at the castle. Poor Isaack, awakened by Dulait's arrival, added his melancholy lamentations, mingled with sundry commissions to the patient messenger, who, after they had breakfasted together, set off to retrace his pathless journey.

Cottier now informed Isaack of Alice's request respecting her interment, and as, under their peculiar circumstances, it was

impossible for them to seek a resting-place for her remains within consecrated ground, he left the old man occupied in repairing some injury that the storm had occasioned his fields, and set out alone to seek one amid her favourite haunts. The elements had helped him in the preparation and choice of her wild grave, for on reaching the old pine, to which his steps were naturally directed, he found it uprooted by the wind, and that the wrench had removed a large portion of the rock beneath. This, together with the cavity left by the enormous roots of the aged tree, offered a singular and appropriate vault, and he returned to the cabin, bearing with him a large branch of the fallen tree, with which, and the assistance of Isaack, he hoped to be able to form a rude coffin.

The old man was expert at most handicrafts, for the exigencies of the times, and the distance of their habitations, had taught the mountaineer of those days to depend greatly on his own exertions; but as their tools were very imperfect, the second day had elapsed before their task was completed. During that time the workmen had conversed much together, and their lone situation, the solemn nature of their occupation, together with other subjects of mutual interest, gave a peculiar and solemn character to their intercourse. Cottier learnt from her brother the little history of Alice's attachment to the house of Bonnivard. She had been educated by Madame Bonnivard, and had been married from her roof. Misfortune and pecuniary loss had followed her union, but the Prior of St. Victor had rescued her from both, and had placed her husband as comptroller of his household, during its palmy days of plenty and festivity. He died young; and when sorrow fell also on the hospitable Prior, Alice still remained to share and aid his fallen fortunes by her services and savings.

It appeared that the generosity of Bonnivard had been extended to all her family; that he had aided the father of Rosette in establishing his little auberge, and had purchased the cabin and adjoining ground from which Isaack drew for the most part his subsistence. Bound to him by so many ties, the family of Bontemps naturally loved and felt for their benefactor; and the devoted attachment of Alice was in those days, when the strong protected the weak, and the lowly reverenced the powerful, of more common occurrence than in the present independent and divided state of society. The two friends conversed also of deeper matters; but the old man spoke with caution and fear, and seemed not to like to answer his young companion's numerous questions respecting the affairs of the castle, and still more to shrink from all conversation on the errors of the Church of Rome, of which he was a member. At length their melancholy

occupation was finished, and on the morning of the third day they committed the remains of poor Alice to their mountain tomb, "in sure and certain hope" of a blissful resurrection, and returned to spend the last few hours they might probably ever pass together on earth.

Deeply grounded in the truths of vital religion, Cottier's heart had been early given to God, and his life devoted to His service. Of a contemplative, rather than enthusiastic turn, had he lived in less stirring times, and been less involved in the action of the Reformation, he had probably passed a life of active benevolence to man, and humble dependence on God; but an inhabitant of the city in which truth, moral and religious, had made so noble a stand against error and oppression—personally linked with those who had suffered in its cause, every feeling of his generous mind was wrapped up in it. It was no love of novelty—no striving for distinction, that had drawn him to the side of the Reformers; he plainly saw the light of heaven on their path, and he walked fearlessly with them on it. As far as his gentle nature permitted, he also participated in the horror and antipathy of this growing sect towards the Church of Rome; and if his christian spirit revolted from the sentence of universal condemnation which his sterner brethren passed on all of her communion, he viewed her superstitious ceremonies with equal detestation and disgust. With such opinions, shall we wonder that the young Reformer looked with deep anxiety on the errors of his aged companion, and that he, at this their parting hour, led the conversation to the subject nearest his heart.

"It is melancholy," he said, as he returned to the deserted cabin, "to find that her place on earth knoweth her no more; but the spirit of Alice is in the bosom of her Saviour. She acknowledged Him as the only refuge for sinners, and threw from her all other dependence. What do you fear, Isaack?" continued Cottier, as the old man rose to close the door, and looked fearfully around the little apartment.

"Young sir, I have always told you," replied Isaack, "that we live in times when the walls have ears, and the birds of the air carry tales. I have already offended Father Ambroise, and the church is deep in her resentment, and secret in her revenge."

"And was such the spirit of her gracious Founder, Isaack? who prayed even for his enemies? Oh, come out of her fallen and doomed communion! Did Alice never speak to you of her abominations?"

"She did; but when I received her under my roof my poor wife was alive, who was a zealous daughter of the church. The priests deemed her such, and visited her often during her long illness. My sister was, therefore, compelled to be silent; and

indeed, as it was, if she had not been an angel of kindness and forbearance, things would not have gone on as they did. I had much ado to keep Madeleine's tongue quiet respecting poor Alice's abode with us, and I sometimes think Father Ambroise was not ignorant of it. Hark! did I not hear a footstep?"

"My good Isaack, why dost thou thus disquiet thyself?—it is but poor Alice's favourite, who comes to seek her mistress, now, alas! in vain. Do you not sometimes feel," he continued, "that all is not right in your church? The blasphemous sale of indulgences—the avarice and ambition of your priests—your multitude of idols—your confession ——"

"For pity's sake, Master Michael!" said the old man, laying his hand on Cottier's arm, "speak low!"

"Will you, then, promise me to judge for yourself, dear friend?"

"Judge for myself!" replied Isaack, with a childlike simplicity and pettishness, "how can I, a poor ignorant man, judge for myself? Here is Father Ambroise and the curé, who say I am doomed to the fires of purgatory, or even worse, if I do not go to the mass and confession, and worship our blessed Lady and the saints; whilst you judge me still heavier if I do. Ah, Master Michael! ye must needs let me go on in the way I have been brought up, and let my grey hairs go quietly down to the grave—they would not become a martyr's crown?"

"It is not I, dear Isaack, that would injure one hair of it. Yet promise me, at least, that thou wilt ask for light, and that thou wilt seek it in God's word. Thou canst read?"

"Ay, thanks to poor Alice, I can; she took great pains to teach me, saying it was all she could do for me."

"Then accept this precious gift," said Cottier, giving him his own small Bible;* "I can spare it, since I have the Bible that Alice gave me."

Isaack received the book with a trembling hand, though grateful spirit; but he said nothing, until looking anxiously around for some moments, he removed a stone from the wall on one side of the chimney, and deposited his treasure in a small cupboard which was concealed behind it, and after carefully restoring the stone, he said, "I thank ye, young sir, from my heart I thank ye! That book will be a companion to me many a winter night. I know what comfort our poor Alice found in it—but if I am known to possess it—if Father Ambroise——"

He stopped, and Cottier followed the direction of his eyes towards the door. It opened slowly, and a man muffled in a shepherd's cloak entered. It was François Bontemps. He

* See Note A.

made many excuses for his tardy arrival—his auberge—his vintage—but the most weighty was the surveillance of his guests from the castle.

"My poor sister," he said, "was a suspected person, and the less we appear to be linked with her at present the better. I would have done anything to have preserved her life, and so would poor Rose, who mourns sincerely for her, as well she may, for she was a kind friend to us all; but these are perilous times, young gentleman," he continued, addressing Cottier, "and I wish you may not have got into mischief by coming among us."

He now received from Isaack an account of the services that his young companion had rendered him and the departed, to which he added some particulars of the visit of Father Ambroise.

The little party now took their evening meal together, during which it was settled that Cottier should descend the next morning into the valley with François Bontemps, in order to fulfil his engagement with the Concierge at the castle; and leaving the brothers to talk over their affairs, and the melancholy circumstance of their meeting, our young hero retired early to his humble couch.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GOVERNOR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

I climbed the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within.

MOORE.

THE parting was sad the next morning between the two friends, so different in age and circumstances, and yet bound together by such peculiar ties. Amid tears and lamentations, Isaack could not refrain from expressions of admiration at Cottier's improved appearance in his renovated garments. "Ah, Master Michael, vous voila bien beau! I think the best tailor in Geneva would be puzzled to find out that doublet for the one you brought me! The bottines, too, do very well. There, just turn them a little on one side, and the patch will not be seen. Ah! the time may come, when I shall see you in a velvet doublet and slashed sleeves, with a feather in your cap, like the gay chevaliers of the Duke."

"I trust not, Isaack; I do not covet such vain distinctions. Adieu, dear friend; though thou sittest alone on thy hearth, remember, it contains a treasure more precious than the converse of the dearest earthly friend. Think of me sometimes, and pray for me."

"That I shall never cease to do, my son, my dear son. The blessing of an old man go with thee!" sobbed Isaack, as he kissed the boy's cheeks and forehead, as it then was, and still is, the custom of his nation. As they passed from the door, they saw him resume his low seat in the chimney corner, and bury his face in his hands.

Rosette received the travellers with a tearful welcome, and saw them, with a foreboding heart, an hour or two after, depart for the castle. The distance they had to pass was scarcely half-a-mile: they descended from the village of Veytaux through thick forests of chesnut-trees and reached the road which, rough and serpentine, wound along the edge of the lake. A large rock since removed, to widen it, then formed a natural guard to the castle; and there was at that time a station near it where the luggage of travellers was examined, and their names and calling inquired into.

"Good day t'ye, mine host of the Star and Cross," said the official who was lolling idly, his back against the rock, "what stranger do you bring us here?"

"'Tis a youth engaged by the Concierge to serve the lady Beatrice."

"Ay, ay, a likely stripling. Pass on, pass on, here are other travellers hard at hand, and the road is narrow."

The road was indeed narrow; for the projecting rock on the one side, and the close border of the lake on the other, only permitted one person at a time to walk on it. As they turned round the former, the castle of Chillon, rising from the water, opened majestically on their view, with its round towers, its moat, and drawbridge. "This, then, is Chillon!" said Cottier, stopping, and gazing with deep emotion on the edifice. "Here are its guarded battlements, its banqueting halls, and its dungeons."

"Those who visit the one, and would not be shut up in the other, friend," said Bontemps, giving him a gentle tap on the shoulder, and whispering the caution in his ear, "should have no eyes nor ears but to hear and observe the wishes of their superiors. Look at those soldiers—the Governor of Chillon requires machines, not men,"—and he pointed at the same time to the sentinels who were walking up and down the drawbridge which, thrown across the moat, formed the only approach to the castle. They were tall, well-formed men, and wore the uniform

of the royal guard, their dark Italian countenance rendered still more warlike by a pair of slightly curling mustaches and short-thick beard. The movements of these men were perfectly regular, and as they patrolled their respective portions of the bridge, the echo of their heavy boots resounded over the hollow rock.

"Hist, man!" said Bontemps, now in his turn stopping, and pulling his companion by the sleeve. "Whom have we here? No less a personage on my troth, than the Governor himself, the Sire Antoine de Beaufort! See you not those two cavaliers just issuing out of the great gate at the end of the drawbridge? The one on the right is he, with the gold loop on his hat."

Cottier looked with breathless eagerness, and perceived two persons in close converse walk over the bridge and mechanically return the salute of the guards who presented arms to them as they passed. The elder and shorter of the two seemed about fifty years of age, and was of an upright, although somewhat corpulent figure. His countenance had suffered in youth from the ravages of the small-pox, which had imparted a bold and inflamed look to his light grey eyes, and somewhat impaired the regularity of his other features. His hair, of a fair brown, was little changed by age either in colour or quantity; it curled over his whole head, and grew low on his forehead, giving additional contraction to a countenance that had little expression of candour or benevolence, although it was strongly marked by acuteness. His mouth had something repulsive in the scornful curl of the upper lip, but it was graced by very fine teeth, and whether for the purpose of displaying these, or concealing his true sentiments, it was frequently distended by a heartless smile. He wore a dress of black velvet in the Flemish style, with a hat looped by a gold button, a large chain of the same material going several times round it—a pair of diamond knee-buckles, and richly-embroidered gloves, giving a finish to his dress. He held one of the latter in his hand, which was ornamented by a ring of considerable value, and thus at the same time displayed the beauty of the gem and the elegant proportions of the hand that bore it; indeed, his whole appearance and manner conveyed an idea of scrupulous attention to the minute, yet courtly etiquette of the period. His companion, a graceful young cavalier about five-and-twenty, presented a striking contrast. Hope, intelligence, and benevolence, were portrayed in his handsome and healthful countenance, and he passed the bridge with an elastic step, which he seemed with difficulty to accommodate to the stately pace of the Governor. He was dressed in a hunting suit of dark green, fitted closely to his

graceful form, which, somewhat exceeding the ordinary stature, was at once indicative of strength and activity. A silver bugle hung at his breast, and he carried a dagger, or large couteau de chasse, in his belt. His little page, who stood near, bore his bow and quiver. The boy was handsome, and his dress, together with that of a groom who held a fine horse handsomely accoutred, proved them to belong to a master whose rank obliged him to comply with the taste of the period for show and expense.

When the cavaliers had crossed the drawbridge, they stopped, and the Governor held out his hand to his departing guest, saying, "You will tell my old friend the Baron de Vionnay, that I trust he will be one of the foremost to offer his dutiful homage to his highness at his approaching visit. Perhaps you may prevail on the veteran sportsman to return with you after to-morrow's chase."

The young man bowed respectfully on the offered hand, and promised a faithful discharge of the commission; then taking his horse from the attendant, he vaulted at one bound into the saddle, placed his hand on his breast as he bent, even to its bow, in return for the profound salute of his host; and the fleet animal and his rider were soon hidden by the thick foliage of the walnut-trees and the windings of the road.

"It is the Chevalier di Rossi," said Bontemps, "the betrothed, it was once believed, of the Lady Beatrice; a brave cavalier, and an excellent lord, but ——," and he put his finger significantly on his lip. Cottier had not time to ask an explanation, since a sentinel approached them with a command from the Governor to draw near.

"Come on, good Bontemps," said the great man, with a condescending smile, "why dost thou linger there, and who is thy companion?"

"A recruit, please your Excellency," replied Bontemps, making a low reverence as he took off his cap; "a young mountaineer from Château D'Oex, who is weary of chamois hunting, and would fain try his practised bow against the enemies of the Duke."

"A recruit for the banqueting-room or the bower, I should rather imagine," said the Governor, regarding our young adventurer with keen scrutiny. "A wandering troubadour without his lute."

"Nay, my Lord Governor," said the youth, colouring, "you do me too much honour. I know no more of music than enables me to execute the Ranz de Vaches of our valley."

"And what then are thy requisites for a sharp-shooter's calling?"

"A quick eye and a steady foot, may it please your Excel-

lency; patient endurance of fatigue, and ready obedience to command."

"All excellent qualities for a soldier. But thou wouldest begin the rough trade too soon, boy," returned the Sire de Beaufort. "Thou hast a spirit too ripe for thy years and stripling form. Yet I like thy frank speech and gentle bearing; thou shalt serve my daughter first, and the Duke after. Nay, look not sad; thou wilt have no capricious mistress to vex thee! Neighbour Bontemps will bear me witness that the Lady Beatrice need not seek far for followers. Thou wilt also have a fair maiden to share the light servitude with thee. How is the rose of Veytaux, mine host?" he continued. "Thou must not forget that she returns before the coming festival."

"If *I* could forget any of your Excellency's commands," replied Bontemps, obsequiously, "Rosette would remind me of my devoir; for her dutiful love to the Lady Beatrice makes her count minutes hours, when she is not engaged in serving her."

"I believe it, good Bontemps. She is a prudent and affectionate girl, and my daughter is not ungrateful. But go," continued the Governor, with a wave of his jewelled hand, "seek old Boniface in the buttery, and bid him deal out to thee and the youth the refreshment ye best like, and afterwards conduct the lad to his future mistress."

They bowed, and had proceeded some paces, when the Governor called Bontemps back. "I had forgotten to ask the parentage of the lad," he said, "but his appearance certifies it to be at least gentle."

"Certes, my lord. His father served with credit in the army of the first Francis, and his mother had some drops of noble blood in her veins."

"Enough! my daughter needs exercise and amusement; confinement preys on her spirit. Thou must send us back Rosette; and the maidens, with the help of this young page, can resume some of those recreations in which she used to take delight in her native home."

Bontemps promised obedience, and joining his companion, they passed the bridge and entered, through large folding doors, into the outer court of the castle. This court led to the principal entrance, and was surrounded by ramparts flanked by watch-towers. On either side of the gates was a guard-room filled by soldiers, some smoking, others eating and drinking, and all talking in a confused medley. Sentinels were posted in various parts, and the whole scene was animated and bustling. Numerous peasants were bringing on their backs, in the baskets peculiar to the district, grapes, chesnuts, Indian corn, poultry, and other light provisions; while bargemen were rolling large

casks of wine, just landed from their vessels, into the capacious cellars, at the mouth of one of which our travellers discovered their bustling friend the Concierge.

"Oh, Monsieur Bontemps, Monsieur Bontemps!" cried he, holding up his finger, and shaking his head good-humouredly, "why did you not come when I bade you, and had leisure to relish your conversation, and the Rudesheimer together? Now you see how I am beset on every side. Here comes his Highness the Duke, and his court. The Count de Blonay, the Marquis de Hauteville, the Baron de Vionnay, and I know not how many bright dames and brave cavaliers besides; and who is it but Bonniface Consetti that must see to every thing, provide every thing, pay for every thing? One cannot be au four et au moulin at the same time, but if you will wait a few minutes, until I have seen to the stowage of these casks, I will try what I can do for you at the buttery, unless you can command your appetite until the hour of dinner."

"With right good will, Monsieur le Concierge," replied Bontemps, "seeing we have just broken our fast. I am not one of those hollow vessels that need constant replenishing, and this young gentleman is just at the age when eyes and ears are more greedy for food, than the stomach. It is your idle fellow that calls out with the horse-leech's daughter, more, more!"

"Well, since you are thus disposed to sing the praises of industry," replied the Concierge, with a sly laugh, "lend a hand in the stowage of these butts, and my task will be sooner over; then, having turned the key in the lock, and brushed off the cobwebs from my doublet, I am your servant to command until noon."

"You see I have been as good as my word," said Bontemps, as the trio crossed the court of the castle, "and have brought you a page for your young lady."

"I'm heartily glad of it," said the old man, rubbing his hands, "if it be only to disappoint that sordid wretch Bertoldo. A pretty fellow he truly for a lady's page! His impudence is only equalled by my lord's tolerance of it—but rough words, and grim looks, are the only requisites for favour now-a-days."

"Yet his Excellency himself has sent us to you," said Bontemps; "and for fear of a counter order, let me pray you forthwith to lead her new servitor to the Lady Beatrice; rough words and grim looks, I trow, do not find favour in her sight."

"Nor in that of her pretty waiting woman either, I warrant me," said the butler, with a roguish smile. "I doubt, however, if poor Colin will thank you for providing her with such a likely companion."

"On, on, man! never fear! Rosette is none of my daughter, if she desert an old friend for a new one."

The Concierge conducted his companions through a small passage, and ascending a flight of stone steps, he led the way into a large waiting-hall, or ante-chamber, surrounded by rude benches of oak; the floor strewed with rushes, and having three doors, the nearest of which the old man threw open, and looked at Cottier in order to witness his wonder at the magnificence displayed within. It led into a spacious apartment, whose casements opened immediately on the lake and was fitted up in strict accordance with the heavy magnificence of the period, containing those ponderous articles of furniture, some of which yet remain to prove the solidity of our ancestral taste, and to furnish models for our own. Large carved armories ornamented with silver, mirrors in heavy gilded frames, an enormous chimney, the sides covered with Dutch tiles, a ceiling inlaid with various sorts of wood, and a polished floor displaying the same taste and ingenuity, furnished altogether a withdrawing room, that would not have disgraced the most elegant assemblage of the nineteenth century.

"This is la salle de reception of his Excellency," said the delighted Cicerone. "Here he and the Lady Beatrice receive their guests on days of state in the absence of the Duke, whose apartments are on the other side of the castle, and are still more magnificent. Yonder door opens on the gallery leading to the Governor's sleeping-room, and this," he added, as he crossed the ante-room "will conduct us to the Lady Beatrice." The trio now crossed a rampart, which the old domestic informed them was his young mistress's favourite promenade; proceeded through another spacious ante-chamber, and tapped at a door that led into one of the circular towers of the castle. A gentle voice from within bade them enter. The Concierge threw it open, and discovered the interior of the small and cabinet-like apartment, and its lovely occupant, who might be compared to a rare gem, laid in a singular and costly casket.

We have already said that the room was circular, and small; it contained five windows, three of which looked towards the mountain, and the others immediately down into the lake. Between, and within the opening of each, were placed low seats, like those of an eastern divan, covered with cloth, most beautifully embroidered in gold thread, mixed with variously tinted silks. A steel mirror framed in ivory, and inlaid with silver, hung between each alternate casement, the other spaces being filled by book-shelves, on which were arranged many volumes and valuable manuscripts, bound in vellum, and closed by silver clasps. A small round table, composed of various kinds of

wood, occupied the centre of the room, and was ornamented by a curious border of mosaic, representing different kinds of birds, insects, and flowers; the pillar that supported it being carved into the form of a stag couchant, the crest of the de Beauforts. A singular vase of china, portraying the same animal, whose antlers were so contrived as to form tubes for containing water, stood on the table, filled with flowers, together with a lute and some manuscript music. A delicate little Italian greyhound reposed on a small square carpet of tapestry, spread before the hearth, on which a fire of wood burned, lighted it should seem for the benefit of this little exotic, since the centre window of the apartment, which opened on a small overhanging balcony, was unclosed, admitting the delicious perfume of the orange and other flowering plants which were placed in it, together with the cheerful warbling of some singing birds, whose gilded cage hung near, and who were rejoicing in the slanting beams of an autumnal sun, and the pure air of the bright sky, and yet bluer lake.

The mistress of this fairy palace, a fair girl about twenty, sat near the open window, busily occupied at her embroidery frame. She was dressed in the habit of her age and country, which approached very near in form to the fashion of our own day. Her upper dress, of very fine cloth, was made tight to the shape, and was fastened at the bosom and arms with clasps of embossed silver, a massive chain of the same metal hung round her neck, to which was suspended a cross, curiously wrought in gold and ebony. Her hair, which was long and luxuriant, was fastened behind by a bow of black velvet, embroidered in pearls; one costly row of which, of the size of peas, crossed her fair brow, and could scarcely be distinguished from it. On a first view, the extreme paleness of her complexion, the sadness depicted in her soft eye, and the slightness of her form, might impart an impression of sickness or sorrow; but on a nearer observation, the expression conveyed by her whole deportment, was rather that of elevation of sentiment, and deep reflection. A painter might have hesitated to which of the Marys that expression, at once so holy and intellectual, should be assigned; but he would on consideration, we think, have decided in representing her as the rapt and heavenly-minded sister of Lazarus. Her complexion, although it betrayed the "pale cast of thought," had no tinge of sickness, and the slightest emotion, or even movement, suffused it with a glow that, like breath on polished steel, as quickly faded. There was nothing languishing or sentimental in the expression of her shaded eye, notwithstanding the depth of feeling, and bright glow of enthusiasm it at times betrayed. Had her education been less cultivated and extensive, or her

position more humble, she might have sought sympathy and amusement from more ordinary sources; but, alone in the midst of numbers, tranquil in the bustle of war and preparation, a prisoner in her father's castle, she had no interest but in her books. Since the departure of her faithful Rosette, her little dog had been her sole companion, her lute and embroidery frame her only occupation, and her birds and flowers her solitary amusement. Before the command of the extensive, and at that time important, fortress of Chillon had devolved on the Sire Antoine de Beaufort, his only daughter Beatrice had resided with her mother in a castle of Savoy, her hereditary possession. Whilst this gay and favoured courtier occupied himself with the intrigues of politics, or the pursuit of pleasure, his excellent and neglected wife devoted her life to the education of her little girl, and the fulfilment of all those important duties which had devolved on her at the death of her father, with the inheritance of his estates and title. The little Beatrice was early taught the accomplishments of an age and country that boasted a Luizia Strozzi and an Olympia Moratta, of an era, too, that produced the kindred excellence of a Jane Grey; and eager for instruction, industrious, teachable, as those extraordinary and lovely women, she, like them, united every christian grace and feminine accomplishment, with considerable attainment in the severer studies of classic lore.

Besides her usual instructors, Beatrice had reaped much advantage from the conversation and occasional lessons of her mother's confessor, one of the channoines of the Monastery of St. Bernard, in the vicinity of which mountain, in the beautiful vale of Aosta, her castle was situated. He had been known to the Countess in former years, when they had both inhabited the gay world, and it was probably a knowledge of his early history, which was generally supposed to have been eventful and disastrous, that induced her to evince such kind indulgence towards, and to repose so much confidence in, him. He was a man of deep learning, and excellent in those accomplishments for which his countrymen were, more particularly at that time, celebrated; and although on taking the habit and entering on all the austerities of a monastic order, in the frozen region of Mount Jovis, he had renounced the decorations, as well as the comforts of life, he occasionally revived his neglected talents, and drew from his former stores for the benefit of the little student.

When he found her tracing some of the beautiful landscapes that surrounded her dwelling, he would teach her how to mix the colours, or throw in her shades, or, taking the pencil himself, would, by two or three masterly strokes, give a new creation to the picture. If he surprised her at her lute, he would direct

her slender fingers, accompany her young voice, or draw from the instrument such sounds as thrilled his young listener; then, overwhelmed by recollections which his own skill had awakened, he would throw it aside, and abruptly leave the apartment. But accomplishments were not all that the Countess sought for her child, or her preceptor delighted to teach her; they both knew, valuable and desirable as these may be, that there were other things more necessary for an immortal being than even the highest attainments of literature and science, and they instructed her both by precept and daily example, to follow the two great commandments of the Gospel—to love God as supreme, and her neighbour as herself. It had pleased Heaven to call the Lady of Brières from the vain pleasures of the world, by its great teacher, adversity. She had been afflicted by feeble health, and had been early shown the vanity of her earthly idols. An only son, to whom she looked as the heir of her ancient house, had been taken from her by death, and she had been divided in youth from the betrothed husband of her first affections, and forced to bestow her hand on one unworthy of them.

In the deep conviction of the futility of earthly hopes, the mother had endeavoured to give her child higher aims, and to teach her to seek her own happiness in promoting that of others. She made her acquainted with the wants of the poor around her; and whilst illness confined her to the house, Beatrice, accompanied by her young companion, Rosette, and attended by a trusty domestic, climbed the neighbouring mountains, or wandered through their beautiful valley, conveying help and instruction to their poor and ignorant inhabitants.

In the Sire de Beaufort's occasional visits to the Castle of Brières, he was generally accompanied by some of the most distinguished individuals of the ducal court, and sometimes the Duke of Savoy would himself seek the pleasures of the chase in those vast solitudes. At such times, whilst her health permitted, the Countess did the honours of hospitality with a good-breeding worthy her birth and character, and her little daughter attracted the notice and admiration of all the guests to whom, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her mother, her father insisted on presenting her. Although vain of her beauty and accomplishments, the Sire de Beaufort did not value his estimable daughter for the higher qualities she possessed. All the love of which his selfish soul was capable being centred in his only son, a promising boy a few years older than his sister, and whilst engrossed by his education and future advancement, he had yielded the direction of Beatrice to her mother as a matter of comparatively small importance.

The Duke himself particularly admired the amiable girl, and

delighted to draw forth her innocent and intelligent observations, and as she grew to womanhood, he often urged her being presented at his court. The Countess replied in trembling to such a proposition, that the state of her health prevented her either accompanying or parting with her child; and it pleased Heaven to aid her influence with her husband, for though he often threatened to take Beatrice from her alpine home, and her mother's sheltering wing, his evil intentions were frustrated, and the mother and daughter were never separated.

As, at the close of each hunting season, the gay cortège left the castle, wound through its stately avenues, and were once more lost in the shade of its surrounding forests, the old porter willingly closed the heavy gates on the last retainer of the courtly train, and the inmates of the mansion resumed their habits of usefulness, industry, and peace. The rooms of state were shut up—the vessels of plate and other objects of show and value were deposited in their usual places of security, and father Ambroise returned once more to fill his office of tutor and confessor in the quiet apartments of the Countess.

With such companions, surrounded by a Nature so sublimely beautiful, and leading so singular and romantic a life, it would have been almost impossible that our heroine should have been a common character, or that she should not morally have been moulded from the elements of beauty, piety, and loneliness that surrounded her. She had no friends but her mother, her confessor, and her artless and attached Rosette. She knew no intermediate rank between the simple vassals of her paternal domains and the polished inhabitants of a court, and nothing of the common-place occurrences of ordinary life varied or disturbed the even tenor of her course. But there was one circumstance which contributed still more to the formation of her character, and had too deep an influence on her future life to be omitted,—it was the first sorrow that dimmed her eye, or chastened her cheerful spirit,—the death of her only and beloved brother. It is true, they had been often separated, for the boy had been early sent to the college at Turin, where he received an education befitting his rank and future prospects, together with his friend and neighbour, Rinaldo di Rossi, whom he afterwards accompanied to the court of Louisa of Savoy, Queen-mother of France.

The noble family of Di Rossi, of which that young man was the heir, inhabited the neighbouring castle to that of Brières. Madame di Rossi had been the early and intimate friend of the Countess, though that lady's ill health, and the frequent absence of the family of Di Rossi from their château, had interrupted

their intercourse in after years. A different destiny had acted on characters that in youth had greatly assimilated—sorrow and sickness had humbled and purified the one, and uninterrupted health and prosperity, together with a constant residence in the gay world, had obscured the finer qualities of the other. Still the friends were greatly attached, and at the unexpected death of Madame di Rossi, the Countess of Brières received the orphan boy she bequeathed to her tenderness, with the same affection with which she welcomed her own son, at the usual seasons of vacation. At that time the politic De Beaufort saw no reasons to discourage the intimacy. Di Rossi was noble and rich, and his industry and ability were also of advantage in stimulating his less gifted son; and in those days when parents negotiated marriages for children yet in their cradle, the probability of such an alliance for his daughter, presented no obstacle to the close friendship which united him to her brother. But the child of fair promise, and tender affection, fell a victim, at the age of fifteen, to the malignant fever that spared not the royal progeny, and carried off the hopes of many a noble house. At the especial request of the Duke, the two youths had accompanied his son to Madrid, where the young De Beaufort, together with his youthful master, caught the fatal disease, and Di Rossi, after having, with a dovoted love that would brook no caution, nursed his friend through days and nights of hopeless and unconscious suffering, caught the infection, and hovered long on the borders of the tomb. It pleased God, however, to snatch him from it, and to reserve him for future suffering and future usefulness. The remembrance of his danger, and gratitude for his ransomed life, had an abiding influence on his mind, and gave a right direction to a spirit that, warped to evil, might have been as resolute in error, as it was unwavering in rectitude and virtue. When sufficiently recovered to travel, though still weak and emaciated, he returned to his native air to be nursed into health by the mother and sister of his departed friend, who received him as one granted to them to fill the place of the son and brother they had lost. Here he remained nearly a twelvemonth, inhaling strength for his debilitated frame from the pure breezes of his native mountains, and moral vigour from the daily lessons of piety and usefulness which the example of the inhabitants of the castle and his valuable preceptor, father Ambroise, inculcated. But this season of peaceful pupilage could not last, and he returned to his duty near that virtuous princess, Margaret of Vallois, to whom her mother, the Queen of France, had ceded him.

Years passed on,—the youth sprung up to man's estate, returned, at the death of his father, to take possession of his

inheritance, and once more presented himself at the gates of Brières. Here, unhappily, had

"A change passed o'er the spirit of his dream,"

and clouded the bright hopes with which he returned to that beloved spot. He found his second mother sinking rapidly to the tomb, and her daughter ripened into womanhood; and although they were unchanged in their feelings towards him, the Sire de Beaufort's reception of him was cold and repelling, and forbade the utterance of those hopes, which had long formed the brighter half of his existence.

The prospects of Beatrice were also changed, and although the christian mother would thankfully have consigned her child to the guardianship of the noble youth who merited all her confidence, she dared not mention the subject to her ambitious husband, who had determined to make the alliance of the heiress of his house a step to his personal aggrandisement. The Chevalier di Rossi, albeit noble and moderately affluent, had no political influence. He had refused the brilliant career opened to him by the partiality of the Queen-mother, and in attaching himself exclusively to the humbler fortunes of the Queen of Navarre, he had not escaped the stigma of heresy, which had been fastened on that exalted princess, and which of itself would present an insurmountable barrier to any connexion between him and the bigoted and harsh-minded Sire de Beaufort.

Amongst the numerous distinguished guests assembled at the Castle of Brières at the time of Di Rossi's return, was the celebrated François Bonnivard, Prior of St. Victor, whom, as the favourite of his prince, although little loved by himself, the Sire de Beaufort could not refuse to receive as his guest during the Duke's sojourn, nor could he close on him the door of the Countess's apartment, who, unable to join the party in the banquet-hall, received occasionally a few friends who were willing to sacrifice some of the numerous amusements of the festive meeting to pass a short time in the quiet of a sick chamber. Bonnivard had visited the castle at various periods, and taken a warm interest in the ladies of it, and although he had not then embraced the reformed religion, there was a freedom of investigation in his conversation that had awakened the jealousy of father Ambroise. The Prior had, however, contrived in some measure to appease his suspicions, for whilst his powerful eloquence threw a subduing charm on all that was lovely and of good report, he carefully avoided giving offence to formerly conceived prejudices, or rudely pulling down the edifices that time had honoured.

To a countenance of classic beauty, François Bonnivard added the possession of a form of graceful and noble proportions, and the most captivating and courtly manners; joined to a frankness of speech and openness of deportment, which in the atmosphere of a court was as rare as it was engaging. We will not interrupt the thread of our narrative to dwell here on the history and character of this extraordinary and ill-fated man, but reserve its fuller investigation for the subject of an entire chapter, mentioning only in this, that his prince loved him personally, although he feared him politically, and that whilst the people hailed him with shouts of applause, and whilst the poor followed him with blessings, it was plain to the eye of the politician that this state of dangerous popularity could not last. Whether it was from the consciousness of the dizzy height on which he stood, or from a foreboding justified by the frail state of the Countess's health, that this was their last meeting, his manner was unusually solemn, and he dwelt on subjects to which he had formerly only distantly alluded. Father Ambroise was absent from the castle, and the guests, occupied by the pursuit of pleasure, intruded but rarely into the apartments of the invalid, leaving the Prior of St. Victor alone with its interesting inhabitants, unless when the young Di Rossi ventured to share with him the delightful intercourse. Beatrice and her favourite Rosette, who had been admitted into the service of the Countess when a child, at Bonnivard's recommendation, were always present at these interviews, although taking but little part in the conversation—that conversation so interesting and varied, which, beginning with matters of trivial importance, proceeded to topics of elegant literature or science, and ended in subjects of grave and vital importance—had a lasting effect on the minds of these young persons, who were just at that age when impressions are strongest,—when childish sports and childish feelings are exchanged for graver interests, and the mind and form begin to develope the proportions and perceptions of maturity. At these times, the chevalier would venture to approach the maidens, and remind them of former days of intimacy and youthful sports; and although their intercourse was transient and interrupted, that embroidery frame and sick couch were far more attractive to him than the brilliant assemblage in the halls below. However, it would be premature in us to betray sentiments which the young man had not courage to avow: and the departure of the guest, and the increased illness and subsequent death of her almost idolized mother, effaced all impression of her youthful lover from the maiden's heart, if any had been made, beyond the early friendship and sisterly affection she had ever entertained for him.

Not so came and went the Prior of St. Victor.

CHAPTER IX.

BONNIVARD.

Les grandes pensees sont du ciel; c'est parmi les bienfaits du ciel qu'elle placera Bonnivard.—LE CHRONIQUER.

FRANÇOIS BONNIVARD, Prior of the ancient Church of St. Victor at Geneva, whose melancholy fate has excited so much sympathy, and whose dungeon is still daily visited as a holy shrine, by the most celebrated personages of the old and new world, was an extraordinary man, in an extraordinary age. There is something in his character and his adventures which seems to baffle the pen of the historian and the chronicler, and to throw a damp even over the feelings of veneration which his sufferings have excited. Yet amidst all that is fluctuating and inconsistent, Geneva will never forget,—the enlightened and the philanthropic will never cease to revere, the memory of that man who, disdaining the attractions of interest and ambition, superior to the pride of birth and the prejudices of education, dared to declare himself the friend of the oppressed—dared boldly to raise his voice against error and imposition even in the church to which he belonged, and at the sacrifice of the lucrative benefice he held in her service,—who, regardless of the bright career for which nature and fortune had qualified him, despising the gilded baits of the one, used the noble gifts of the other, not in forwarding his own ambition, but in espousing at every peril the part of freedom and of truth. Born in Savoy, educated at Turin, in the centre of superstition and luxury, breathing from his youth the enervating air of a court, and called at the early age of eighteen to fill an honourable and important situation in the imposing service of the Church of Rome,—united by birth and friendship with men of the highest nobility,—it pleased Him "who turneth the heart as the rivers of water," to break through all these natural bounds, and to induce him to give his affections to Geneva. One step decided the fate of his young years —with one generous movement he threw himself out of the common road, into a career of adventures, of glory, and of misfortune. Regret or return was alike vain: the seal of suffering was on it; virtuous or wavering, strong or weak, his foot once placed on this road, there remained nothing but to continue, urged forward on it by an invisible and invincible hand. He had thrown himself out of his own caste, and drawn down the hatred of his equals; but his name belongs now to a higher race

—it can no more fall into the ranks even of the titled herd—it is *Bonnivard*, and appertains to mankind as one of its benefactors. If his enthusiastic mind, his ardent love of the Muses, particularly those of history and poetry, his refined and fastidious taste, led him to portray liberty, such as it appeared to him in the writings of the ancients, heroic, great, and perhaps ideal, his sufferings taught him to see and love her in the guise of Christianity, humble, submissive, strong in adversity and the power of the Lord. This celestial image cheered the loneliness of his dungeon, and was the more cherished as he had found nothing on earth to resemble her. It is a remarkable feature in the history of Geneva, that seeking first for liberty from human tyranny, she found the true liberty of the sons of God.

"Think not," says the Prior of St. Victor, "that the Reformation of Geneva was the work of the wise, but rather that of the rash, from whose ranks I will not exclude myself, for I was but four-and-twenty, and I was led as others, more by feelings than by counsel. But God gave to our rash enterprise a happy issue, and treated us as a loving Father. As the greatest part of those who asked for liberty knew not what it was, believing it only to be, that each might live according to his appetite, without law or rule; He did not give us immediately what we asked, nor would He emancipate us from pupilage until we were of mature age. He did not, therefore, grant us temporal liberty, until we had received spiritual light to guide us, and until He placed amongst us those excellent and gifted persons, who brought us the inestimable blessing. Happier than Athens and Rome, who had only persons endowed with worldly wisdom amongst them, and who only knew what was good from the dangerous experience of what was evil; we have found from the beginning, careful purveyors for the public good, and wise and active governors for our city. Must we be silent on these things? Never! for they are things so wonderful that whoever hears them will be induced to cry out, as Israel did when God rained bread to them from the heavens—What is this? Is it, indeed, bread that the Almighty has given us to eat?"

Such were the words of Bonnivard, when looking back on all he had suffered, all he had seen, all he had hoped; when, alone amongst men, all was populous and animated in his little retreat—a world in itself.—His Bible, his Horace, his memory prodigal of recollections, and an imagination that threw colouring and harmony on all it touched; a world of new and old adventures, of pure recollections, and noble thoughts. But we forestall, when we should retrograde, and describe the theatre on which our characters are to appear, rather than plunge prematurely into their history.

We will now endeavour, in the hope of rendering our tale more interesting and instructive, to go back to ages past, and trace the progress of events, which led to that great development of mind, that sudden burst of light and liberty which opened at this time on the world, dispersing the shades of ignorance and error. As the beams of the sun at the moment we write, bursting from the mists of autumn which hang over Lac Leman and wreathe around its sheltering mountains, have covered the whole beauteous scene with gladness—gleaming from the snowy peaks of the mountains, dyeing with brighter tints the variegated foliage, and discovering groups of industrious peasantry occupied in bearing to their overflowing presses the gushing fruit. Such, and brighter and more genial yet, were thy beams, O Sun of Righteousness! which broke on this once benighted land at the epoch of the Reformation. The axe was now laid at the root of the tree, and we will examine the fruits thereof.

"There was one word," says the learned chronicler of l'Helvetie Romande, who, we trust, will forgive the use we shall make of his intellectual paper in this work;—"there was one word which, in the first years of the sixteenth century, was found in every mouth. In the village, the city, the court,—in the communities of the Moravian and Vaudois brethren,—in convents, universities, and councils, the word *Reform* was pronounced. The spirit of the age had constrained even the lips of the sovereign pontiff to stammer it in anger;" but the sense in which it was pronounced was as diverse as the mouths which uttered it, and to understand its different significations, we will accompany the profound and acute investigation of the intelligent critic a little further,—we will follow him into the depths of the middle ages, trusting that even our young readers will forgive the digression on our promising soon to return to a brighter period.

"When the Barbarians, in the first centuries of the christian era, descended on the fertile plains of Italy with the impetuosity and ruin of a mountain torrent, destroying the works of art, and laying waste the country over which they poured, they dismembered an empire already worm-eaten, devoid of unity, spring, or life, seating themselves on the ruins they had occasioned, without power to reunite or repair them. Rude and ignorant, strangers to the science of government, all social bands were broken, all existence was isolate. Intelligence disappeared before force, and Europe found herself divided into as many empires as there were castles constructed on the summit of her hills, or fortresses suspended to the craggy sides of her rocks. Ask the mountaineer of Gruyère and La Côte, or of many other places, and they will show you traces of cultivation now covered by forests. They will tell you that these sterile places were fur-

rowed by the plough, in times when men found no safety in the plains, when the cities were ruined, and all fled for refuge to those old towers of which the earth in our days seems eager to cover the last remains. Then arose the power of the Church—we know her humble and holy origin: intelligent, consolatory, and moral, she alone merited the faith of the people. She preached to them regeneration through faith, and they believed her whilst she gave them an example of the virtues which she taught. She alone brought peace—she alone offered a refuge to the weak, a shelter to the oppressed. The people gave themselves, their treasures, and their hearts, to her; but, alas! the days of her triumph were nearly allied to those of her decline. The mouth of the Saviour has said it. It is difficult to become rich and to remain pure. The Church became rich and powerful, and errors crept into her bosom. The shepherd's office, that most touchng of all relations, gave way to the pomp and circumstance of secular dignity;—the bishops became lords over cities, and powerful as temporal princes. Suisse Romande had four of these prelates, those of Geneva, of Lausanne, of Sion, and of Bâsle, whose casque was but half hidden beneath the mitre. The Church was materialized, the holy language of faith and zeal became the instrument of worldly policy. Rome, the queen of the christian world, no longer contented herself with preaching, she imposed her articles of belief. Her bishop made himself God—he put his foot on the neck of kings, who were forbidden to express any thought which differed from those it pleased the sovereign pontiff to deal out as the daily bread of nations. It was then that the word *reform* began to be pronounced. In the deepest recesses of the heart of man are found two powers which, victorious by turns, struggle and debate, and will never cease to contend until that day when the soul which they divide, perfectly reconciled with herself, shall receive the full revelation of her destiny—the necessity of *belief*, and the necessity of *investigation*. Ever divided between these contrary tendencies, we never yield to the one, without the other, sooner or later, reclaiming its right; and all that passes, in a greater or less degree, in the heart of each individual, history reproduces on her great and moving theatre.

"During many ages the people, a prey to every kind of evil, felt the necessity and consolation of faith, and they gave themselves up to it without reserve, until they found themselves plunged in the slough of superstition, and groaning under tyranny: then the tendency to criticism or investigation gained the upper hand, the necessity of examination was once more felt, and the word reform became the cry of the generous, ardent, and intelligent. At the same time society politically emerged

from the state of anarchy in which we have seen that it was plunged. The petty wars between the castles had drawn out individual strength; some great men, amongst whom was Rodolph, who united the Burgundian Helvetie under his sceptre, had appeared, and rallied their vassals around them. Under such princes, order, and something like justice appeared; the earth became once more fruitful and populous; the towns arose again, and within them industry and commerce began their indefatigable march. Some faint ideas of politics were formed without the circle of the religious opinions of the epoch. Already, even from the bosom of the Church, some single voices,—already some communities, protested against the growing errors; the human mind appeared every where in fermentation, and to preserve the obedience of the people, it was necessary that Rome should have recourse to some new means of riveting the chains which time and reason had corroded. It has ever been her policy to avail herself of every individual feeling, or public tendency for her own service. Instead of chasing from her communion those who slightly differed from her, and thus throwing into active opposition zeal and energy, that if gained to her cause, might prove highly useful to it, she has, wisely and deeply politic, spared no art nor effort to turn the adverse feeling to her own advantage; and when this course of action did not succeed, her next was to crush and destroy it. Her stroke of consummate policy was at this period to give the current of human energy and human passion that now began to swell, a wider course,—she turned the enthusiasm of the pious, the ambition of the aspiring, the longing ardour of the youthful, to the land of the east, and pointing to the tomb of the Saviour, bade them rescue it from infidel hands, and enrich themselves with infidel treasures. For five centuries the artifice succeeded; civilization, however, marched with slow and certain step the while. The absence of the most unquiet in the nation allowed a more perfect development of the spirit of peace, and those who returned to their hearths from the Crusade brought to them the fruits of travel, an enlarged mind, and a ripened judgment. The fermentation of inquiry was again revived by the means taken to allay it; and ere the infidel crusade was ended, another was commenced at home against the early Reformers. The sad fate and noble testimony of the martyrs of Languedoc is well known; but if the blood that deluged those plains restored unity to the Church of Rome, it fell not on barren ground; from its warm current sprang a noble army of fresh champions, and liberty, civil and religious, continued its progress. In Italy, Germany, Belgium, and England, large democracies and powerful aristocracies began to be formed, and it was also at this

period that Helvetie Romande passed into the domination of the princes of Savoy, and Pièrre, surnamed Le Petit Charlemagne, received the Pays de Vaud as the meed of his valour from the hand of the Emperor. He found towns already flourishing, whose privileges he sanctioned; a numerous nobility, poor, but still powerful, whose claims he acknowledged; and a clergy possessing a third of the revenue, as well as the representation of the nations. The rights of the poor had not then been thought on, but each century lightened in some degree the burthen of servitude. Geneva received from Adhemar Fabri the confirmation of her freedom; the citizens of Lausanne began to occasion by their independence some inquietude to their prince bishop; Berne and Fribourg had grown into powerful cities, the terror of the castles, which fell one after another beneath the valour of the well-disciplined citizens; and further on, in the depth of the mountain cave, three men took, in the presence of Heaven, that simple oath which was the origin of the Swiss confederacy. In the Church, the same revolution was seen, and the bishops were the first to oppose its unity. What were the Councils of Pisa, of Constance, and Bâsle, but the protestation of the higher clergy against the absolute authority of the sovereign pontiff, and the principles of the middle ages? They protested in their manner at the commencement of the fifteenth, as the middle class did equally characteristically a century later. Cities and universities abandoned the protection of St. Peter to place themselves under that of kings, and the churches prepared to form national congregations. Every new event lent an additional force to the irresistible tendency of mind which, not satisfied with simply advancing, always travels with accelerated motion. Let us now endeavour to represent to ourselves the powerful spring which the first use of printing must have given to intellegence! Books were copied with great labour; they were procured only at their weight in gold; their treasures were only accessible to the chosen few, when a new art placed them within the reach of the most humble. What ideas, what images, what new expressions, were poured out on this generation with the writings of the ancients from thousands and tens of thousands of printed copies! What a renewal of ideas! what work for conscience! what elements of regeneration! Rarely has mankind been so deeply agitated—the car of thought no longer touched the earth, it flew above its surface. What Luther thought, what Luther wrote, was transported in a few months from one extremity of Europe to the other. Thanks to the new gift of Heaven—thanks to the power that it had added to words, a poor monk became, without seeking it, without having thought it possible, equal in power to the Roman

pontiff. It was soon seen that he who would use the new impetus granted to intelligence would render triumphant the thought that animated it; and it was easily imagined which of the two parties in whose ranks mankind was ranged, would draw the greatest advantage from it."

Thus far our chronicler—we could not resist the temptation of making him speak in his own attractive style, as far as a loose—a very loose translation would render it: but the limits of our work do not admit of our following in detail his history of the state of Europe during those two introductive years of freedom and reformation, and we must content ourselves with a brief sketch of the position of those parts of Switzerland connected with our tale—Geneva and the Pays de Vaud.

The Swiss republic had not, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, reached the frontiers of ancient Helvetie, those boundaries assigned to her by nature. Confined by the streams of the Aar and the Sarine, it extended no farther than the German language. From these two streams of the Joux or Black Mountains, as the Jura was then called, expanded the ancient Bourguignonne or Romande country, then under the dominion of Savoy. Dark forests of fir-trees without certain limits, separated it on the north from the Franche-Comté, which belonged to the Emperor, and towards the south by Burgundy, since become a part of the French kingdom. The appearance of this country was far different from that of the confederated cantons. On one side military republics strongly knit together, a submissive nobility, independence, liberty, and glory;—on the other, an uncertain and floating existence; a Duke of Savoy, formerly powerful, now incapable of defending the country; episcopal princes, the legitimacy of whose temporal power was contested by the spirit of the age; cities that looked with a longing eye on their neighbours, and flattered themselves one day to possess the liberty which they had so nobly won; a numerous nobility, restless and inconsiderate, who disturbed the country by their regrets for the past and a tumultuous resistance to the spirit of the present age; finally, a people rude, ignorant, scarcely raised above the earth they cultivated, and cradled in superstition by a corrupt clergy. No country had preserved more of the spirit of the dark ages, and none was more divided in itself.

When the Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Rash, fought in the midst of the Pays de Vaud that battle with the Bernoise that covered them with glory, Fribourg alone shared their laurels, the rest of the inhabitants looked on, shuddering and inactive spectators of the bloody strife. Without a head, they had no point round which to rally. The citizens endeavoured to supplant the nobles; the mountaineer and vine-dresser carried on a

perpetual war of outrage and theft; and the nobility at La Côte joined in a confederation against Geneva and the spirit of republicism. That city left alone, harassed by the enemy, without and within her walls, implored the aid of Berne in her arduous struggle—a struggle during which she had seen many of her bravest perish, and in which the Prior of St. Victor had lost his liberty as well as all his worldly possessions, and had languished nearly six years in the dungeons of Chillon.

Such, then, was the Pays de Vaud in the year 1534, not as now, industrious, cultivated, flourishing, and free,—but a brighter time was at hand, which was to deliver her from her chains, and uniting her to other cantons, make her a participator with them in the privileges they enjoyed.

And now we turn to the Dukes of Savoy, in order to view the last struggles of that power to keep possession of the fair country won by the sword of the Count Pièrre, surnamed Le Petit Charlemagne, from the House of Kibourg, in a battle fought beneath the walls of the ancient castle of Chillon. Shortly after, presenting himself before the Emperor in a coat of mail, composed half of gold, and the other half of steel, he received his guerdon of this fair province, and the vicarship of the empire. And well did this brave prince deserve his reward, for his government of the country thus accorded to him was wise and just; and for a century and a half there succeeded to him a race of princes equally powerful and judicious, whose empire extended from Nice to the borders of the Aar. After these reigns of prosperity and glory, there followed a hundred and fifty years of misfortune and commotion. With Amadeus VIII., the star of Savoy began to decline, and a succession of weak princes, minorities, and regencies followed, during which the sceptre passed from one feeble hand to another, until it fell into that of Charles III., at a time when, as we have seen, it demanded more than ordinary strength and ability to retain its grasp. Charles III., Duke of Savoy, surnamed by his courtiers the Good, has received from the more lasting testimony of posterity the appellation of unfortunate. It should seem that his title to it was confirmed at his mounting the throne in the year 1504, when earthquakes and famine were the precursors of the misfortunes of his after life. The circumstances of his position demanded a great man, which he was not; and unfortunately he possessed some qualities that, unsustained, or rather undirected, by superior abilities, lead their possessors into danger, without furnishing them with courage or power to surmount it. Like Charles I. of England, he was obstinate in his prejudices, and jealous of his authority; and, like him, he sank under the difficulties of his position. Surrounded by contending powers

to whom he was allied, for the Emporer Charles V. was his brother-in-law, and Francis I. the son of his sister, he endeavoured to shelter himself in a neutrality, which they each returned with injurious treatment. Embittered by their treachery, wounded to the heart by their unkindness, he adopted the melancholy policy of the age, and revenged on the weak the injuries he had himself received from the strong. They had been perfidious and cruel towards him, and he became cruel to the Bishop of Lausanne, and perfidious towards Geneva. His private life was also marked by trial: of the nine children borne to him by his excellent consort, the Princess Beatrice of Portugal, one alone, a sickly boy, survived.

Had Charles III. lived in less tumultuous times, he had probably deserved the appellation which his courtiers gave him; but misfortunes rather contracted than softened his heart. Weak and vacillating, timid and superstitious, he was never equal to the circumstances in which he was called on to act; and his indecision and moral cowardice rendered him by turns the prey of the politic Charles and the warlike Francis, as well as an easy dupe to the artful and ambitious of his own little court. But we have given as much of the history of the Duke of Savoy as is necessary for the elucidation of our own, to which it is now time to return.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST DAY IN THE CASTLE.

Oh take me to my early home again!
There let me breathe its balmy gales once more,
Sport o'er its sunny glades, and gather flowers
O'er which the wild bee sings. These gloomy towers
Scare health and sleep; for in the midnight blast
The piercing shriek of torture mingles strange.
And e'en when summer's softest breezes blow
O'er the clear azure lake—they meet the ear
Loaded with sighs from out the captive's cell.

MS.

We left our young hero at the door of the Lady Beatrice's apartment, but as we have allowed him a peep within, we feel assured that he would not have found a much longer time unprofitably employed in examining its contents, and the lovely countenance of his future mistress—may we not hope that our readers have been also interested in tracing her early history?

The Concierge opened the door and began, "My honoured mistress, and very fair young lady! I have brought into your goodly presence the youth ——"

But the young lady thus apostrophized, most provokingly interrupting him, as she threw down her needle and looked behind the slashed sleeves of her serving-man's bright green doublet, exclaimed, "Do I not see Père Bontemps?—does he bring me news of my Rose? I am weary of waiting for her; surely this vintage has been of more than ordinary length."

"It will be finished this morning, my lady, and Rosette will but lay the supper in order, and hasten to the castle," said mine host, with a becoming reverence.

"Thank you, good Bontemps; I hope the vineyards have repaid your labour this year, and that the harvest has been plentiful."

"Ah, magnifique!" replied he; "your vines of Savoy could not yield better. Rose will bring your ladyship a little offering from it, and we shall drink your health, and that of his excellency, in good vin de Vaud this year. But I must acknowledge that the vintage alone has not been the cause of my detaining the maiden. Our little hostelry has been quite full; the country is like a swarm of bees in hiving time, buzzing here and there in expectation of the flight of the royal hive towards the belles prairies of his Pays de Vaud—and I must also add, that I have made so bold as to bring a young traveller hither."

"Stand aside, an't please ye, mine host of the Star and Cross!" interrupted Congouron, now in his turn coming forward; "this hostelry appertaineth to another landlord, and it is my business, as it is also my pleasure, to present to the Lady Beatrice de Beaufort the youth who is promoted at the recommendation of her humble servant Bonniface, and by the permission of his excellency, to the honourable office of page near her fair person—a page of gentle blood, of fair proportions, and of manifold qualifications."

"Far more than my poor service requires or deserves," interrupted the young lady, kindly desirous of relieving poor Cottier's embarrassment. "Thy name, fair sir?"

"Michael Cottier, at your ladyship's service," answered the youth.

"I will do all in my power to render that service light," returned she; "but this castle is scarcely better than a prison to those accustomed to roam at large."

"I shall not weary of its confinement, madam, if I can faithfully discharge the duties that bring me here," said Cottier respectfully.

"That is well spoken, and with a discretion beyond thy years; but thou knowest not yet the harsh grating of the key that shuts thee within grim walls,—nor hast thou probably beheld the massive bridge drawn up between thee and the outer world."

"Nay, nay, lady!" said the Concierge, who had been fidgeting about during this dialogue, standing first on one leg and then on the other, "you would discourage the youth! He will be no captive here. Will he not accompany your ladyship across the lake—will he not attend you on your walks?"

"True, true! when Rosette returns, we are all to go out sometimes together. I did not mean to dishearten thee, Michael, I only wished to inform thee of what thou hast to perform, or rather to endure, ere thou undertakest the service."

"Again, lady, I repeat," said Cottier, "that the service I have undertaken will repay me for every difficulty I may encounter in its discharge."

"Go then, Michael," said the young lady, "since thou art thus determined. I will not tax thy diligence on the first day of thy arrival, but commend thee to the notice of good Monsieur Congouron, whom thou wilt find and excellent friend and guide in all things. He will conduct thee into the hall, where the dinner will soon be served, and afterwards will show thee the apartments of the castle—at least," added she, with a sigh, "all that his keys will unlock."

The old man bowed low with an expression of pleasure and reverence. "Come then, sir page," he said, "we have yet time, ere the bell rings, to show you your sleeping apartment; and after the noonday meal I am your humble servant."

The trio now left the cabinet, and the Concierge, leading the way down a narrow staircase, conducted his companions into a small chamber directly underneath that occupied by the Lady Beatrice, of similar form and dimensions, but furnished in a very simple manner, with a bed, a couple of high-backed chairs, and a table. It had evidently once been considered of more importance, as the walls were covered by fresco paintings, now almost obliterated by damp and age; and the ceiling was of singular construction, melon-shaped, and composed of wood painted yellow and black.

"This chamber!" said the Concierge, "has been a long time unopened, and there is a very pretty story appertaining thereunto, which I may one day relate; at present we have other fish to fry, for there goes the dinner-bell, and I am not there to carry in the first dish—follow me, vite! vite!"

The old man trotted nimbly off, and as Cottier was about to leave the room, Bontemps laid his hand on his shoulder, and said as he looked wistfully around it, "A pretty story, quoth he? ay, if walls could speak, there is not a stone in this building that could not tell one that would make your teeth chatter and your heart ache."

They returned by a shorter route, down a low stone staircase

into the court of the castle, passing a large room occupied by the retainers of the Governor, which the Concierge pointed out to Cottier as that in which he would be expected to await his lady's commands. Having crossed the court, and passed into an enclosure, they entered a spacious hall, whose size and decorations struck the young traveller with admiration and surprise.

"This," said Bontemps, "is la salle des chevaliers, or grand hall of the castle, and one of the handsoment apartments in it."

It was completely hung on two sides with armour, and seemed to be guarded by giants. Three lofty windows looked abruptly down into the waters of the lake, from which that part of the building rose, their deep recesses being furnished with stone seats. Between these casements were placed large armoirs, or presses of carved oak, which contained the plate and other articles of show and luxury used on occasions of state. Enormous logs of fir, and trunks of the vine, blazed on the spacious hearth, before which lay several sporting dogs of various kinds; and above the high and extensive chimney-piece were ranged, mingled with the tusks of boars, the horns of stags, and other trophies of sylvan triumph, every instrument used in the numerous arts of destruction and decoy which man has invented in his war with the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the water; for in their insular situation, it will not be supposed that the inhabitants of the château left the inhabitants of the lake unmolested.

About a dozen men, habited in short cloaks and hose, with buskins of half-dressed deer-skin, their couteaux de chasse stuck in their girdles, with bushy beards and sunburnt countenances, stood round the fire, awaiting the arrival of the Governor to place themselves at the well-covered oaken table that extended down the middle of the enormous hall, and on which a host of servants of various ages, costumes, and conditions, had placed a plentiful supply of viands, flanked by large flagons of the wine of the country. The mountain, the forest, the pasture, and the lake, had each sent its tribute to the ducal board; and if the dishes which were placed at the head of the table were more united in cookery and delicacy to the taste of the nobler guests, those beneath which the lower part groaned were not less acceptable to the keener appetites by which they were to be speedily devoured. At length the Governor appeared, followed by some of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; the whole occupants of the hall, with the exception of a few of the servingmen, approached the table, and as he waved his hand with much grace in token of his wish that his guests should be seated, he said to some of the officers of the fortress who stood near, "We have to crave your pardon, gallant sirs, for a little delay in our

hour of repast; but I have been occupied with these my noble and gentle friends in arranging how best to show our sense of the honour his highness intends us, by a worthy reception of him at his coming visit. Sit down, I pray you, noble sirs, and partake of the poor cheer set before us."

The invitation was promptly accepted, and if any lacked appetite, it was our poor young hero, who seated next the Concierge, felt his mind too much occupied by the new and bustling scene around him to do much justice to the plentiful repast. After the first edge of hunger was blunted, and the wine began to circulate, the mirth of the party increased, and seemed to be unrestrained by the presence of the Governor, who spoke little beyond what hospitality exacted, and rose as soon as the meal was ended, leaving the hall with his guests as they entered it, by a small door at the further end. The servants of the household also immediately quitted it, after removing the dishes, and the Concierge having superintended their safe deposition in the buttery, returned to his companions.

"Now, young sir page," said he, "since my lady has commanded me to show you the wonders of our castle, I will, if it so please thee, begin with the hall we now occupy, and for which it would be difficult anywhere to find a fellow. This noble apartment then, my masters," continued the old man, delighted at the opportunity of displaying his knowledge and hearing the sound of his own voice, which echoed through the spacious hall, "was fitted up by Pierre le Grand, Count of Savoy, dit le Petit Charlemagne, in the year of our Lord 1236, almost three centuries ago, on the occasion of his marriage with the Princess Clodine, sister of Louis IX. of France, of blessed memory, since holy Mother Church has thought him worthy of canonization. Observe these carved pillars, and you will see the fleur-de-lis mixed in device with the vine—that is to say, the arms of France with the emblem of abundance—a little gentillesse of the noble lover towards his royal bride; and although their union was not in one sense abundantly fruitful, the Countess Beatrice being the offspring of a former marriage, yet Pierre and his consort were a pattern of all virtues, conjugal and royal."

"The ceiling also is worthy of notice," said Michael; "and equally so these armoirs and carved chests."

"Nay, nay," you are too hasty," said the old man pettishly; "I had not half enumerated the virtues of the noble pair. However, this chest contained the wedding apparel of the Princess Clodine. In this secret drawer, which lies so cunningly concealed beneath the frieze, she deposited the jewelled cross, containing a bit of the wood of the real one, which her brother, St. Louis of blessed memory, hung himself around her fair neck on

the day of her espousals. Ah! there is a tale about this old chest—do you see, it shuts with a spring, and so strong a one, that her highness's tire-woman must have had lusty arms to lift it."

"You must give us the history of the chest when you relate that of the haunted chamber, over our spiced cup at Christmas," said Bontemps; "I warrant ye will not want listeners."

"Willingly," said the old man; "but now we will return to the Count Pierre and his consort, who, as I said before, were a pattern of all virtues, royal and conjugal. Look at this coat of armour, sir page; ay, you may well lift up your hands and eyes in wonder and admiration—it is the real coat of mail in which, in the year of our Lord 1234, Pierre presented himself before the Emperor, after the victory over the House of Kibourg, obtained under the walls of Chillon, and claimed the fair Pays de Vaud for his reward, which his Imperial Majesty granted him, together with the vicariat of the empire."

"These tattered garments seem ill placed amongst such brilliant trophies," said Michael, as he pointed to a heap of rags enclosed in a curious cabinet.

"Ah, lack a day!" said the old man; "in these profane times we may perhaps think so, for few are the princes who, like Amadeus the Pious, would go without companion or money on pilgrimage to the blessed shrines of St. Peter at Rome and St. Sepulchre at Jerusalem, depending upon the alms of the charitable for every morsel of bread that nourished him on the road, and every shelter he got from the night wind. Now-a-days, the nobles go on pilgrimage by proxy forsooth. I wonder how they will look when St. Peter, as father Ambroise told us the other day, shuts the gate of paradise on them, and tells them that he knows them not, that he has not seen them at his shrine on earth, and will not admit them at his gate in heaven?"

Cottier longed to point out to the poor man the light after which he seemed to be groping; but prudence kept him silent; and turning to the relics he said, "These, then, were the staff and habit of a true pilgrim—one who laid not on a fellow-mortal the task that no man can perform for another;—who was this prince?"

"The brother of Pierre the Great."

"And Charlemagne the Little," said Bontemps, provokingly laying a stress on the last word.

"Little!" said the old man; "not as inferior, but as coming after the first Charlemagne. Mais vous me cassez la tâte," continued the chronicler, offended at having his favourite hero depreciated; "do not interrupt me, or I shall never finish."

"Well, well, have it your own way," said the good-humoured

joker, "the great Pierre and the young Charlemagne. I honour the memory of that Prince as much as any subject of Savoy can do, and think he deserves a better title than either—that of the Just. Had he lived in these days—mais voïla!" and he shrugged his shoulders, drawing in a long breath, which ended in somewhat of a whistle. "Adieu, I must go to conduct Rosette hither. I will leave you, Sir Concierge, with the youth, who ill make a better listener than I, since life itself, as well as your ories, is new to him."

"Go on, good Monsieur Confetti, I pray you, I am all attention," said Michael, really interested in those tales of other times, and almost as happy as the chronicler at the departure of the landlord. "This pilgrim prince?"

"Ah! it's somewhat of a history—but you shall have it with the rest, as Monsieur Bontemps proposes, round the Christmas fire, where he will find something more attractive than an old man's twice-told tales. I have now time to tell you little more than the names of the former wearers of these mailed coats, and wielders of these weapons. Here is the sword of the great Pierre, which has hung useless since his death, for none but he could lift it. I warrant ye many a noble head has licked the dust from the stroke of that blade; more stories, sir page—more stories, cela ne finit pas—those days were full of adventure; but now there are histories which men utter not, and noble knights and holy priests go out like flickering lamps in dungeons, instead of falling honourably on the field of battle."

"In dungeons?" asked Michael eagerly. "Good Monsieur Confetti, relate to me some of those melancholy tales."

"How can I relate what I know not myself?" answered the old man. "In this castle grey hairs and faithful services gain little but jeers from the varlets, and neglect from the master; it was different when the good Count Pierre lived, and his generous successor, Amadeus VIII., who repaid the fidelity of their retainers by rich lands and fruitful vineyards."

"And this armour, almost eaten out with rust, and evidently of a much earlier date, to whom did it belong?"

"To Louis the Pious, Emperor of Germany, whose cousin, the Abbot Walter, was in 830* a prisoner in the dungeons of this castle."

"Of this castle!" exclaimed Cottier; "have these dungeons then for seven centuries echoed back the groans of the captive?"

"Hush! hush! sir page, we do not talk of these things loud enough to be heard at St. Maurice," said the old man, placing

* See Note B.

"And this is Chillon!" said he, as he laid his weary head on the pillow: "alas! how long will the oppressor be permitted to revel in its halls, and the captive doomed to languish in its dungeons!"

CHAPTER XI.

A DAY IN THE CHESNUT FOREST.

. . . . . His hopes,
His morning hopes, awoke before him smiling,
Among the dews and holy mountain airs;
And fancy coloured them with every hue
Of heavenly loveliness. POLLOCK.

THE bright morning sun, shining into the windows of Michael's little room, awoke him, he sprang from his bed to greet it, and thank the great Author of its vivifying beams. He had scarcely dressed himself ere the Concierge arrived with a tailor, who was commissioned to furnish him with his habiliments as page; and the factotum having presided at the important ceremonies of choosing and measuring, left Cottier to wait in the ante-room until the lacquey of the Lady Beatrice brought her breakfast, which it was the page's duty to see properly spread in her apartment. Now we pray our fair readers not to suffer their imagination or expectations to outrun our descriptions, and spread on the oak table of the sixteenth century the elegant breakfast equipage of a London or Parisian lady of the nineteenth. Let them not picture the delicate dejeuné of Dresden or Worcester china, with its groups of flowers in relievo, and its brilliant landscapes; or the exquisite congealed snow of the Sêvre manufactory. Let them not expect an apartment filled with the balmy vapour of the Chinese herb, or Indian berry, distilled in vases of silver filagree over perfumed lamps. They will seek in vain for the delicate muffin beneath its globular cover, or the faintly tinged slice of toast in its silver grating. Eggs might perchance be found, and butter too, but the former will not be placed in cups of such snowy whiteness as is only distinguished from their shell by the golden rim that separates them; nor will the latter, in its iced enclosure, be divided into those minute globes, or fanciful impressions, in which alone it can now be presented to the eye or palate of refinement. But on the other hand, let not susceptible nerves be disturbed at the odious idea of the breakfast of greasy beefsteaks and frothy ale, with which our good Queen Bess regaled her royal self and her maidens about fifty years later. We will endeavour, as far as our archives enlighten

from one coat of mail to another, listening to his long stories with an attention that won the old man's heart; till the serjeant arrived to accompany him on his promised expedition, and he took leave of Cottier with his whispered caution, "Go to your chamber, young man; speak as little as possible to any one, and meddle with no man's business. Ask me as many questions as you choose of the generations that are gone, but be not curious about what is going on around you, and make no friends but with my lady's waiting woman and her little greyhound."

So saying, he accompanied the soldier across the court of the castle, and passed the drawbridge as our hero gained his apartment.

Cottier had little more than time sufficient to establish himself in his new quarters, ere a servant tapped at his door, to inform him that the supper was ready, and he accompanied him down to the hall. As the evening meal was the principal repast of the feudal Baron and his retainers, the party assembled was much more numerous than it had been at noon. There was at this hour less to call for the absence of the various members of the household, and the servants having placed all that was required on the table, seated themselves, to partake with the rest, of the good cheer it afforded. The wine cup circulated freely, and the loud laugh and jest went round with it. Even the noble party at the upper end of the table had shaken off much of the reserve apparent at the noon-day meal, and many a jest was retailed from mouth to mouth, until it reached the lower end of the table, where it received the meed of applause that the bon-mots of the great usually win from humble auditors. Many a time, too, was the goblet refilled from the produce of a richer vintage than that of la côte, till mirth became confusion, and laughter uproar, and the stunning din of the lower party prevented any distinct sound from reaching them from their superiors, although from their animated gestures and heightened complexions, it was evident they shared in the hilarity of the moment.

"We are not always so jovial, sir page," said Boniface; "but it is to-day the fête of St. Maurice, and the Governor is too good a Catholic to suffer his retainers to hunger or thirst on such a day. You, I see, are under vows of abstinence, and therefore, if it be your good pleasure, you are free to retire early with the rest of the youngsters. One hour's sleep before midnight, I tell them, is worth two after, and the sooner they are out of such a scene the better."

Cottier gladly availed himself of the offer, and left the hall with a number of young persons, whom the Concierge did not find quite so ready to quit its noisy revelry.

"And this is Chillon!" said he, as he laid his weary head on the pillow: "alas! how long will the oppressor be permitted to revel in its halls, and the captive doomed to languish in its dungeons!"

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A DAY IN THE CHESNUT FOREST.

. . . . . His hopes,
His morning hopes, awoke before him smiling,
Among the dews and holy mountain airs;
And fancy coloured them with every hue
Of heavenly loveliness. POLLOCK.

THE bright morning sun, shining into the windows of Michael's little room, awoke him, he sprang from his bed to greet it, and thank the great Author of its vivifying beams. He had scarcely dressed himself ere the Concierge arrived with a tailor, who was commissioned to furnish him with his habiliments as page; and the factotum having presided at the important ceremonies of choosing and measuring, left Cottier to wait in the ante-room until the lacquey of the Lady Beatrice brought her breakfast, which it was the page's duty to see properly spread in her apartment. Now we pray our fair readers not to suffer their imagination or expectations to outrun our descriptions, and spread on the oak table of the sixteenth century the elegant breakfast equipage of a London or Parisian lady of the nineteenth. Let them not picture the delicate dejeuné of Dresden or Worcester china, with its groups of flowers in relievo, and its brilliant landscapes; or the exquisite congealed snow of the Sêvre manufactory. Let them not expect an apartment filled with the balmy vapour of the Chinese herb, or Indian berry, distilled in vases of silver filagree over perfumed lamps. They will seek in vain for the delicate muffin beneath its globular cover, or the faintly tinged slice of toast in its silver grating. Eggs might perchance be found, and butter too, but the former will not be placed in cups of such snowy whiteness as is only distinguished from their shell by the golden rim that separates them; nor will the latter, in its iced enclosure, be divided into those minute globes, or fanciful impressions, in which alone it can now be presented to the eye or palate of refinement. But on the other hand, let not susceptible nerves be disturbed at the odious idea of the breakfast of greasy beefsteaks and frothy ale, with which our good Queen Bess regaled her royal self and her maidens about fifty years later. We will endeavour, as far as our archives enlighten

us respecting the customs of past ages, to give a correct description of the morning repast of our fair Savoyard.

In a small apartment which connected the ante-chamber already mentioned with the boudoir, or, as the lady-sanctorium of auld lang syne was designated, bower of the Lady Beatrice, stood an elaborately carved table of solid oak, on which was laid a snowy cloth of the finest damask. On this were placed some plates of that peculiar earthenware called delft, then much esteemed for the deep brilliancy of its blue colour, and near these were laid a silver spoon, a small knife of rude workmanship, a gilt drinking-cup, and a wooden bowl curiously carved, and of somewhat the same delicate texture as the little toys now offered for sale amongst the Swiss mountains. A beautiful osier basket filled with grapes, occupied the centre of the table, around which were ranged several wooden trenchers, containing those small cakes called brâcelets, cheese of goats' milk, or tômes de chêvres, and Bologna sausages—these, together with a basket filled with wheaten bread, of which our archives inform us a plentiful supply was furnished by the dependents of this powerful Feof, a large bowl of cream and some flasks of wine, completed the plentiful repast.

"I will show you, sir page," said the servant who brought the viands, "how to arrange your table this morning, after which you will see to it yourself, as I must wait on his excellency."

"Does he not break his fast with the Lady Beatrice?" asked Cottier.

"Rarely: he usually takes his morning cup in the hall. But hark ye, sir page! I can answer no more questions; knock at yonder door, and the waiting-woman will instruct you in the rest of your business."

"Your pardon, master Bertoldo! You will suppose I am anxious to understand the duties of my new office."

"Naturellement," said the man with a drawling pronunciation of the word, "and therefore I will further inform you, that when you have waited on my lady at her breakfast, you may either take your own here, or in the hall with the rest of the household."

"Thank you, I shall greatly prefer breaking my fast here."

"That is no part of my duty to inquire," continued the laconic serving man, "I have only to offer you the choice; and when I have deliveredithis silver basin into your charge, and informed you that it must, filled with fresh water, be presented to your lady, together with a napkin, after each meal, I bid you good speed in your new employment, and take my leave."

"The inhabitants of this castle," thought our poor hero, "appear afraid to open their lips; I hope I may not find Rosette

under the same spell of silence." He approached the door of the Lady Beatrice's apartment; it was opened by the maiden who, without any recognition but a pleasant smile, said her mistress would speedily appear. Accordingly in a few minutes she entered the room, leaning on her favourite attendant. Her countenance was less sad than on the preceding day, for a sweet smile animated it as she took her seat at the breakfast table, beckoning Rosette to sit by her.

"How delightful it is, dear girl," she said, "to find thee once more near me. We never, methinks, feel solitude so irksome as at meals. Sir page," she continued, pointing to a seat at the other side of the table, "I would not willingly doom you to it; my Rose tells me you are of discreet nurture and gentle blood; be pleased therefore to be seated and break your fast with us."

The page bowed respectfully, and placed himself as his fair mistress directed, but rose frequently to perform every little service she required, nor did he venture to partake of the fare set before him, without a second bidding from the lady, and the still more pressing invitations of her handmaiden. The repast ended, he presented the basin and napkin with a grace and dexterity that displayed his gentle breeding, and received the approbation of his fair mistress, who said to him as she rose from the table, "My father has kindly procured for me a gentle steed, and urges me to try its paces. I wish you to hold yourself in readiness to accompany us in our morning's ride."

In about an hour after, the new page, together with the Lady Beatrice and Rosette, descended into the inner court of the castle, where their horses stood in readiness; and after carefully assisting his young mistress to mount the one destined for her, he led it across the drawbridge into the road towards Villeneuve, Rosette following, accompanied by Bertoldo on foot. The little party proceeded in silence along the side of the lake, amid the embowering shade of the walnut-trees, which drooped their branches into its crystal waters; stopping occasionally to allow the passage of some travelling merchants with oil or fruit from the sunny plains of Italy, or to make way for a band of pilgrims, chanting their monotonous Ave Maria's as returning from the shrine of St. Maurice. The air was warm and the weather bright, and the sun, although it was the middle of autumn, still retained its power, and obliged the party to throw aside their cloaks as, turning to the left ere they reached Villeneuve, they ascended the steep path that led into the gorge of the Aventine.

"We will alight here," said Beatrice, "and walk in the chesnut forest, since you say, Rosette, that the peasants are gathering in the fruit. I love these rural labours, they remind me of my Savoy home."

The deep ravine through which they had proceeded sloped down on each side to a mountain stream which, increasing as it left its source, here spread itself a wider bed, and foamed and tumbled over the large rocks that impeded its course. The sides were clothed with large forests of chesnut-trees extending as far as eye could reach into the retreating glade. A few châlets were scattered about, perched on eminences which commanded a view of that part of the lake where the Rhone, muddy and turgid, enters its blue waters, and from whence its course can be distinctly traced for some distance through the transparent flood. Large tracts of reedy morass extended for some leagues around the debouchure of the river, and spread at that time malaria through the country; and in the opening of the majestic, though gloomy valley which, with its rugged and overhanging mountains, stretched out to the east, was seen the farther range of the St. Bernard chain. Some children were watching their goats and climbing almost as fearlessly on the rocks around their cabins, whilst a woman sat knitting in the sun as her cow browsed by her side, and her sleeping infant reposed on her lap. The forest rung with the blows that brought down the prickly fruit, and the cheerful voices of the young persons who were employed in collecting it in baskets. After wandering about for some time talking to the peasants, and aiding the little work-people, Beatrice seated herself on a verdant slope commanding the superb view which we have attempted to describe, and desired her companions to do the same.

"What a charming spot," exclaimed Rosette. "See how the snow has already covered the tops of those rocks, and even powdered the bright autumnal foliage of the beach and chesnut-trees underneath—their many coloured tints, shining through, look like a clear eye and a rosy cheek beneath the grey hairs of age."

"Thou art fanciful, my Rose," said Beatrice affectionately. "The scene is indeed delightful—how delightful those only can feel who have been shut up within the walls of yon castle."

"Unless," answered Rosette, in a low sad voice, "it is the captive who pines in its dungeons."

"Right, maiden," said Beatrice thoughtfully, "it is ever thus that we should compare our lot with those less blessed. Let us then be thankful for this hour of liberty, and try to banish from it all thoughts of imprisonment and suffering!" and she raised her veil as she spoke, and threw back the glossy braids that shaded her forehead, as if impatient of any impediment that prevented the gales of heaven from breathing on it. "Michael, come nearer; sit at our feet and tell us something of the world from which we are shut out."

"Alas, madam! I have little to tell you of that world, that will

not bring back those thoughts you wish to banish. Men are tearing each other in pieces like wild beasts. Monarchs are making inroads into foreign territories, whilst their own are left a prey to the invader. The inhabitants of the cities are throwing off the yoke of the nobles, and the nobles are rebelling against their princes. The Church has thrown aside the crosier and grasped the sword. In the mean time the people groan beneath the weight of their burdens."

"Groan!" repeated Beatrice, as she pointed to the gay group before them.

"Ah, madam, none are more gay than the oppressed in their brief hours of enjoyment; that prickly fruit, armed with spikes and enclosed within another skin, might typify the toil of the husbandman in procuring his scanty subsistence."

"Ay!" said she with a sigh, "the soldier and the priest eat into the poor man's nut. Thou hast observed much for thine years."

"These are days, lady, to make men of boys."

"I should like to know more of thy history, but it would be indiscreet to claim thy confidence so soon," and she glanced at Bertoldo, who stood at a little distance. "Come my Rose, since the present days offer us but a melancholy picture, thou shalt, whilst Bertoldo lays our repast, tell us some tale of other times, some of Boniface's stories in which we used to delight—I would be a child again to-day."

"Willingly, dear lady, which shall it be—the sprig of Tilleul?"

"That is too recent and too sad."

"The history of Ida the fair daughter of the knight of Unspunnen? that used to be a favourite."

"And is so still; but it always raises melancholy thoughts, and we have renounced all such to-day. Suppose you relate the lively adventure of my namesake, the Countess Beatrice and the disguised knight."

"With pleasure, dear lady," said Rosette; "I have always loved la grande Dauphine, as that Princess was called, since the Countess informed me that you, madam, were named after a descendant of her's, who married one of the lords of Brières."

Rosette's history was somewhat prolix; but though the attention of Beatrice wandered from the oft-told tale, that of the page was entirely engrossed by it, and he listened with an interest natural to his years to the romantic adventures it unfolded.

The narrative was just concluded, when the sound of a horn from the rock which rose immediately behind their seats, startled the little party, and Rosette exclaimed, "Here is an adventure for us. Look, look, my lady!" continued the delighted girl, clapping her hands, "do you see yon band of hunters turning

the point of those projecting rocks. It makes one dizzy to watch them climbing over their precipitous sides—one of them has a burden on his shoulders too: can you make out what it is, Master Michael? I verily believe it to be one of those enormous birds that carry away the shepherd's lambs. One, two, three; ay, they are all coming down the side of the mountain, and must pass this way."

It was even so, for as she spoke three or four sportsmen, accompanied by guides and other followers, rapidly approached. They were all young, of distinguished deportment and habited in handsome and appropriate dresses. One of them was somewhat taller than his companions and of a more striking appearance; his fine atheltic form, broad shoulders, and ample chest, might have formed a model for a youthful Hercules; and there was in his countenance a gentle sweetness which often accompanies great physical strength. His hair, of a sunny chesnut, curled closely over his head, his eyes were soft and shaded; he wore no beard, and the clear hue of his complexion formed a contrast to the Italian sallowness of that of his companions. The whole party passed one by one down the narrow path that almost encircled the tree under which the young lady sat, her attendants having risen to return the low reverential salute of each courtly cavalier; the sportsman already noticed, however, suddenly stopped, and allowing his companions to pass before him, approached, saying, as he laid down his burden, "Will the Lady Beatrice de Beaufort permit her old knight and humble servitor to lay his trophies at her feet?"

She started, and exclaimed in the same breath as Rosette, "The Chevalier di Rossi! How and whence come ye?"

"I came from fair France to fairer Chillon a few days since," said he, "to join the hunt and pay my homage to the Duke; and this morning, with De Blonay de Cassonay and others, from flying our hawks and trying our own wings on the mountains, little anticipating the happiness that awaited me."

"My father has, I am sure, received you with pleasure in his halls, and now I bid you welcome to mine," said Beatrice, as she led the way to where Bertoldo had spread on the turf close by, their simple repast. "Our viands are homely, but our banqueting-room is a statelier one than you have found in the palaces of kings."

"Ah, it is indeed delicious!" said the delighted chevalier, as he threw himself on the grass at Beatrice's feet. "How it reminds me of our homes, and those days of pure and simple enjoyment, I thought but a few hours ago could never return."

"And never," said Beatrice mournfully, "never can they return! They are passed away from the earth with those who

shared them with us. Methinks this country, beautiful as it is, wants the mellowness of our Italian skies; and even yon blue lake is gaudy in comparison with the soft misty depth of our waters."

"Nay, dearest lady, let not your regret for one country make you unjust towards another," said the fair Vaudoise. "Surely Heaven has blest our Pays de Vaud with his choicest gifts of beauty and fertility. See how its pure breezes brace the hardy peasants to toil, at which the languid Italian would shrink!"

"This saucy girl," said Beatrice, looking with fondness on her favourite, "lectures me from morning to night; and indeed I need it, for a deep yearning for my own land makes me indifferent to all others."

Rosette kissed with respectful affection the fair hand of her mistress who, pointing to the enormous bird that lay near, said, "Is not that monster a fair trophy of Italian strength and energy?"

"It does but prove the exception to Rosette's rule," said the chevalier laughing, "since my countrymen have ridiculed my clumsy strength in surnaming me the Savoyard Hercules, and it was but now that De Blonay jeeringly asked me, if the slaying of that mountain Hydra was one of my labours?"

"I well remember another of your labours, sir," said the merry waiting-woman; "and our old housekeeper, dame Ursula, never forgot it to the day of her death, when at the challenge of the old Baron de Vionnay, you removed the goddess Diana from her niche in the hall, and placed the portly old lady on the vacant pedestal."

"O yes," said Beatrice, catching the infection of Rosette's mirth; "and how the dear old Baron laughed, and called in the servants, who were not displeased at finding for once themselves out of old Ursula's reach."

"However," returned Rosette, "the chavelier was such a favourite, that she bore him no ill will for his joke. Do you remember yet another exploit, sir, when you carried the Lady Beatrice and me by turns, up the rugged steep which leads to the old tower of Banderrai, to beg off the poor wood-cutter, whom its Baron had condemned to the galleys for accidentally wounding a fawn? I seem now to behold the agony of the poor wife and children as they knelt around you and the Lady Beatrice, and to hear you, sir, exclaim, boy as then you were, 'Let us all go and storm the tower of the old fox and make him grant poor Henrico's pardon, or pull it about his ears.' How the stern Baron frowned when we first told our errand! however, he could not withstand your joint entreaties, and we flew down

the steep rock as if we had wings on our feet, to tell the news of pardon to the poor people. Have you forgotten this, my Lord of Rossi?"

"Forgotten it, Rosette?" said the chevalier with emphasis, "never! and I can continue your history of a day, which formed an important epoch in my life. I can remember the anxiety caused in the castle by our absence, the delight of the Countess at our return; and above all the interest she took in our tale, and the smile of heavenly sweetness with which she applauded our efforts."

"There was another little incident," said Beatrice, smiling through the tears with which the mention of her mother had filled her eyes, "but perhaps I am indiscreet in recalling it."

"Listen to me, Beatrice!" said the young man solemnly, as he pushed aside his outer sleeve, and discovered a chain of hair fastened round his wrist with a large gold clasp. "This talisman, formed of your united hair, and which your sainted mother fastened on my arm that day, saying, sportively, that she invested me with the badge of the order of mercy, was more precious in my eyes than any meed which royal hands ever bestowed on merit. She smiled at the enthusiasm of my youthful vow, but never was chivalric oath breathed with more sincerity than mine to combat the oppressor and rescue the oppressed; and as far as this single arm and God's grace have helped me, I have kept my word."

The tears of Beatrice now flowed plentifully; and Rosette, anxious to divert her grief, said, "I think, sir knight, you should wear my Lady Countess's token openly on the arm around which she placed it, and not conceal it beneath the sleeve of your doublet."

"You forget, fair lady critic," answered Di Rossi, with a forced gaiety, "that my arm was of different proportion when that band could encircle it, and happily," he continued the smile fading from his lips, "you know not that he who would now succour the distressed or release the captive, dares not openly declare his mission."

Beatrice now made a successful effort to rouse herself and do the honours of her rustic entertainment, during which the conversation took a more general and cheerful turn. The repast ended, she desired Bertoldo to prepare the horses and lead them round the beaten path, and then walked slowly onward through the forest with the chevalier and her attendants.

"It is now nearly five years," said the former, "since I left the castle of Brières; time has produced little change on your fair countenances."

"You speak of outward form alone," said Beatrice. "Alas! all else is changed indeed! Where are now those friends in whose loved companionship we last met?"

"Of the habitation of one who was a saint on earth we cannot doubt," said the chevalier, as he raised his eyes towards heaven: "of the other, that earth has left no trace, unless it be worn into the cold pavement of the dungeons," and his voice sank as he added, "of Chillon."

Beatrice started. "Of Chillon?" she repeated. "And is there no one then who dares inquire of his highness the fate of his former favourite! Methinks, girl as I am, I could almost venture."

"One who has made the dangerous leap, cautions you to avoid the precipice," said Di Rossi, speaking low and bending towards her.

As he raised his eyes they were attracted by the anxious look and flushed countenance of the page, who said in a voice almost choked by emotion, "Where, where, shall Geneva seek; or how approach to aid him! She is not ungrateful, and though poor and opprest, would not spare her best and bravest to set him free!"

A slight rustling in the thick underwood stopped the chevalier's reply. He looked anxiously around, and then said in a low voice to Michael, "We will seek a more convenient opportunity of pursuing this subject."

As the chevalier walked at the side of Beatrice's horse on their way home, the conversation turned on his royal mistress, the Queen of Navarre, and he related many anecdotes of this amiable princess that deeply interested his hearer. He spoke of the purity of her morals, of the sweetness of her manners, her cultivated taste, but far more than all this, of the noble stand she had made against persecution, and of her enlightened and spiritual views; and he presented Beatrice with a small volume of poems written and given to him by this exalted princess.

As Beatrice took the valuable present, she asked, "if Margaret was not supposed to be attached to the doctrines of the Monk of Erfurth?"

"She calls herself after no man," replied the chevalier, "but is guided by the word of God. These are days when we cannot serve two masters."

"I know it," she said, with firmness, "and I have long felt the necessity of determination; but the thought of offending my father, and the doubt whether I am right, distracts me, and I feel I am too frail to endure the conflict."

"You are ill, Beatrice," said the chevalier, as he observed her changing colour, and the debility expressed in her whole appearance!

"The body sinks beneath the anguish of the mind," she replied; may Heaven forgive the cowardly weakness that looks with delight on the rest of an early grave!"

"You must struggle against this weakness, dearest lady—struggle, as I now do, against the anguish your confession occasions—against all the seductive hopes of years, and the schemes of happiness that have been traced for me from my cradle. We must merge all worldly happiness in the great and glorious cause in which we are engaged."

"Pray for me, Di Rossi,—but we must drop this agitating subject, and endeavour to gain composure, ere we meet my father's eye."

"Shall I not see you again?"

"I hope, often; but we must use caution, for every stone in that melancholy building has ears."

Rosette now rode up to them, and Cottier placed himself at the head of his mistress's horse, and with Di Rossi at her side she crossed the drawbridge, and was received by her father in the inner court of the castle.

It would have required a keener observer than Di Rossi to have read on the countenance of the lord of Brières the dissatisfaction he really felt at seeing his daughter thus attended; but the bright hectic flush that overspread her pale countenance was mistaken by him for the glow of returning health, and it was with a satisfaction which tempered his feelings of annoyance, that he received her in his arms, saying, as he kissed her bright cheek,

"Why, my little Beatrice, thou shalt go every day into the forest if thou bringest home such roses as these. But how comes it, Di Rossi, that you were the only knight that remained to escort the lady home?"

"Because I believe, my lord, I was the only one who could claim the privilege of former intimacy."

"Yes, I remember well, you were the early friend of her brother, and that she ever regarded you as *such*. But here is my Lord of Blonay waiting to be introduced."

The father's eyes were not the only ones that had dwelt in admiration on the bright bloom of the fair girl, who gracefully returned his respectful reverence.

The Baron de Blonay was one of the most distinguished noblemen of the court of Charles III. Young, handsome, brave, and accomplished, of high chivalric honour and deep unwavering loyalty. His countenance and manner were alike indicative of intelligence and refinement, mingled with a certain air of reserve, which the world in general called pride, but which those who knew him best attributed to a deeper cause. The character

of the Count de Blonay was of no common cast, and it was stamped with the strong impress of those times of peril and exertion. Loyal, devout, and generous, he clung with increasing devotion to the falling house of Savoy and the church of his forefathers; but had the one been secure and victorious, and the other unassailed by outward attack, his fine mind and superior intelligence might have found leisure for expansion, and been roused to investigation. He had been for some time employed either in attendance on his royal master at home, or in defending him abroad, and had returned only for a short period to his paternal castle, which was within a few miles of Chillon, where the praises of his only sister had created a stronger desire to become acquainted with their object, the Lady Beatrice de Beaufort, than the hints of his prudent lady mother respecting the broad lands of which she was the heiress. The wealth and sovereignty of a kingdom would not have induced him to espouse a woman unworthy of his love; but the interests of his church and his prince induced him to lend a favourable ear to a proposition which would thus secure so powerful an auxiliary to both; and when he received from all who knew her the testimony of Beatrice's worth and accomplishments, and from his own eyes that of her beauty, we must forgive the romantic and high-souled De Blonay, if, at a first glance, he secretly vowed to woo and win so fair a maid, or to die at her feet of disappointment and despair.

"We must bid you good-night here, love," said the Governor, when the party had attended Beatrice to the bottom of the staircase leading to her apartments. "When your noble mother and fair sister honour us with their presence, my Lord of Blonay, Beatrice may join our supper-table, but at present the party is too numerous and noisy for a young demoisel!"

The young men bowed respectfully, the father embraced his child, and the party slowly crossed the court, and entered the hall in which the evening repast was already served.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PALACE.

Peace! prithee peace! Look here! look here!
Here is a sight that hath more sorrow in it
Than loss of kingdoms, empires, or the world.
There lies the fairest lily of the land,
Untimely broken from its stem to wither.

FRANCIS THE FIRST.

We must now wave the magic wand of authorship, and transport our readers from the moated castle of Chillon to the royal palace of Turin, known at present by the name of La Palazza di Madama, and become interesting to many an English tourist from the beautiful collection of paintings which ornaments its walls. These are courteously shown to the traveller, but we doubt if ever stranger's foot has penetrated into the interior of the building, or been permitted an entrance into the beautiful chapel of the Duke of Savoy, which we are about to describe. It was a small but correctly proportioned building, profusely decorated with paintings, statues, and other objects of Roman Catholic veneration—might we not add worship, when speaking of those relics and symbols, preserved and visited with such assiduous idolatry? But we will let this question rest for the present, since the chapel we have entered was entirely hung with draperies of black cloth, excepting the high altar, on which a great number of candles were burning, and at which several priests were officiating, filling the building with an almost suffocating cloud of incense. In the chancel stood a costly bier, covered with brocaded satin, and ornamented with a heavy bullion fringe of gold, within which reposed the body of a beautiful girl, apparently about twelve years of age, whose fair brow was encircled by a wreath of immortelles. She was dressed in a most sumptuous manner, her arms and neck loaded with jewels, and her sweet countenance bearing the appearance of sleep, rather than the impress of death. But for the signs of mourning that surrounded her, the spectator might have thought that, wearied with the dance or the banquet, she had thrown herself down to rest, and slept ere her attendants could disengage her from her encumbering ornaments. Several persons in long black garments knelt around the bier, which was illumined by a multitude of wax tapers, that threw their brilliant light on the beautiful corpse, while the rest of the aisle was shrouded in darkness, save where the moonbeams, passing through the stained

glass, fell on the pavement. A stillness the most profound reigned throughout, broken only by the low chaunt of the officiating priests.

At length the heavy screen which covered the door was lifted, and two persons entered the chapel, moving slowly up the aisle towards the bier. The form of one of the strangers was wrapped in a mourning cloak, and his tottering steps were guided by the companion on whose arm he leant. He was extremely pale, and there were deep lines of care and suffering on a countenance which still retained traces of early beauty; and although the close shut mouth indicated somewhat of self-will and obstinacy, and the retreating and slightly contracted forehead betrayed an absence of the higher order of intellectual endowment, yet there was a deep sweetness in his mild eye and rare and melancholy smile. The form and face of the other mourner was in every respect of a different character, and bore the impress of firmness, resolution, and acuteness. He was short and rather stout, but not unwieldy; and if his somewhat rosy complexion betrayed a love of the pleasures of the table, his firm step, bright eye, and well preserved proportions, proved that they were not indulged in to any pernicious extent. He was dressed in the habit of his office as Archbishop of Turin, and though he only wore the every-day costume used by the high dignitaries of the Church of Rome, yet the costly materials of his flowing robes, and the bright scarlet mingled in their decorations, contrasted painfully with the mourning habiliments of his companion.

On reaching the bier on which the last but one of his eight children lay, the unfortunate Charles of Savoy threw himself on it, and burst into an agony of uncontrolled grief and loud lament. The Archbishop whispered some words in the ear of one of the priests, who left the chapel accompanied by his companions and the attendant mourners.

"The curse of Heaven is on me and mine!" exclaimed the unhappy Prince. "War and defeat from without, heresy and rebellion within, my dominions; and oh! heavier than all, mourning and death in the little circle of my domestic home! The lowest peasant in my dukedom rears his offspring amid pinching want, whilst mine have fallen, death-struck, from the lap of luxury. All gone, all but one sickly boy, of those who called me father! And thou, my bright and blooming one!" he continued, as he passionately pressed his lips on the cold brow, "my only girl, my loved and loving—thou too hast left thy father—thou, on whose gentle heart he hoped one day to find repose for all his cares! What have I done, mother of God?" he exclaimed, as he raised his clasped hands on high, indignation checking the tears which yet trembled on the swollen eyelid—

"what have I done, that thou shouldest thus desert me in my hours of woe? Thy prayers might have averted this last, this heaviest blow! Have I not honoured thee above all the saints of heaven! Have I not prayed to thee—covered thine altar with offerings—passed nights of watchings, and days of painful fastings, at thy shrine—all, all in vain!"

Here, exhausted and powerless, the unfortunate father fell once more on the bier, and his companion ventured to utter some words of comfort, and to attempt to lead him from the body; but he repulsed him exclaiming wildly, "I will not be controlled! I will give sorrow vent! Surely this poor privilege may be granted to the unfortunate Charles of Savoy. Even the potent Emperor will not forbid him to be miserable! My lord bishop, thou never knewest a father's love—how then canst thou judge a father's grief? The hand of Heaven is on me, leave me to my woe!"

Again the prelate would have spoken, but the Duke, turning on him a look of indignation, commanded him to be silent.

"Ye have misled me, proud, ambitious churchmen," he continued; "ye have put the sword into my hand, and bid me strike, until the widow's and orphan's cry, the captive's moan, have risen against me to the throne of God, and He has avenged them thus."

"Rather," said the undaunted prelate, "has Heaven punished our tardy efforts in the cause of our holy mother church, and your highness's too indulgent tolerance of heresy."

"Indulgent!" repeated the sufferer; "indulgent, saidst thou? Have ye not had victims enough? Has the torture been too light? the fire too slack? Has the axe lost its edge? Have not my subjects been driven deep enough into their mountain fastnesses; or would ye set the blood-hounds of France and Spain again upon their track? Would ye have me, like a pagan warrior, offer up whole hecatombs upon the bier of my child? O thou loved and lost one!" he continued, whilst his voice fell from its high pitch to one of mournful sadness, "speak from thy place amongst the cherubim!—tell us, if aught of sorrow could enter thy bright abode, that the angelic hosts would stop their loud hallelujahs, and weep over man's obdurate heart."

"I respect your highness's grief," said his miserable comforter, "but I must still repeat, that I see in the death of this sweet saint and her brethren only the just punishment of our weak indulgence and culpable negligence."

The wily churchman had touched the chord that vibrated; Charles arose, and whilst he lead the way to the further end of the chapel, said,

"What have we neglected that the Church demands? Speak!

Have not clouds of incense arisen from altars blazing with innumerable lights? Have not processions darkened our streets, and holy relics been paraded through them? Have not votive offerings glittered on the shrines of the blessed mother of God and our patron saint, until our treasury has been drained to fill the coffers of the Church? Have not holy days and fasts succeeded each other in such quick succession, that the labours of our fields and vineyards have been suspended, and those whom the sword has spared must perish from pestilence and want!"

"My gracious liege!" interrupted the Bishop; "I pray you be calm!"

"You do not answer me!" said Charles, walking rapidly up the aisle, on whose mosaic pavement the moonbeams slept, in striking contrast to the tempest of human passion which agitated him. "You fear to bid me, like my pious nephew and his pure mother, light a funeral pyre in each quarter of my capital,* to glad my eyes with the dying tortures of the enemies of the Church. The fastidious court was sick of rout and revel; the cup of pleasure had become insipid, and the royal saint did well to mingle one of higher poignancy spiced with the blood of heresy. He doffed his dancing robes, and followed by the minions of his pleasures, bareheaded, walked the streets of Paris;—nay, hear me out! Thou wouldst, perchance, remind me of more of my short comings—point to the gorgeous galleys in which my imperial cousin has embarked to make a pious crusade on the infidels, whilst he seizes on his kinsman's territories to pay his hungry followers!"†

Charles now stopped, almost choked by his emotion, and the prelate calmly replied,

"The Church lays not such heavy exactions on your highness. There is a Jonah in the vessel of the state, who has raised a tempest around her, and threatens her with shipwreck. Say but one word, and there are trusty mariners who will throw him overboard, and save the sinking ship." The Duke turned on the speaker an anxious look of inquiry, laying his head on his hand, as if trying to collect his scattered thoughts, and the Archbishop continued. "The lake is deep and distant, and the plunge will not be heard; give but one nod—one motion of the hand—and the subject shall sleep for ever."

"Till the last trumpet sounds, and the waters give up their dead," replied Charles, whilst a faint flush tinged his pale countenance. "Saidst thou the lake was deep? Its congregated waves cannot wash out the stain of human blood!"

"The blood of heretics leaves no stain—rather is it a sweet-

* See note C. † See note D.

smelling sacrifice, purifying our iniquities," said the priest, crossing himself. "And this man—"

"Was my friend," replied Charles, faintly. "Urge me no more; I have already done him wrong enough! I loved that man; when others flattered, he told me truth; and had I followed his advice, Geneva would still have been true."

"And had your highness taken mine, she had never listened to his seducing treason,—that honied tongue had been stilled, ere it preached rebellion and heresy."

"It may be so," said Charles, with a deep sigh. "The Prior of St. Victor turned against the bosom that fostered him. I know his soft persuasion,—the honey that hung on his lips."

"True!" replied the prelate, "the spirit of darkness dwelt in a form of light."

"Perhaps," continued Charles, pursuing the train of his thoughts, "captivity may have humbled him; perhaps it may have given him time to reflect on his errors, and to renounce them; and he might now gladly receive those overtures which he at first rejected—perhaps, too, his powerful talents might yet be turned to aid the cause they have so essentially injured!"

"If your highness doubt the truth of my statement, ask the Sire de Beaufort what speed we had when we delivered your message and conveyed your gracious offers to Bonnivard; and he too will tell you that we found the prisoner of Chillon unchanged but in form. His soul was as proudly independent in the depth of his squalid misery, as when he rode at the right hand of his Prince, the ornament of a court, and the load-star of ladies' eyes."

"Squalid misery!" repeated the Prince, abstractedly; "ay, poor Bonnivard, thou must be changed! But I wished not this—it was with the spirit, not the body, that I warred. I will see him forthwith!" said he, with the firm tone of one who has been inspired by a sudden resolution. "I will speak to him face to face; the Sire de Beaufort is cold, and you, Claude de Seyssel, were always his bitter foe. He loved me once, and I will try the friendship of days gone by."

"Your highness will find ready access to him at your approaching visit to Chillon," said the prelate, fearing again to contradict him.

"Ah, I had not thought of that," replied the Duke; "but grief has impaired my memory. Circumstances of a serious nature oblige me to postpone my progress through the Pays de Vaud. I cannot explain them here. That lifeless form haunting me everywhere, and turning the voice of rejoicing into the knell of death, would be excuse enough, if it were permitted to sovereigns to feel as men; but there are weightier obstacles,

which I will inform you of hereafter. Come to me in my cabinet to-morrow. And now, my lord, I will release you from a painful service; send father Ambroise hither,—he will share my vigil with the dead."

The Prince felt relieved by the departure of his confessor; that hard-hearted but able man had made himself necessary to his feeble sovereign, without being beloved by him. In the time of political difficulty, he leaned on him as the weak cling to the strong, happy in finding some one on whom to stay his uncertain steps; but when domestic sorrow came, the mourning Prince felt the need of a more tender comforter, and he had early summoned father Ambroise to the sick-bed of his child. Perhaps at this moment, when Heaven seemed by frequent trial to have softened and enlightened his mind, the stern, worldly-minded prelate would have been a less pernicious comforter than the exalted but misguided monk; inasmuch as the hard and cruel measures of the one startled and disgusted the sufferer, whose sorrow found a more congenial vent in the visionary and attractive, but equally erroneous, sentiments of the other. Father Ambroise was not, like the priests of the day, or their prototypes of old, one of those who laid burdens on others which they shrunk from bearing themselves: always ready to tax himself even beyond his strength, he sought every way that his implicit obedience to the Church of Rome permitted, to lighten the burdens of others; and as in that culte there are many ways of performing vicarious penances, the conscientious priest took often the weary vigil or painful fast on himself to atone—O vain attempt!—for the omissions and sins of his fellow-beings. His devotion, his unwearied zeal, his benevolence, and above all, his disinterestedness, made more converts than the threats and authority of the more powerful. But with all this, he burned with a bigoted zeal for his church; and whilst his acute understanding could not but point out much in it that militated against reason, he turned with horror from all inquiry as the suggestion of Satan, and inflicted additional penance and castigation on the body, to atone for the involuntary action of the mind. He bent in unfeigned sorrow over the body of the young Princess, breathing the softest accents of consolation into the father's ear, which fell like balm on his wounded mind,—balm, alas! that healed the hurt too lightly.

"My sins are many, holy father," said the Prince, "and is it not for them that this heavy punishment has fallen upon me?"

"I see only the hand of mercy in the blow. Our blessed lady has taken the royal maiden to aid her pleadings for you in heaven. But let me humbly entreat your highness to retire to rest—you need it greatly; the anointed of the Lord is not his

own but his people's, and even the feelings of the father must yield to the duties of the sovereign. Be advised, my Prince,—hear the prayers of your poor servant,—I will watch by the bier of the departed saint."

Charles yielded to the gentle influence of the father, and shortly after he permitted him to call his attendants; but the holy man had scarcely begun his office for the dead, ere he was summoned to administer far more effectual service beside the couch of the bereaved parent.

The following morning the Archbishop of Turin wound through the long straight streets of that beautiful city, with a goodly retinue, and took the road to Aosta. Before his departure, he was admitted into the cabinet of the Duke. His highness was already dressed, and seated at his writing-table, having just finished a letter which his private secretary was folding, and tying around it a silken thread; this done, he laid it on the table, and left the apartment.

"Here are your dispatches for Chillon, my lord," said the Duke, as he entered.

"Your highness will excuse a boldness dictated only by zeal and affection," replied the Archbishop; "but whilst rebellion and heresy stalk hand in hand through the land, it is necessary that every one should be at his post. If the pilot quit the helm, the vessel must be lost on the rocks. Your presence in the Pays de Vaud at this time might cheer and fix many a wavering spirit."

"Holy father," said Charles, with an expression of such deep anguish as even his cold adviser could not withstand, "I can contend no longer with an adverse fate—rather let me say, with an offended God. Bid me fast, weep, pray; bid me go on pilgrimage to the snowy shrine of Einsiedeln, or cross the burning sands barefoot to kneel at the Holy Sepulchre, and I will obey; but to sit in the banquet-hall—to ride foremost in the pageant, greeted by the salutations of a false multitude, who the next hour, perchance, might follow me with curses and insult; this I cannot do—at least not yet. O leave me! leave me to weep in peace!"

"My dearest Prince," said the prelate, really moved, "I will urge you no more. One thing only I will venture to suggest,—these playthings which were to have amused the people—these long-anticipated archery and rowing matches, and the more refined pastimes for the wealthy of balls and banquets, should they not still proceed, after a decent time for mourning has gone by and a solemn requiem been chanted for the repose of the royal dead?"

"I have anticipated your suggestion," said Charles, sorrow-

fully; "I have given directions to the governor to use our castle and our stores at his discretion; but methinks that castle is no meet place for revelry, and if a people loved their prince, they should mourn with him over the grave of his child."

"Those times are passed," said the prelate, "when the people loved and obeyed their sovereigns—the bonds which drew them to their church and their liege lords have been broken, and they are their own kings and priests."

"It is even so," said Charles, rising, and adding, "You have your credentials, my Lord Bishop. Farewell!"

The prelate kissed the hand extended to him, and quitted the presence.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NIGHT IN THE CASTLE.

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky.
Look to the waters—asleep on their breast
Seems not that *castle* an island of rest?
Who, as it smiles on the silvery light,
Spreading its wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?

THE CONVICT SHIP.

THE supper was ended in the hall; the large company of gentlemen and their retainers who were assembled at the castle had retired early, preparatory to the morning's hunt, which was to commence at daybreak; the last stragglers had left their seats in the spacious chimney, in which a few expiring embers were the only remains of the blazing fire, and the domestics had removed the remnants of the feast. All was silent, save the voices of the sentinels as they were exchanged for the midnight watch. A bright moon shone in the cloudless heavens, and its beams were reflected in the deep unruffled lake; the outward world was at rest, and the inward seemed as calm. "'Twas seeming all." A world of care, of suffering, and of crime, was enclosed within those walls, and except the tired soldier, the young domestic, and perhaps a few of the jovial guests and their thoughtless retainers, there were none whose heads reposed on thornless pillows.

In the midst of this deep stillness, who is it that crosses the inner court? A dark figure, his large brimmed hat slouched over his face, and his cloak wrapped closely around him? And

why does he mock the bright moonbeams with that paltry lantern which he carries in one hand, whilst the other bears a pitcher and a heavy basket? He descends the flight of steps which lead to the guard-room—does he go to hold a carousal with the soldiers at this forbidden hour? No! they make way silently for him, as he passes through the arched vault, looks neither to the right nor left, and gives no countersign; whilst the sentinel, as if desirous of expediting his passage, draws back the heavy bolt of a massive door, and stands ready to close it after him. The jest and song are hushed at his approach, and a curse, "low but deep," follows his footsteps. Shall we accompany the mysterious stranger? After passing through the guard-room, he enters a small chapel, on whose rude altar, cut from the living rock, burnt a solitary lamp, that threw a faint light into another deep recess, where, blackened by age, hung that fearful instrument of death and ignominy, the gallows. A few steps more, and he reaches the spacious staircase of the hall of justice. From this chamber, thus falsely denominated, the wretched and oftentimes innocent prisoner, was hurried to receive the last offices of a false religion, and then consigned, in darkness and in secrecy, to the punishment that awaited him. But our jailer cares little for either: he passes on with a dogged look and firm step. And now he lays his burden down, and applies one of the huge keys that hang at his girdle to the lock of a heavy door of solid oak, studded with large nails. An inner door of wood is next passed through, and he finally enters a large subterranean cave, hollowed in the rock, and supported on stone arches of a peculiar and elegant construction. On one side the wall was perforated by loopholes; on the other, the rock remained in its naturally rugged state. A temporary wall ran the whole length of the cavern, and thus, met at each pillar by a transverse partition, divided the dungeon into seven separate cells, leaving an outer passage by which they might be approached. The partition walls were extremely thick, and so constructed that nothing could be heard in one cell of what passed in the next.

The jailer opened the door of the first melancholy dwelling, and entered it. An emaciated figure lay at one corner of it, partly concealed by a heap of straw; his face was pale as death, and his large dark eyes seemed almost bursting from their sockets, as they were raised to heaven, in deep devotion, which was further evidenced by his clasped hands, and the movements of his lips. He remained in the same attitude, unmindful of the presence of the rude intruder, until he approached the light close to his eyes, exclaiming,

"Always at prayer, sir knight! what a pity it is that you do

not learn to pray to the right persons. Try one Ave Maria, and our blessed lady will make up all old grudges—one prayer to St. Peter, and the saint will not only open to you the gates of heaven, but those of your dungeon too."

The prisoner drew his hand across his eyes, which were pained by the sudden light, and said, mildly, "If you had a favour to beg of your prince, Lenoir, and were allowed the high privilege of asking it in person, would you prefer placing your cause in another's hands? Do you think any one would plead it with the same fervour as yourself?"

"Why, as to that, I can scarcely say—but I see no objection to make use of another's mouth, if it will do me better service than my own,—of this I am, however, quite certain, that if I were in your place, sir knight, I would rather worship the holy Virgin here, than be forced to kiss her in a place where my footing might not be quite so firm."

A slight shudder which agitated the frame of the prisoner, proved how well he understood the allusion; but it passed quickly by, and a deep crimson suffused the ashy paleness of his expressive countenance, as he said, "The flesh is weak, and will tremble, even when the spirit is firmest; but the promise is sure, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be,' and thou wert a witness how abundantly it was fulfilled to me in my recent trial." The countenance of the jailer changed, and the meek sufferer quickly added, "Grieve not thyself, Lenoir, for the part thou wert obliged to act, but rather be comforted by the assurance that the torture was lightened by thy unwilling and trembling hand."

"I would it had withered ere it inflicted it!" muttered the jailer, as he turned aside to hide his unusual emotion; then, with evident effort, resuming his reckless manner, he said, with forced gaiety, "Well, every one to his taste—my vocation is not that of martyrdom; nor can I, for the life of me, see any reason why you, sir knight, should stake liberty and life, rather than comply with a little innocent ceremony!"

"You would avoid the cross, because you do not care to win the crown!"

"Crown! I have little ambition for such a cumbrous distinction, either in this world or the next; to escape the flames in both is all I strive after!"

"And how can you be assured of this?"

"I am provided with my passport," said Lenoir, pulling a dirty piece of paper out of his pocket; "I promised to show it to you, and here it is, *tout en règle*, signed by his holiness's prime minister. I got it when I was in Germany with his Excellency the

Governor. Take it, sir knight,* it will not burn your fingers, nor will they, that I know of, draw any of the virtue out of it. It is, as I believe you may see, a full and free pardon for all the sins I have ever committed, or may intend to commit. I bought it of one Tetzel, a Dominican friar—a merry fellow, but a cunning one, and he wheedled many a ducat out of me—indeed, how could any one refuse a few sous to get his father, mother, or even cousin to the third generation, out of purgatory? 'As soon,' said the clever rogue, who used, liked any other pedlar, to stand with his own ware in the market-place; 'as soon as the money chinks in the chest, the soul mounts up to heaven.'"

"And is it possible that you could believe the cheat?" said the prisoner, solemnly. "Is it possible that you can believe that God would grant to erring man the power of forgiving unrepented sin?—that you could for one moment listen to the blasphemous presumption of such a sordid wretch as that? You are not deficient in intelligence—you can laugh at the boast of the charlatan, who pretends by amulets and muttered charms to cure the ailments of the body, and will you blindly believe the diseases of the soul are so lightly healed?"

"Well, seeing is believing, Sir Rodolph; read this, I pray you, and let it be aloud, for I scarcely know the terms of my own credentials," said the man, as he trimmed the lamp and held it with the paper towards the prisoner.

"I cannot read the sacrilegious scrawl, Lenoir," said he, pushing it from him; "I know its contents already too well. I cannot bring my tongue to utter such profanation to the Spirit of Truth—such blasphemy against the only Pardoner of sin."

"Well, then," said the jailer, as he returned it into his pocket, "maybe ye'll tell me more about it another time; I have now loitered long enough," and he turned to replenish the prisoner's wretched fare. "Why, how now!" he exclaimed, as he found the daily allowance of bread untouched, and the pitcher of unsavoury broth little diminished. "I see you expect to escape us by a side door—you mean to starve instead of burn, Sir Rodolph de Wendenburg."

"No, Lenoir; you do not understand the Christian's hopes, when you believe he would forfeit an eternity of blessedness to escape a few painful hours. I tried in vain to swallow the food you brought me, but since my last trial on the rack, my stomach has been a rebel to my will. To prove my sincerity, however, I will endeavour to take any medicine or nourishing food you may pro-

* See note E.

cure for me, even though I am aware that as I increase my strength, I increase my capacity of endurance."

The rough jailer was strongly agitated.

"It is but too true," he exclaimed; "your jailers will accord you some invigorating nourishment, as they strengthen the game-cock that is to afford them sport. Holy Mother forgive me this compassion for a heretic! But come, sir knight," he continued, as he laid his heavy hand on the captive's shoulder, "be advised by me! give them all the slip—cheat them of their next spectacle —kiss his holiness's toe, and disappoint all your enemies."

"Not all, Lenoir!" said the mild captive; "not all! there is one more subtile and powerful than any, who would rejoice at such a denial of my Master—one who watches each moment of weakness to drive me to it—who would plunge me into a darker dungeon than this, and in far keener tortures than even the rack can inflict. O Lenoir!" he continued, whilst an expression of heavenly pity beamed from his eyes, and gave an almost supernatural benignancy to his voice and manner, "shalt thou, a man of hard calling and rough manners, shalt thou express commiseration for my light woe, and shall I, with the light of heaven on my path, and the love of Jesus in my heart, leave thee to perish without a friendly warning! Yea, though I am aware my voice may reach the ear of my persecutors," he continued, pointing to a trap-door in the roof of his cell, "and may bring fresh tortures on my quivering flesh, I must speak! It may be the last interview granted to us on earth. The enemy I fear, Lenoir, is also in search of thee; he would blind thee with false hopes that the prayers of other men of like passions can avail thee, and thus keep thee from invoking the only Name under heaven whereby thou canst be saved. He tells thee man can forgive sin, and thus drives thee from the footstool of the Triune God. He sets up a sale of indulgences which lead his victims to perdition, and lull them in a delusive sleep, from which they will awake in hell! O hear my warning voice, and may Heaven give efficacy to its tones!"

The captive ceased, relaxed his hold on the rough hand he had grasped, and sunk back on his couch, breathless and faint, and the jailer hastened to raise him, and pour down his throat a small quantity of wine, which partially revived him; then promising to return soon, and bring him some nourishment, he left the knight's cell, and entered another close by.

It contained an inmate of far different appearance and sentiments—a poor unhappy deputy from one of the cantons, who had been detained for political rather than ecclesiastical offences, and who began most pathetically to bemoan his hard fate and meagre fare, which had reduced his goodly corpulency into a

lean and shrivelled pantaloon, thus bringing him in a few short weeks, over one of the seven stages of existence. The pitcher of broth, unsavoury as it was, had been emptied, and as the jailer renewed its contents, he gave a more courteous reply than he was wont to the poor captive's lamentations.

Arrived at the fifth pillar, he placed the key in the lock, and paused a few minutes ere he turned it as if listening to a conversation passing within. At length he unlocked the door, and entered the cell: it is sacred ground, and we too pause, to give a more minute account of it, for

> "Chillon, thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar."

The cell of Bonnivard, like those already mentioned, was about twelve feet square, hewn out of the solid rock, and during the summer months, when the lake is swelled by the melting of the mountain snows, is some feet below the level of its waters. It enclosed one of those pillars which support the roof of the building, attached to which there still remains an iron ring: through this formerly ran a chain that, fastened about the waist of the prisoner, allowed of his taking a circumscribed walk only part of the way around it. Here, then, he paced incessantly backwards and forwards,—"until his very footsteps left a trace," wearing out the everlasting flint,—here memory unlocked the abundant stores which early study had laid up in his capacious mind, and her fair sisters, Imagination and Poesy, cheered the lone hours of captivity; and when their syren voices could soothe no more, and the gloom of hope deferred weighed down the elasticity of his buoyant spirit, religion administered her cordial balm, and pointed to her world of light and liberty. He has himself recorded in his chronicles, that, during the first days of captivity, he frequently tried to cheat the weary hours by singing, but that at length the echo of his voice through the dreary vault becoming startling and painful, he afterwards wiled them away in walking, repeating or composing poetry, or in imaginary conversations with his favourite characters of antiquity.

At the time of which we write, Bonnivard had been nearly six years a prisoner in the dungeons of Chillon. Confinement and neglect had reduced his fine form to a fearful state of emaciation and premature decay, and had scattered untimely snow on his head; but they had not quenched the fire of genius, and his faith was yet as unclouded as when led by treachery into his wave-girt prison, he uttered those memorable words:—

"Je vais seul avec mon Dieu pour souffrir ma passion!"

"Monsieur le Prieur has had a larger company than usual this evening," said the jailer as he entered; "I really thought for a

few minutes that some one had got in, through favour of St. Faust, at the key-hole."

"I was talking to one of my old friends, Lenoir," said the captive, with a sweet smile; "a sage of antiquity, whose fate was somewhat similar to my own—who, endeavouring to render mankind happy and free, was condemned and punished as their bitterest foe. We were disputing whose wrongs were the heaviest, and who had most to suffer; he who was obliged to swallow a deadly draught, or I, who have been so long immured within these walls."

"And I warrant you made out your's the hardest case of the two, Monsieur le Prieur?"

"No, Lenoir, I did not," replied Bonnivard gravely; "if Socrates had been as enlightened in Christianity as he was in morals and philosophy, I should have given it in his favour; but even captivity is better than death, without the certainty of a future and happier state of being. Nor is it so utterly destitute of consolation as you might imagine;—for instance, those few hours of light that you have lately procured for me, and these two or three books, are a source of great and genuine pleasure. Your visits are another gratification that I eagerly anticipate; I hear the accents of kindness, I see a human face."

"Ah, Monsieur le Prieur!" said the rough jailer, evidently gratified, "it is a pleasure to try one's utmost for one who is always so cheerful and contented, and I would willingly stay longer now, but I must away as quick as I can, to get something for a sick man, or death will be still more nimble."

"Sick and in prison!" said Bonnivard; "there is one then more miserable than I am. May Heaven have mercy on him too!"

"Why, miserable I can't call him, neither; you heretics have the secret of being happy under awkward circumstances, which we, the true sons of the church, know nothing about. There he lies, his poor body lacerated by the rack, friendless and forsaken, praying all day for his enemies, and for me his jailer,—his—sometimes I think I could better bear that he would curse me, as some others do! But the holy Maria protect you, Monsieur le Prieur, and the poor knight also, and lead ye both back to the right way! The right way!" he muttered, as he passed through the dark passage between the dungeon and the chapel; "and where is that right way? knee-deep in blood?"

The sentinel stood ready to open the door; he passed hastily through the guard-room, mounted the steps, crossed the court of the castle, wound through a passage leading to the antechamber, and entered the private cabinet of the Governor, just as the Count de Blonay was quitting it.

"Close the door, Lenoir," said the great man, "and then tell me what news you bring of your prisoners."

"All safe, my lord, for the moment; although, by my faith, one had nearly given us the slip."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Governor; "who?—which?—the Prior?"

"No, the knight, your Excellency," replied the man doggedly

"But how did he attempt it? What key did he procure?"

"Faith, my lord, the deliverance [illegible]ared was of a kind that can be effected without keys or key[illegible]."

"Fool! dotard! how dare you trifle [illegible] me thus?" exclaimed the Governor; but checking his resentment, he eagerly inquired, "Is the Prior of St. Victor ill?"

"No, my lord, I spoke of the Chevalier de ——."

"I understand," said the Governor, interrupting him; "he must not die thus; he must have medicine and nourishing food."

"I ventured to promise as much, from my knowledge of your Excellency's goodness," said the man, looking with a half-defined meaning at the Sire de Beaufort, who involuntarily withdrew a little more into the shade. "I said he should have something more palatable than his broth—less hard than his rye bread; but it is air and light that he wants, and without these he cannot live many days."

"Yet the Prior of St. Victor has breathed that air for a much longer period, and subsisted on that food."

"We must not measure the Prior of St. Victor by the rule of other men, my lord; he has a spirit that nothing can quench, a patience that no injuries can trouble. But *he* has not felt the torture—*his* limbs have never been broken on the wheel—*his* thumbs have never been disjointed by the screw," said Lenoir, slowly and emphatically, dwelling on each revolting particular, whilst he fixed his eyes on his employer's countenance.

"True, true, he never has," said the latter hastily, "thanks to the Duke's clemency, or his weakness."

"To a little of both, and somewhat of a third motive—policy," observed Lenoir.

"How now, sirrah! art thou turned politician?" began the Governor angrily, but he added in a subdued tone, "thou art a clever fellow, Lenoir, and a keen observer of the actions of thy betters. But to return to the sick man; perhaps we had better remove him into one of the upper chambers of the castle? I must think of this. How unlucky father Ambroise is not here! he is skilled in medicine, and I hardly dare trust the prying leech to visit him."

"It were a dangerous mission to trust to any one who has a

heart—to any one born of woman, who was not suckled by a tiger!" observed Lenoir.

"Lenoir!" exclaimed the Governor, startled by his boldness; "thou art become squeamish of late: has the heretic bewitched thee with his blandishments, or corrupted thee with his promised bribes?"

"I do not deserve your taunts, my lord! I have served you and holy Mother Church faithfully these twenty years, and have done you both service that I never bargained for. But I am weary of this secret treachery and blood. Bid me rush into battle, fight hand to hand in fair warfare, and Lenoir is not the man to flinch; but to murder in sleep—to plunge your victims in a watery grave—to dole out the bread and water of affliction to wretches who have never harmed me—to perform the hangman's—nay, worse, the torturer's office, is what my father's son was never born for. Here are your keys, my lord," continued the conscious-stricken jailer; "never do I wish to fit them to their locks again;" and he threw the ponderous bunch with a startling force on the table.

The Governor drew back, and a deep flush covered his face; but he mastered the joint emotions of anger and fear, and said in a soothing voice, "Nay, nay, my good fellow! be not thus hasty in resigning services which may not be long required. Lenoir," he continued, as he laid his hand on his shoulder, "I confide to thee, already deep in the secrets of thy master, apprehensions I have never yet breathed in human ear. I believe the time to be approaching when my office, as well as thine in this castle, will cease. Geneva is struggling for liberty, and has almost escaped from the feeble hands that once bore rule over her; if Berne come to her aid, the Duke's hold on the Pays de Vaud cannot be retained, and the Castle of Chillon with the prisoners in its dungeons will be their first object. But go, let this confidence convince thee of thy injustice towards me, and of my unbounded trust in thee. Take again thy keys, they will be necessary to thee in ministering to the sick man's wants, and come hither at day-break. I have many orders to give thee regarding the disposition of the prisoners during my intended absence."

The jailer silently resumed his heavy load, and bowing with grave reverence, left the apartment.

We will now unlock another chamber of this mysterious building on this eventful night, and enter that which our young page occupied. He had trimmed his lamp, and taking his precious volume from its place of concealment, was reading the last words of the Saviour to his disconsolate disciples, when the door of his room slowly opened, and a tall figure wrapped in a cloak

peared at it. His first impulse was to hide the Bible, the next press it closely to his breast, as the most powerful shield in the hour of attack. The stranger looked cautiously round the little apartment, closed the door, and throwing aside his disguise, discovered the lofty form of Di Rossi.

"Be not alarmed, Cottier," he said, "I come as a friend, as a christian brother, although obliged to use darkness and secrecy."

It suits not the purport of our history to disclose in this place, the conference of these two friends, new, as this world counts, to each other, but bound by those ties which close easily and unite firmly. As soldiers of the cross, they had sworn to follow the same banner, and needed not years of intimacy to read each other's hearts. All minor interests and worldly distinctions were merged in one great cause, and those who study the history of that period, when the path of conscience was more definitely marked, will find innumerable instances of men rushing boldly forward into danger, and sacrificing the dearest interests of life rather than betray it,—men who perhaps in times of less difficulty might have hesitated and compromised. O days of glorious toil! days when the crown of martyrdom was won by a few short hours of suffering—when men had the illustrious privilege of bearing an unequivocal testimony to the truth without evasion or reserve! And shall all the rich blood poured out in the holy struggle—shall the heart sinews of the martyred saints be strained in vain—and shall we, the degenerate members of a purified church, return to the beggarly elements from which they, through the grace of God's Spirit, have freed us? The trial is at hand—already has the trumpet blown its warning! Soldiers of the cross, hear!—for this is no tale of fiction—how the Protestants of the sixteenth century fought and bled for it.

The lamp went not out that night in the chamber of Beatrice; the book lent to her by Di Rossi entirely banished all inclination to sleep, and her whole soul was wrapped in the pious effusions of the christian queen. The style of the poetry, the tender and spiritual devotion expressed in its images and sentiments, was entirely different from anything she had ever before read, and its fascination was aided by the character of the writer, and the similtude on one great point between their situations. "I must resolve on some decided course of action," she said, as she at length laid down the engrossing volume. "O Margueritte, thou in the midst of a court, surrounded by all that lures the mind from religion, thou didst pour out thy soul, and give thy young heart to God; and shall I, in solitude, far from an ensnaring world, fear to own Him as my guide? And yet thou knowest, O my Saviour! that it is not the world I fear or court—Thou knowest how gladly I would give up all its

vain distinctions and descend to the humblest state for freedom to serve Thee in sincerity and truth. But my father,—how shall I brave his anger—how shield myself from its effects?"

Rosette now entered the apartment; anxiety for her mistress had induced her to do so uncalled, and to remonstrate with her on her vigils after a day of so much fatigue.

"Ah, dear Rosette!" she exclaimed, "this book of the Queen Margueritte has so beguiled the time, that I thought not of the hour, nor that I kept you from repose; but listen,"—and she read aloud the following:—

LINES.

Left Thee? aye, Saviour! like the dove
Banished her sea-girt nest;
O'er a sin-deluged world to rove,
And find no ark of rest.

Left Thee? like her with weary feet
To wander to and fro,
But not a bough of peace to greet
Amid *my* waste of woe.

Left Thee—yet not like her, to bring
An offering to thine ark:
But drop with soiled and folded wing
Into thy sheltering bark.

"She speaks of leaving her Saviour, leaving him for the vain idols of an idolatrous worship, or the allurements of a perishable world, it matters not which. Ah, Rosette! have we considered this?"

"I fear not, lady; but it is hard to court disgrace and danger by openly renouncing them; yet I believe what Master Michael tells us to be true, that if we do not acknowledge our Saviour here, he will not own us hereafter."

Beatrice turned to her companion, and taking both her hands looked earnestly in her face, as she said solemnly, "Rosette, are *you* prepared for such a declaration—are you prepared to brave all for His love?"

"Yes, dear lady," said the affectionate girl; "all, *all* with you!" but her pallid cheek and quivering lip seemed to contradict her words.

"I cannot much longer bear the suspense in which I have for a long time lived, and the concealment, if not duplicity, in which I have been involved; I have, therefore, determined on making a full confession to father Ambroise, and openly withdrawing from the idolatrous rites of the Church of Rome," said Beatrice; and then after a short pause she added, "disgrace, imprisonment, death, would be lighter than this struggle with a

wounded conscience. I feel I am crucifying my Saviour daily, and endure a martyrdom to which the stake would be a light, because a transient suffering. O, Rosette, friend of my childhood! we have enjoyed many happy hours together, and we must not shrink from the trial that hangs over us, even though it should involve the remainder of our life in heavy woe. Let us now pray for strength to rise victorious over this present affliction, looking to the exceeding weight of glory which shall be revealed."

The young confessors read a portion of the Bible, and knelt together at the throne of grace, as was their nightly custom, and as they arose Beatrice opened the casement.

"I love to look on those bright orbs," she said, as she pointed to the star-lit firmament, "and to think that we may one day inhabit their shining spheres. Look how the tranquil lake reflects their brightness—O, thus, *thus* should our bosoms reflect the light of heavenly truth,—thus should they be the medium in which man should see its unclouded image."

She closed the window as she spoke, and in a short time the tearful eyes of the young Christians were sealed in soft slumber, whilst pitying yet rejoicing angels watched near their beds.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HERMIT.

Where shall we worship Thee,
Great God of majesty?
Not in the hermit's cave,
Nor by the rushing wave.
Where'er pure prayer ascends,
Thy power that prayer attends,
Thy living temple is the human heart.

M. A. BROWNE.

THE slumber of Beatrice on the night after her forest excursion was sweet though short, for her father was to breakfast with her before his intended absence from the castle. His numerous preparations for so unusual an event had fortunately obliged him to defer the hour of meeting until long after that at which the morning meal was usually taken; and the considerate waiting-woman took care that her lady should not be disturbed before the time necessary to prepare for his reception. As she stole silently to the bed-side, her sleeping mistress looked so brightly

happy, and a smile of such sweetness played around her lips, that she paused, unwilling to awake her. She, however, shortly after opened her eyes, and fixing them on her attendant exclaimed, "O, Rosette, I have had such a sweet dream! I thought I was wandering in the terraced gardens of my regretted home with Margueritte of Navarre and my beloved mother. The Princess Philibert was also there, and the Prior of St. Victor. Oh, let me sleep and dream once more,—my eyes are heavy." And here the poor girl would have laid her drooping head again on the pillow, had not Rosette recalled to her recollection that her father was to breakfast in her apartments, and that there was only time sufficient to prepare herself for his reception; adding, "You can dream again to-night, dear lady."

"No, Rosette, no!" said Beatrice, with a sigh: "the vision is fled, and I am now awake to the stern realities of life."

She was silent and thoughtful, and submitted with unwonted patience to Rosette's elaborate adjustment of her hair, and to the addition of many costly ornaments. She asked no questions, and the prudent tire-woman forbore to tell her that it was at the Sire de Beaufort's special command the simple toilette of his daughter was this day arranged with such care; the secret motive for which was explained when the Governor of Chillon appeared, ushering in the young Count de Blonay.

"You must excuse me, Beatrice," he said, as he stooped to kiss his daughter's cheek, "for having intruded on your retirement with an unexpected guest; the fault, if fault it be, is mine alone, for the Count would have preferred that I should have delivered the commands of his lady mother, and the greetings of his fair sister, whilst I was assured that you would hear them better graced from his lips."

"My dear father," replied Beatrice, slightly colouring as she returned the young chevalier's respectful salute, "has no need to apologize for the introduction of any friend of his into his daughter's apartments. I can only regret that I had not known the honour intended me, that I might have received my guests in a larger room."

"This chamber, lady, is a fairy palace," said the Count, looking round the elegant little bower, "and I feel myself an intruder within its enchanted circle; it seems as if, created by a spell, it would dissolve at the approach of mortals."

"Let us come into the breakfast-room then," said the Governor, leading the way, "and see what our fairy queen has provided for our coarser tastes. Sit down, I pray you, my Lord Count; here is a perigord pie, and a flagon of Burgundy, that certes did not come from fairy land, and will not vanish without

leaving some satisfactory results behind. Come hither, sir page, and bear this trencher to the Lord of Blonay." Then in a whisper to his guest he added, "That boy is a meet page for our Titania, is he not?"

The Count looked at Cottier, and answered in a still lower voice, "that he was indeed worthy to serve so lovely a mistress."

When the first ceremonies of the meal, in that ceremonious age, had a little passed by, Beatrice, turning to the Count, asked for news of his sister. "It is very long since I have received any tidings of her," she said, "yet when she left Blonay she promised to write often. She has doubtless found new associates better worth her regard."

"The Lady Beatrice wrongs both herself and her friend by such a thought," said the young man; "even if Blanche be fickle, where would she find a friend to supplant the Lady of Brières?"

The Count blushed as he spoke, in the common strain of gallantry of his age and nation, but recovered himself and added, "I came charged with the kindest greeting from her and my mother, and a request that you would honour their roof with your speedy presence; they returned to it but a few days since, and are most desirous to welcome you beneath it."

"We shall first claim the indulgence of a visit here," said the Governor; "Beatrice must do the honours of the castle at our approaching festival, since the commands of her sovereign are in this instance united to the wishes of her father."

"Either would be inducement sufficient, dear sir," said the maiden, with an air of calm resignation, "to make me exert every effort; but I fear my inexperience, and natural distaste of such scenes, will prove that my ability lags far behind my will."

"Tush!" said the father hastily, "I will hear no more of this childish timidity! Fortune has placed thee in a situation in which thou art called on to act a distinguished part, and for which Dame Nature has been no niggard in qualifying thee. What say you, sir Count? has the Sire de Beaufort reason to blush in producing to the world this fair flower as the sole scion of his race?"

The Count de Blonay felt he dared not answer this address in the way that truth dictated, and the pride of the parent demanded. There was such dignified simplicity, such genuine modesty, and at the same time such high excellence in the fair being before him, that much as he endeavoured to express what he felt, he could only stammer out a common-place compliment: but the Lord of Brières felt more gratified by the Count's embarrassment, than he would have been by the most elaborate encomium. Satisfied as to the result of his speculations, and

desirous that his purpose should not yet be read by either of the parties concerned, he now addressed his conversation principally to the Count, speaking of the projected hunt, the coming of the Duke, and other subjects of common interest, during which Beatrice was silent, answering when addressed by a gentle inclination of the head, or the short monosyllables that courtesy required, a reserve that in those days, and more especially in the presence of their parents, was considered as becoming her age and sex. Her thoughts were far away from the gay pageant, deeply fixed on the painful struggle that was before her; and when her father at length turned to her, she started at the sound of his voice, whilst the quick suffusion of her cheek, and her timid and confused answer proved how little interest she took in the passing topics. The Sire de Beaufort, politic as he was, and deeply versed in the science of the human heart, was completely foiled by the simplicity and truth of that into which he now endeavoured to dive. At first he hoped her embarrassment might have been occasioned by the presence of the distinguished visitor, but the calm and unaffected manner in which she received his attentions, entirely quenched his hopes on this head. A sudden suspicion of Di Rossi next crossed his mind, and he abruptly changed the conversation, by asking her "if their meeting of yesterday had not surprised her?"

"Indeed it did," she replied, whilst a bright smile animated her countenance; "nothing, I believe, could have been more unexpected to us both. It was pleasant to meet again, and talk over our young years and childish frolics, of which Rosette and the chevalier remembered many circumstances that I had forgotten."

The Lord of Brières breathed again: "There is no concealment here," thought he, and he said with good humour, "I warrant me, there was many a youthful prank brought to mind. Di Rossi was a merry lad, and Mademoiselle Rosette loved a joke. If my memory be correct, our old house-dame used to suffer from their gambols. Where is the fair Rose? I will make her confess some of her peccadilloes."

However the father's suspicions might be hushed to rest, those of the lover were still awake, and he said with some hesitation, "I fear these renewed recollections of your own bright land will render our's distasteful, lady."

"Your country is beautiful," she replied; "but you must make allowance for one who has been a prisoner ever since she entered it. In Piedmont I was free as the birds that wandered through its groves, or dipped their wings in its calm lakes—here I can look on the woods and waters only through the wires of my cage."

"A very pretty gilded cage, however, you must allow it to be," said the father; "but you shall beat your wings against it no longer; since it is liberty you sigh for, liberty you shall have. Come hither, Rosette," he continued rising and opening the door of the adjoining apartment; "I charge thee to pick up some fresh roses for thy young lady's cheeks on the mountains against my return. She is to go where she likes, and thou and her page must endeavour to cheer and amuse her. I have left orders with my deputy, Colonel Dufour, that she be mistress of the castle during my absence."

Rosette curtseyed and said, "Your excellency is like le Petit Charlemagne, confiding your castle to a Lady Beatrice; depend upon it, my lord, that we will do all in our power to show our duty to the noble chatelaine, and our obedience to your commands."

"Thou wert ever a good girl, Rosette, and thy services shall not go unrequited," said the Governor graciously. "And now here is the barge in readiness for your sail across the lake, and I hear our steeds neighing in the court below. Hark ye, sir page! I trust thou art prepared with cloaks and wrappings should a sudden storm arise?"

The party now descended the staircase, at the foot of which Col. Dufour appeared.

"Here is your charge, Colonel," said the Governor jocosely, "two young damsels and their page; they will not require much ceremony, give them liberty and a proper escort during the day, with safe harbourage at night."

The Colonel bowed low, and promised the most assiduous attention to the accommodation of his important charge.

The gay little vessel was already manned, and lay, its bright colours floating on the breeze, close to the side of the castle. Beatrice, conducted by her father, and followed by the rest of her little court, passed over the tapestried gangway, which reached from the rocks to the boat, and seated herself in the stern. Here she embraced her father, and at his desire gave her hand to De Blonay, who having kissed it with respectful gallantry, returned to the drawbridge, on which they stood for some time, watching the little vessel as it glided over the dark blue lake. The Governor and his companion now mounted their horses, and rode slowly and silently onward, each plunged in deep thought. Their reveries were chequered with the alternate hopes and fears of human passion. One might have expected those of the young de Blonay to have glowed with all the rainbow tints of a first love; but his was a mind much more alive to the forebodings of fear, than the whisperings of hope. Secure as he could not but feel of the consent of the parent, of the

approbation of his relatives, and what was still more important, that of his own heart, the very nature, timid and distrustful, of a true attachment, rendered him diffident of his own pretensions; and even when truth represented them as unexceptionable, a cold suspicion, drawn from the calm gentleness of Beatrice's manner, chilled the reasonable exultation. "I see it plainly," he whispered to himself, "the maiden's mind is occupied with something above an earthly love—a vocation for the cloister. Alas! why should I envy Heaven so pure a bride! Well, if I must not woo her as such, she shall remain enshrined in my heart as an object of more than human veneration. Yes, for the first time has de Blonay beheld the woman he thought worthy of his love, and if she return it not, it shall never be bestowed on another."

The father's reveries were of as intense, but far less exalted a nature, betraying that subtile influence of evil which, leading the mind onward step by step, at the instigation of human passions, arrives at that point from which it at first shrunk with horror, and asked with the unfeigned surprise of the Syrian general, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this?"

The Lord of Brières saw his secret wishes, as far as the Count de Blonay was concerned, fully answered; but it was his policy not to confess those wishes, until he could make the most advantageous terms for himself in their completion. He was well aware of the romantic and generous nature of him with whom he had to deal, that though he had hitherto beheld with indifference the young and the fair, by whom he had been universally well received, his heart once bestowed, would be ardent and constant in its affections, and that interested motives would have little influence in its disposal; nor did a father's partiality blind him in deeming Beatrice the being, of all he had ever seen, most calculated to attract and secure it. The large estate of his late wife was settled on her daughter, and would come into her possession on her attaining her one-and-twentieth year; but his own comparatively small possessions remained in his own power. If Beatrice died unmarried, her fortune would revert to her father and his heirs; it was then the worldly policy of that father either to concentrate his whole pride and property in this one child, by finding a suitable establishment for her with one who would be willing and able to consent to leave the present possession of her wealth in his hands, or to induce her to remain single. In case of her opposition to his wishes, a cloister had presented itself as the surest means of attaining his ambitious object, but as yet the immolation of his only child had been dismissed from his thoughts, although the bright forms of several young damsels and yet fair dames presented themselves to fill

her place, and to offer a lure to ambition and pleasure, in the promise of present enjoyment and a future hope of descendants. He tried to shake all doubt of her acquiescence from his mind, and to dwell on the many qualities of De Blonay, and at length determined to consult father Ambroise on the subject of Beatrice's dejection, and in the mean time to keep the lover's hopes and fears in just equilibrium. This resolution made, he drew in his horse just as an opening in the close shade of the walnut-trees admitted a peep of the lake and the Chillon barge, and waited until his companion, who was a few paces behind, overtook him. They remained some minutes watching the bark that held the object so interesting to both, until a handkerchief was waved from its stern. The Governor returned the signal. "Adieu, mon enfant!" he said gaily, "allons, Monsieur le Comte!" clapped spurs to his horse, and rode off at full speed.

In the mean time, the little vessel glided merrily over the clear mirror of Lac Leman, and the party in her stern watched with delight the limpid waves and the beauteous scene around them. Cottier presided at the helm, and Beatrice and her maid were seated under a bright awning made of various coloured silk, on cushions of the same material. The six rowers occupied benches at some distance, and the old Concierge kept possession of the prow, in which were stowed several hampers of provisions for the party, together with some flagons of wine for the rowers. As they stopped to partake of this refreshment, after they had crossed about a third part of the lake, one of the men pointed to a small and elegantly built skiff, which darted from one of the sheltered nooks near the castle, and with her lateen sails set in the eye of the breeze, skimmed like a waterfowl over the surface of the waters.

"Look, look!" exclaimed he. "How swiftly yon skiff sails before the wind!" The attention of the whole party was now drawn to the boat, and the Concierge pointed it out to his lady, saying, as he winked slyly at the brisk circulation of the wine, "If we do not make good speed, she will be down upon us and board us."

"Nay, nay, master! there is no hurry till the flagon is dry. She is neither pirate nor Turk, as Mademoiselle Rosette will certify." Rosette coloured, as the man continued. "I warrant ye, young Dulait is practising against the forthcoming race; and if he gets so fresh a breeze as this that now blows, he will have a good chance against the light craft,—but who has he got at the helm?"

"His brother Antoine, I suppose," said another of the men; he generally takes the stripling with him."

"Stripling!" retorted the first speaker, "rather say a spare

main-mast; I know but one man who could measure inches with him, but he could hardly be in Dulait's boat just now."

"Sirs!" said Cottier, in a voice which startled his fair neighbours, "it is your business to row my lady to St. Gingough, and not to entertain us with conjectures about every boat's-crew we meet. The lake is free to all who would take their pastime thereon."

"Well spoken, sir helmsman," said the Concierge; "and now my lads, no more wetting of the whistle, until we reach the port."

Notwithstanding Cottier's sage advice to the rowers, Beatrice remarked that his own anxious looks were often turned towards the little boat which followed them across the lake; nor was it unobserved by her and Rosette, that the sailors in it seemed purposely to keep at a measured distance from the barge, shortening sail whenever they gained on it. The men whispered amongst themselves, but no open remark was made, and when they reached the opposite side of the lake near St. Gingough, the little skiff shot into a creek somewhat higher up.

"What are your ladyship's orders?" asked the Concierge as they stepped on shore. "The day falls early, and we should not be far from home when the sun sets."

"We wish to visit the hermitage, and will return to take our refreshment in the wood, on the margin of the lake," replied his young lady. "In the mean time the men may have what is needful; but take care, my good Bonniface, they do not exceed the bounds of temperance.

"Soyez tranquille! my dear young lady," said the old man somewhat piqued. "Old Bonniface Confetti has not lived for fifty years amid the vassals and serving men of a grand seigneur, without finding out that even in his sleep he must shut but one eye at a time. But, my dear lady, you surely will not venture thus through that dark forest, attended only by the stripling and Rosette; it was but now that I saw some suspicious figures pass by."

"No banditti," said Cottier; "and recollect, monsieur, that I shall be with the ladies."

"Guard sufficient, valiant sir," said the old man, smiling benevolently on the youth, "to defend them from stray cattle, but perhaps against a troop of marauding Italians, some of our stout boatmen might be of more service."

"True," said Beatrice thoughtfully, "let them keep us in view till we reach the hermitage;" and she turned at Cottier's direction into a small shaded path which led deeper and deeper into the forest.

The trees had now assumed their last bright tints, and, beauti-

ful in decay, threw a glow of brilliancy and warmth over the whole landscape. The day was fine, and the rays of the sun penetrated here and there, amid the lessened foliage of the close embowering shade. The air too was dry and calm, and scarcely a sound reached their ears, except the song of the robin, "sweet messenger of calm decay," and the rustling of the dry leaves which already strewed the path.

"We all do fade as a leaf," said Beatrice, as she stopped to watch them fall in eddying circles to the ground. "Not a breath of wind has stirred the branch from which they separate, and yet see, how silently each leaf falls to earth, and joins its companions. Thus too *we* shall fade; and what does it matter, dear friends, whether we be nipped by the early frost of spring, shaken from the parent tree by the rough gales of autumn, or drop in dreary winter, by slow and inevitable decline! Future springs will clothe these woods; other moralists will walk over their fallen honours, and where shall we be?"

"Transplanted, we trust, to that garden of God," said Cottier, "where,

> Mid its bowers and forests fair,
> The living fountains ever play."

The trio now reached a large rock which, jutting out into the pathway, appeared to oppose their further progress; a rushing torrent falling from its centre, leaped over the projecting points at the foot, and was seen from above, now like a silver thread amid the dark-pine forests that crowned the top, now hiding amid the thick underwood, and anon bursting into life and sparkling in the sunbeams, whilst a beautiful arch of blended tints hung over the rushing stream.

"Behold that rainbow!" said the young moralist to his companions; "how calm, how bright, it hovers over the brawling torrent; thus does mercy accompany us through the rough passage of life, gilding its rugged steeps with the hope that deceiveth not!"

"We cannot be far from the hermit's cell now," said Rosette, "since this must be the spring from which he draws his temperate beverage."

"Yet we have a pretty steep ascent to climb, ere we reach it," said the page; "the path must be somewhere hereabout," he continued, as he pushed aside the branches of a tree that grew over a small opening in the rock, and discovered some rude steps hewn in it.

He now went on, removing the impediments that lay in the way of his fair companions, and after a toilsome descent of half-an-hour, they reached the mouth of a large cave, through which

the mountain stream poured its waters with additional velocity, after issuing from a narrow aperture at the further end, and came tumbling and foaming over the large rocks that impeded their course. At the entrance of this cavern, close beside the deafening strife of the waters, sat an aged man clothed in a long dress of dark-coloured cloth of the coarsest material, confined at the waist by a broad band of leather, from which depended his rosary and crucifix. His bald head was covered by his cowl, but the eye that peeped beneath it, though somewhat dimmed by age, had an expression of cheerful good humour. There were few marks of abstinence or suffering on his ruddy countenance or portly figure, and as little of abstraction and humility in his self-satisfied air and ready address.

He rose at the approach of the strangers, and greeted them with much courtesy; nor did he betray any surprise at their appearance, welcoming them as one who had been accustomed to receive visitors of similar degree. "My daughters," said he, "and you, fair son, ye are welcome to the hermit's cell, and the blessing of our Lady of the Rock be on ye! Come ye to ask aid for the diseases of the body, or counsel for the ills of the soul, ye shall freely receive such as father Jeronimo can bestow."

"We only ask rest for a few minutes, to recover the fatigue of the steep ascent, and a direction to the mountain path above," said Beatrice.

"And both ye shall gladly receive," answered the hermit. "Here is my lowly cell, will it please ye to follow me into it?"

Just on one side of the aperture by which the stream entered the cavern, was another opening which led in a contrary direction, through a dark passage; and the party scarcely escaped being wetted by the spray as they passed near the rapid torrent. After groping their way for some time in almost utter darkness, their conductor opened a low door at the end, and admitted a ray of light from a narrow fissure in the rock. "This will lead ye to the mountain path," said he; "but ye will rest awhile in my cell—here it is close at hand." Another turn in the passage brought them into a large cavern, faintly lighted by a lamp that burned above the altar of a small chapel, in which stood a frightful image of our Lady of the Rock rudely sculptured in black marble, with her head encircled by a wreath of silver filigree to represent a glory, and her arms and neck covered with beads and tawdry ornaments. Innumerable little wax figures, representing arms, legs, hands, fingers, nay, every part external and internal of the human body, were suspended near, and the sides of the altar were covered with rude and almost ludicrous representations of deliverances, wrought by the interposition of

the Rock, for the faithful who addressed their
[illegible] in the time of need. Within this, the cavern
[illegible] into another large recess, to which the hermit
[illegible] them as his abode. "Ah, fair ladies," he said, as
[illegible] a small lamp from some embers that lay on the flat
[illegible] served him as a hearth, "ye may well look round
[illegible] on my humble dwelling! The inhabitants of lofty
[illegible] not how little will content the servants of our blessed
Rock. This is my hall, my bower—and soon will
[illegible]. But sit ye here, if sit ye can, on this rude bench;
[illegible] your eyes get better acquainted with the darkness, ye
[illegible] better able to judge of the extent of father Jeronimo's
They accepted the invitation, and seated themselves on
[illegible] stone steps hewn in the sides of the cavern, whilst
[illegible] use placed a cruche of water and a dish of cresses on a
[illegible] table, the only one the cell contained, saying, "I can
[illegible] hope you will honour my poor fare by partaking of it;
[illegible] water is cool and fresh, and the herbs newly pluckt—the
hospitality are bounded, but not superseded, by our

[illegible]k you, sir hermit," said Beatrice, to whom the arrange-
[illegible] the ménage were little tempting; "we have brought
[illegible] isions with us, and shall be most happy to share them
[illegible] if you will return with us to the barge."

[illegible] wants are but few, daughter, as you perceive; but I am
[illegible] by privation and suffering, to atone for the sins of youth,
[illegible] gain to myself, by extra mortification and multiplied
[illegible] ions, a place amongst the saints and martyrs of holy
[illegible] r Church, though it be only at their feet. But since ye
[illegible] not partake of my humble fare, will ye come and view the
[illegible] ures our Lady possesses, and which amply make up for the
[illegible] ty of her servant." The party, with some reluctance, ac-
[illegible] the invitation, and remained standing behind the Recluse,
[illegible] he performed many genuflexions and outward acts of de-
[illegible]n. Happily, he was so much taken up by the display of
[illegible]own sanctity, that he did not notice the omissions of his
[illegible]nators, mistaking the deep seriousness of their countenances
[illegible]he awe his saintship inspired, and little imagining that it
[illegible]eeded from the mingled emotions of pity and aversion ex-
[illegible]d by his ignorance and ostentation.

"Dearest lady!" exclaimed Rosette, starting back, as she per-
[illegible]ed a rude wooden coffin on one side of the altar, "what have
[illegible]here?"

[illegible] bed," said the hermit; "and here," he continued, taking
a horse-hair shirt, with a cross of spiked iron fastened on
[illegible]om, "here is my night-dress; and this scourge, whose

knotted ends are set with spikes, is the means I use to bring the rebel flesh into subjection, and to open the gates of paradise. Ah! I see you think all these things hard, and hard they of a truth are; but we must do something to merit heaven."

"Alas!" said Cottier, unable any longer to remain silent, "it will be all of no avail. This torturing of the flesh, these self-inflicted penances, are but the vain attempt of man to make atonement for transgression, or to merit reward."

"The pampered minions of the great, boy! ever esteem lightly the sacrifices of the holy: they seek their good things here, and barter heaven for them."

"Far be it from me," replied the youth meekly, "to esteem lightly any sacrifice made for the love of God; I spoke only of the necessity of other merits besides our own."

"True," replied the soi-disant saint. "The blessed apostles, saints, and martyrs, and above all, our holy Lady of the Rock and Queen of Heaven, have suffered and bled; have prayed and performed penances and miracles, in order to lay up for us a heap of works of supererogation; but why should I draw on that store, daily lessened by the demands made on it? Am I not rather meritorious, in an age in which piety so evidently declines, in endeavouring, by a life of austerity and good works, to add to the precious hoard? May I not, as the holy St. Egidius says, 'Come with security in the day of retribution and say, give to me O Lord! for I have given unto thee.'"*

"And what are the good works that you have thus laid up for yourself and others?" asked Cottier.

"What!" exclaimed the hermit, whilst the complacency of his manner changed to bitter scorn, and his ruddy complexion deepened to scarlet, "ye may well ask who sleep on down, and feed on the fattest and the strongest! do I not live in this wild solitude, my food the herbs of the field, my drink the water of the rock? Do I not stretch my aching and aged limbs on these hard boards? Do I not wear sack-cloth, and strew the ashes of repentance on my head? Do I not flog my quivering flesh until the blood flows in streams from the self-inflicted wound? Mother of God!" he continued, throwing himself at the foot of the marble image, "forgive thy servant this forced commendation of himself, and deign to give some token of thine approval of his services?"

The hideous idol bowed!

"For mercy's sake!" whispered Rosette, who trembled violently, "I pray you, dear Master Michael, say no more; this hermitage is in dependence on the chanoines of St. Maurice!"

* Note F.

"Fear not!" said the hermit, rising from his knees, and mollified by the evident impression he had made on poor Rosette—"fear not, young damsel, this cell is as close as a confessional, and whoever confides in the hermit of St. Gingough is safe."

"Surely he could not have heard me!" thought Rosette. "O that we were out of this dreadful place!" and she would have communicated her fears to her lady, but could not for an instant evade the quick eye of the Recluse.

Turning to Beatrice, he now said with softened accents, "Fair lady, will it please ye to tell me your name?"

"Beatrice de Beaufort."

"Lady of Brières," he added, "my life has not been so retired as to shut out the fame of that noble house. The sire de Beaufort has ever been a true and generous servant of the church; to his daughter, then, I may safely display the precious relics of the shrine of our Lady of the Rock;" and taking a key that hung at his girdle, he unlocked a small casket that stood on the altar, and pointed out to them some disgusting remnants of broken bones, dried flesh, teeth, hair, nails, &c., relating the usual exaggerated histories of their origin.

Beatrice and her companions turned sickening from the exhibition. Yes! my Protestant readers! many a young creature of the sixteenth century, nursed in superstition, cradled in prejudice, was enabled by the power of the Spirit of God, communicated through his Holy Word, to turn from these lying vanities, to the truth and simplicity of the gospel; and shall we, with those sacred Scriptures multiplied in every school and cottage in our enlightened country—shall we return to feed on ashes? Alas? let us not listen to the canting liberality of our infidel age, that these things are passed away, and that it is only the belief of the uneducated. We affirm that there exists in the Church of Rome the same deceit and falsehood, the same prejudice and tyranny, as in those dark ages when its sovereign pontiff placed his foot on the neck of kings. May we never witness the return of that power! and may we have grace given us to watch with godly jealousy over all subtile approach towards its re-establishment!

The Recluse next proceeded to point out the meaning of the numerous votive offerings that crowded the altar, and to recount them as numerous miracles of his patroness. There was no danger of field or flood—no disease or misfortune to which "flesh is heir," that she had not come to aid or cure. Sometimes these rude paintings represented her in the clouds, stilling the tempest over a shipwrecked boat; sometimes presiding over the restoration of an overturned wagon; now at the bottom of a sick bed, and again in the hurly-burly of battle, putting the ad-

verse army to flight. But why need we here describe what at the end of three centuries continues still the reproach of every Roman Catholic church in Europe; and what must be familiar to every traveller of the present day, who will testify that the hermit's cell of the sixteenth century presents no exaggerated picture of the idolatry and superstition still disgracing the nineteenth. It was a relief to our travellers when the garrulous old man was stopped in the midst of his farrago of nonsense and falsehood, by the loud blast of a horn, which echoed through the winding passages of the cavern.

"Be not alarmed, lady," he said, observing Beatrice start, "it is probably some unfortunate wanderer come for counsel or help. The servant of our blessed Lady had need keep eyes and ears open both night and day. I will but see who it is, and return immediately."

"It may probably be some inquirer for the Lady Beatrice de Beaufort," said Cottier, stopping him; "in which case, I pray you to conduct him hither. Pardon, dear madam," continued the page, as the hermit departed, "the liberty I take. I know whom I have desired to be conducted into your presence, but they are too near at hand for me to do more than caution you and Rosette not to receive them as unexpected guests."

At that moment the voice of the hermit was heard inviting his visitors to proceed, and the warning of Cottier was scarcely sufficient to prevent the lady and her attendant from betraying the astonishment they really felt at seeing him enter the cavern, accompanied by the Chevalier di Rossi and Colin Dulait.

"I am rejoiced at length to have found you, madam," said the former, bowing respectfully; "we have followed you with much anxiety."

"Aye, here she is safe, and under the protection of our Lady of the Rock."

"We must now take our leave, sir hermit, after expressing our thanks for your hospitality," said Beatrice, looking with some embarrassment towards Di Rossi.

"If your ladyship would permit me to go down to the Concierge, and procure you some refreshment, you would be better able to encounter the fatigues of the descent," said Cottier.

Beatrice hesitated, and Di Rossi said, eagerly, "Perhaps our courteous host would kindly accompany this young man, who is a stranger in these parts, down the mountain;" then turning to Dulait, he added, "You will assist the domestics in bearing the refreshments hither, and return quickly."

"We will," said the hermit; "the distance is trifling, and I have great pleasure in rendering this small service to the fair daughter of the Lord of Brières;" and, accompanied by Dulait, he left the cell.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RESOLVE.

Let us go forth, therefore, to him without the camp, bearing his reproach.—Heb. xiii. 13.

A PERFECT stillness reigned for some minutes in the cavern after the hermit and Dulait had left it. Di Rossi stood at the entrance, as if listening to their retiring footsteps, but in reality, in the hope of commanding his struggling feelings ere he addressed Beatrice, who sat with Rosette on the side of the cell anxious, yet half afraid, to inquire the reason of his intrusion. The dashing of the torrent was scarcely heard in the interior of this deep recess, but the large drops that issued from the crevices of the rocks fell from time to time, with a loud plash on the floor beneath, like a minute bell marking the progress of time—that time, so important; the opportunity which, if lost, could never be recovered, was now swiftly passing, and this recollection at length induced Di Rossi to approach his companions, and say, whilst his voice trembled, and a deep blush covered his whole countenance,

"Will the Lady of Brières—but why should I use the heartless language of the world?—will Beatrice pardon her early friend this intrusion, and believe his assurance of the powerful motives which induced him to risk it? Will she believe, also, that though to him even a few fleeting moments of her society would be beyond all price, and that life itself to obtain—"

"Di Rossi," said Beatrice, interrupting him, "if you would that I listen, you must speak to me in other strains than this of worldly compliment."

"Worldly compliment, Beatrice!" said he, reproachfully; "when did you ever know me to use such? But you rightly reprove one who thus intrudes his selfish interests into subjects of solemn moment. Listen to me, then, and I will unfold the purport of my visit."

"No, hear *me* first," said the maiden, with a voice of deep melancholy, whilst her eye met that of Di Rossi. "Hear me, dear friend of my childhood, and hear me with indulgence! I will no longer misinterpret the expressions of your kind interest, although it may seem unbecoming in a young maiden to apply to herself sentiments that have been scarcely avowed: but circumstances have early given to me the experience of years, and like age, whilst they have ripened my judgment, may perhaps

have stunned my youthful feelings. Had we lived in less troublous times—had my mother been spared to confirm her sanction of our union—why should I hesitate to declare, that you would have been also the object of my choice? But I am now called on to fulfil another vocation—the tender charities of life are not for me: I have trials awaiting me which you know not of, and at which my timid nature recoils. Strengthen me, then, dear friend of my happy childish days: bear me up over the rough path of duty: lift to my quivering lip the cup that is poured out for me; but, oh! press not on me a worldly motive for renouncing my duty to my father—mix not with earthly dross the pure gold of the sanctuary."

Di Rossi heard her in silence, and attempted not to shake her determination. He walked up and down the cell for some minutes with rapid strides: at length, by strong effort and mental prayer, he gained the mastery over his feelings, and approached his silent and thoughtful companions.

"In a cave on the shore of another of Helvetia's lakes, dear friends," he said, with a calm, subdued voice, "in the deep silence of midnight, in the presence of the stars of heaven, three brave men, with hearts bleeding for their country's wrongs, vowed to deliver or perish with her. In this cave, then, where superstition has reared her hideous form, are we called on, in a still nobler cause, to unite together, not only to vow that we will come out of an idolatrous church, but sacrificing our dearest earthly hopes, will do all that in us lies to enlighten the blind, and break the bonds of tyranny and oppression. My friends, will you unite with me in this?"

"I will!" said Beatrice, in a faltering voice; "but remember the claims of my parent, and ask from me nothing incompatible with them."

"I do remember, and as far as human considerations extend," said Di Rossi, with a deep sigh, "I will respect them; but the sacrifices that Heaven demands admit of no reserve, and we are commanded to give up all to its paramount claim. Cottier, thou hast taught us this hard lesson—your offering is already on the altar."

"It is, and all other I count light! joyfully, therefore, do I renew the vow, if God give me grace, to endure through pain and peril, yea, even to the stake, rather than return to those abominations of the sorceress church, to those chains of Satan from which the hand of God has freed us; and I swear, too, that I will spare neither limb nor life in the endeavour to rescue those who are spiritually or corporeally bound by them. But O, my christian friends!" he continued, and the bright light of his countenance faded, "if it please God to crown me with a

martyr's palm, remember that lonely one in Geneva! Be unto her, dear lady, and thou too, Rosette, as a daughter, and do you, noble sir, protect and comfort my mother!"

Beatrice and Rosette could only press the hand of the affectionate youth in token of the acquiescence which tears prevented their uttering; but Di Rossi answered, from the full impulse of his generous heart.

"I promise thee, dear boy, that whilst Di Rossi has a sheltering roof, the mother of Michael Cottier shall share it with him. Yet let us look to better things—the light of the gospel is beginning to be shed abroad over our long benighted country, and may we not hope to bask in its vivifying beams! But the day wears, and it is time I now relate to you, dear friends, the business which brought me to Geneva. Let us seat ourselves on this bench—we have yet some time ere the hermit can return. The increasing difficulties of Geneva," began the chevalier, whilst his companions listened with intense interest, "and her arduous struggle for political justice, had long engaged the sympathy of my royal mistress, but when to these were added the far more glorious struggle for spiritual freedom, and the still heavier trial of religious persecution, herself a sufferer for the truth, she sent me with a private letter of intercession and remonstrance to her uncle, the Duke of Savoy, and empowered me, at the same time, to offer assistance and protection to all whom persecution obliged to quit their native land. I have already executed the first part of my embassy; I have delivered the letter of the Queen of Navarre to our Prince, who has commanded me to await his arrival at the castle of Chillon; to perform the second I have sought you here, to urge the invitation of my Queen, and to offer my poor services in escorting you to her,—but you have already answered me. Still, if circumstances of increased danger should arise—and in these days, when the persecuted Christian is hunted like the partridge on the mountain, we know not what awaits us—remember, Rosette!" he continued, giving her a leather case, "that your mistress has a friend as willing as she is able to protect and aid her. In this case you will find her address, together with instructions how best to avail yourselves of it."

Rosette received it with grateful thanks, and Di Rossi continued:

"I have now only to say that I last night sought an interview with Cottier, who informed me of your intended visit to the hermitage. To avoid discovery, I left the castle this morning with the hunting party, whom I afterwards found an opportunity of quitting to return to the borders of the lake, where I had appointed Dulait, through the kind agency of my old friend Bon-

niface, to meet me. I must now hasten to join the sport by break of day."

The next hour was spent in conversing on subjects most interesting to each of the assembled friends, and in mutually encouraging and supporting one another in the difficult path they had chosen. A loud blast of a horn broke too soon on the delightful communion, and Rosette, starting up, exclaimed,

"Fly! fly! my lord; the domestics of the castle must not find you here!"

A hasty adieu, a fervent benediction, was all that prudence allowed, and the chevalier, passing through the aperture in the rock, was soon at the foot of its craggy sides.

The old butler now appeared, panting with heat and hurry, and the Recluse courteously permitted him to spread some refreshments for the lady and her attendants in his cell, although he most rigorously refused all participation in them. He, however, promised to distribute the remnants, together with a sum of money given him for that purpose by Beatrice, to the poor mountaineers around him, and bade his guests farewell with many a promised benediction from his patroness, the Lady of the Rock.

Seated again in the barge, the party glided gently over the smooth waters of the lake, and arrived in safety at the castle, where they found Colonel Dufour in readiness to conduct his fair charge to her apartments.

During the fortnight that followed, the three young Christians had constant and uninterrupted opportunities of talking over their difficult position, and forming plans for the regulation of their future conduct. In the indulgence afforded them of wandering around the beautiful environs, they found unspeakable delight; and often, in the enjoyment of their excursions on the lake, and their rambles in the forests, forgot the heavy clouds which hung on the distant prospect—pleased to enjoy the clear sky that now spread itself over their young heads. A heavy weight had been removed from Beatrice's heart by the sympathy and co-operation of her friends: she was now at liberty to talk with them on the subject nearest to it, and both Rosette and herself derived at once consolation and instruction from the deeper views and more extensive information of the page. Reared by a pious mother, who had embraced the reformed religion, his retentive memory had been early stored by her with scriptural truths, and he knew how to draw from his golden treasury those proofs and promises called for by the peculiar exigencies of the times. Thus for all their doubts he had a solution,—in all their fears, a refuge; a consolation for all their griefs, and a bright hope to gild the probable trials that awaited

them. His Bible was the companion of their wanderings, and beneath a shady tree, under the covert of a projecting rock, secure from human ken, he drew it from his bosom, and unlocked its precious treasures. In the unclouded expectation of the happiness it unfolded, their minds were gradually fortified to contemplate the trials that awaited them, and to cast their care on One who they now really felt cared for them. Thus passed these too fleeting days of peace and assurance never known to them before: the rose again bloomed on the cheeks of Beatrice, and her eyes recovered their clear, calm light.

As the trio were walking one evening on the terraced garden which then rose behind the castle, the notes of a horn were heard, and the drawbridge was instantly lowered.

"It is a messenger from my father," said Beatrice, turning pale; "go, Michael, and inquire what speed."

He obeyed, and soon returned, bearing a letter for her, enveloped in a silk bag, which she untied with a trembling hand, and read aloud as follows:—

"To my well-beloved daughter, the Lady Beatrice, greeting:

"This is to inform thee, my right dear daughter, that we (that is, myself and the nobles and gentlemen who have joined our hunt) purpose to arrive at the castle to-morrow at eve, where I have given orders that our maître d'hotel do furnish us with a suitable repast, and prepare apartments and all things fitting therein, for the reception of our honourable guests and their retainers. I shall not see thee, my dear daughter, until the following day, when I trust to find thee well in health, and of a more cheerful spirit.

"So prays thy loving father, ANTOINE DE BEAUFORT."

"The time of trial approaches,—let us calmly consider how best to meet it," said Beatrice. They seated themselves, and she continued. "How compassionate has our heavenly Father been in according us these days of sweet repose and unreserved communion, before he subjects us to the furnace of trial."

"We shall come from it, dear lady," said Cottier, "His grace sustaining us, like the Hebrew children, on whose bodies the fire had no power."

"How happy is thy memory, Michael, in thus supplying the promise to the need."

"They were written for the needy and the sorrowful, dear madam. As sin and suffering are our earthly possessions, these precious promises are the title-deeds of our eternal heirship."

"Dost thou think, therefore, that the children of God are more afflicted than the children of the world?" asked Rosette.

"How can I believe otherwise, when I read my Bible? How can I doubt it, when I look around and see the ungodly prospering, and the righteous fleeing before them? when I see the revellers in these halls, and think of the captives in the dungeons?"

Beatrice sighed deeply. "And yet," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "in God's promises to his children, do we not read of long life, and all the earthly enjoyments which are to adorn and gladden it?"

"We do: but this was under the first dispensation. Prosperity was the promise of the Old Testament, adversity of the New. When the endless enjoyments of another world were more fully opened to the Christian, he was taught to look to happiness, not as a present possession, but as a future inheritance. Behold the Author of a better covenant. Despised, afflicted, a Man of multiplied sorrows, does He offer us an immunity from these sorrows? No; He warns his disciples that they will inevitably be their portion." Cottier would have stopped, but the fixed attention of his auditors induced him to proceed. "Look to the great apostle of the Gentiles! read his modest account of sufferings which fill the mind with admiration and pity. Turn to the blood-curdling list of tortures, that were the portion of those 'of whom the world was not worthy.' 'If,' says the tried apostle, 'if in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable.' But I speak of outward trials alone, dear lady, since I well know that amid the most severe, the Christian has that peace of mind which the world can neither bestow nor take away."

"It is strange to see one so young thus dead to that world," said Beatrice. "Tell me, Michael, what induced thee to turn thy thoughts from the pleasures of thine age and fix them on heaven?"

"I was early called of God, lady, and his first messenger to me was sorrow, who, I might almost say, rocked me in my cradle, and quenched my infant smiles in tears. I was born in a prison: should I not, then, have sympathy with the captive? My father was reduced to poverty by the machinations of a false friend, and my mother and her infant shared his captivity with him. He died there—drooped and pined: his soul sickened at the experience of human treachery, and his longings for liberty consumed him. He obstinately refused all comfort; even the sweet voice of my mother sounded harsh to him, when it spoke of resignation; and my smiles went like fresh injuries to his heart.. Thus was early checked all love of mirth or childish play, and the sad look of my mother often hushed my infant prattle, and turned its harmless cheerfulness into sadness. I

said my father pined and died,—his was the lingering death of a broken heart. Day after day he would question my mother, when she returned from her necessary avocations in the town, of passing events, of former friends, of hopes which the slow progress of justice daily mocked, and when her sad task of framing answers which might least gall his chafed spirit was fulfilled, she sat down to work, to watch and pray beside him. A few books, a casual offering of fruit and flowers sent by some humble friend, a few rude prints saved from our former affluence, were all the amusements of my long silent day, cheered by a sweet look or stolen embrace of my suffering, loving mother." The poor boy's feelings now choked his utterance, and the tears coursed each other down his bright cheeks. Hastily wiping them, he continued: "One morning she returned from her ordinary visit to the city—an unusual animation lightened her countenance: she waited not for the accustomed questions, but approaching the miserable bed on which my father lay, 'Michael,' she said, 'thy old friend and school-mate, François Bonnivard, is become Prior of St. Victor, and comes soon to reside in Geneva.' 'Heaven be praised!' exclaimed my father, 'thou and my boy will find a protector; yet, perhaps,' he added, 'he too may be changed.' 'O believe it not!' said my mother; 'hast thou not often spoken to me of his worth—his love for thee—his generous heart?' 'Yes, dearest, and even all the ingratitude and falsehood I have met cannot shake my faith in his truth.' I do not know whether it is from having heard the story so often repeated, or that the very few incidents of my infancy rendered the impression on my young memory indelible, but I seem to have retained a perfect recollection of the first visit of our benefactor. I remember his noble form, the magnificence of his dress, and the cry of distress with which he threw himself on my father's bed. I remember, too, when my mother placed me in his arms, and threw my little hands around his neck, how fondly I grasped it, and how affectionately he pressed me to his bosom. From that moment joy and thanksgiving entered our abode: fresh comforts were daily added by our generous benefactor, who suffered no inducements of business or pleasure to interfere with his efforts to set my father at liberty, and to recover some of his plundered fortune. And he did more, O incalculably more! than this; he brought the word of life, the consolations of the gospel, to the bed of death. He was the means appointed by Heaven, to dispel the clouds that long captivity and a sense of injury had gathered there; and in solemnly pledging himself to take care of the widow and orphan, he removed the last earthly care from the mind of my dying parent. On the day preceding that of his death, this untiring friend brought to his bedside the order for

his release, which he had gained by the sacrifice of a large sum. The dying man grasped his hand: 'My release has been already signed by a higher power,' he said; 'Bonnivard, my last breath calls down blessings on thee. I cannot thank thee as I ought, but,' he added, turning to my mother, 'my Marie, teach our Michael to pray for our benefactor; and if, in the uncertain tenure of all things here, sorrow should overtake him, and St. Victor should be sick and in prison, as I was, bid our boy repay his father's debt!' These were almost his last words. You already know, dearest lady, the remainder of my little history, and have often heard me relate the circumstances of my early intimacy with Rosette and her excellent aunt, together with my last meeting with that departed saint."

"I have, dear Cottier," said Beatrice, wiping off her tears. "Thy story is a melancholy one, and I would fain hear more of thy excellent mother, did I not feel that we should rather endeavour to fortify our hearts by banishing all tender recollections. Our situation is a singular one; we seem prepared to act, and yet know not how to bring our resolves into practice. Day after day, we fear the impending storm, and yet nothing but clear sunshine and gentle gales surround us."

"It is thus that a gracious Father deals with his children; when about to employ them on his bidding, he fits them for it by previous repose and refreshment. It was thus his prophet rested by the brook: for this He sent his angel to bring him food, ere he girt his loins to run before the tyrant. He is not always heard in the whirlwind nor the storm, and has doubtless granted to us these moments of peace and sweet communion, that we may listen to the whisperings of his still small voice."

"What are you looking at so earnestly, Rosette?" asked Beatrice, anxiously.

"At those children, dear lady, in that little boat yonder—the boy has lured his tiny sister into it, in spite, I suppose, of his mother's prohibitions, for I think I see the poor woman on the beach calling them,—she looks very like my—"

"Stop!" interrupted Cottier, "the child has let go the oar, and now leans over the side of the boat to recover it—he has lost his balance. Help! or the boy is lost!"

Thus saying, he sprang over the balustrade that bordered the terrace, cleared with the same rapidity the low parapet wall that separated the garden from the road, and was soon on the border of the lake; with a word of encouragement to the distracted mother, he plunged into it. The child had risen to the surface of the water, and Cottier, who was an expert swimmer, had no difficulty in reaching him, and seizing him by his floating garments; but the boat, in which the younger child remained,

had been driven off to a considerable distance by the wind; and he hesitated whether he should first place the rescued treasure in the arms of his mother, or endeavour to swim with him to the boat, and try to save both children at the risk of all their lives. In this fearful suspense he recollected the little island which lay within a few hundred yards, and here he determined to leave the terrified boy whilst he went in search of the floating ark and its little inmate. It was drifting towards the sedgy banks of the lake, which then extended far into its waters, and he knew that the destruction of the child would be inevitable, should it get entangled in them, or be floated towards the debouchure of the Rhone, which there pours its turbid waters into the lake. With great effort, he succeeded in nearing the boat; and here the delight of the poor little girl at his approach filled him with fresh apprehension. She leaned over the side of it, holding out her hands and calling to him, and seemed almost on the point of jumping out. After a long and arduous struggle, he at length succeeded in boarding the frail bark, and in rowing to the island, where he placed the little tremblers in each other's arms, and returned heartfelt thanks for their deliverance. A boat, sent from the castle, now reached them, and speedily conveyed them to the shore. The mother was there to receive her rescued ones, and to invoke blessings on their preserver; the Lady Beatrice was there, also, to welcome and commend him, whilst praises and congratulations were showered from the motley group. Poor Cottier heard but heeded them not—a confused noise rang in his ears—a sudden tremor shook his frame—mists hung before his eyes—and he sank lifeless to the ground.

By the directions of the lady of the castle, (for in those days none, of however high degree, thought it beneath her to administer personal aid to the sick of her household,) the poor youth was placed on a litter, and conveyed to his room, where the leech ordered him some simple remedies, and before administering a sleeping potion, desired all but his appointed attendant to leave the chamber.

"Amongst those who either from motives of curiosity or interest had collected round the bed, was one whose dark countenance seemed working with emotions he vainly endeavoured to suppress; he followed the leech to the door, and entreated to be allowed to remain the night near the invalid.

"The thanks of a father who but for his noble courage would have been childless, will do him more good than any sleeping potion your skill can compound, sir leech."

"Not to-night, good Lenoir; to-morrow you shall see and thank him, but he must be kept from all emotion to-night; therefore I have chosen a better nurse for him."

"A nurse for a tiger's cub rather than this noble boy, if you mean Bertoldo!" said Lenoir; "however, if it must be so, I will go home and bid my wife pray for him."

"Ay, ay, that is a business we both prefer doing by proxy."

"We must renounce our present profession ere we begin it, sir leech," said Lenoir.

His companion looked at him with surprise, and placing his finger involuntarily on his lips, descended the stairs.

Cottier slept soundly, thanks to the leech's skill, who himself brought Lenoir and his two children to his bedside the next morning, saying kindly, ere he left the room, that he thought the merry little rogues would do him more good than his drugs.

"There, children," said Lenoir, "go kiss that hand which drew ye out of the water and saved your lives. Tell Master Michael that those lives shall be at his bidding whenever they can do him any good turn; and till you are old enough to serve him, tell him your father will take on himself the debt."

Cottier received the little ones with considerable emotion, and as the father lifted them up that he might embrace them, he asked their names. "I have not seen you, my friend, since I arrived at the castle, yet you wear its livery: what is your calling in it?"

"Ask it not, sir," replied the man, earnestly; "holy Maria forbid that you should ever know me but as the father of these little ones,—as one who would risk life and limb to serve you."

"Thank you, friend," said Cottier, on whom the truth now broke. "I shall one day remind you of this promise, since there is no one in it whose services I more require."

"Another time, sir," said Lenoir, bending over the bed; then turning to his children, he added, "Well, children, have ye nothing more to say to the gentleman? Cannot ye tell him how glad your poor mother will be if he will condescend to visit our humble roof? In truth, my wife is most anxious to see you, sir."

"O yes!" interrupted both children, "do come;" whilst the elder continued, "and we will show you our garden, and our goats, and our boat."

"O no! no! Isaack," said his wee sister, reproachfully shaking her little head, "not the boat! we must never play with the boat again, you know."

"We may, though, if Master Michael be there," said the sturdy little fellow.

"Come away, ye little rebels," said the father, "ye will make the kind gentleman's head ache with your prattle!" and with a respectful reverence the father and children withdrew.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONFERENCE.

Oh dust! whose mask is power!
Reed! that would'st be a scourge thy little hour.
. . . . . Where were flown
Our hope, if man were left to man alone?

HEMANS.

THE expected return of the hunting party caused an unusual bustle in the castle. The numerous retainers of the noble sportsmen were pouring into its courts, some leading their horses and dogs, some bearing large bags of game, whilst the servants of the Governor's household were bustling here and there, preparing for the reception of the returning guests, who were to arrive for the evening meal. The fishermen were occupied in throwing their nets into the lake in order to furnish the table with some of its far-famed trout, and the large provision of game was appropriated as an opportune addition to the resources of the plentiful kitchen. Old Boniface was more than usually solicitous and careful in the selection of his wines, and his underlings bent beneath the burthen of the massive vessels of plate which were arranged in the open armories.

"One would think, Master Confetti," said the prime vizier of the sultan of the butlery, "that the Duke himself was to be your guest to-night, there is such a stir throughout the ancient château."

"There are other great men in his domains besides Charles the Good," said the old man; "ay, and those who require more state and preparation too."

"Mean you our noble Chatelain!"

"N'importe! It concern'st not thou to pry into my private orders, and thou shouldest not hope to be told the name of the visitor whose expected arrival has hastened the return of his Excellency, and stopped the slaughter of the wolf and the chamois for a brief space."

"Oh, I crave your pardon, prudent sir! I forgot that the standing orders extend to shutting our eyes, stopping our ears, and tying up our tongues, about all that concerns the movements of our betters."

"It will be well for thee if that tongue of thine does not get tied up one day in a manner thou may'st not find agreeable," remarked the Concierge.

"Why, what were tongues given us for, Master Boniface, but to wag?"

"Dost thou know, Marco, why thou hast but one, and two ears?"

"I should wonder much if I did not, since it was the first wise saw my granny taught me, notwithstanding she, poor woman, had herself a rare gift of the gab."

"'Tis an heir-loom that does not seem likely to fail in thy family for want of issue; and this time, contrary to custom, has descended in the male line," said the old man drily.

"Like your mother-wit, good Master Concierge," replied the saucy favourite; "well, but for a little jest together now and then, we should neither of us be much the merrier for our servitude in this old prison."

"Go thy way for a madcap as thou art! lay thy covers well, and who knows but I may reward thee with a cup of spiced wine and a merry tale this evening in the conciergerie!"

The man ran nimbly off, and the good butler smiled benevolently as he busied himself with his preparations, muttering to himself, "'Tis a good-humoured knave, and worth half-a-dozen of the other lazy drones!"

About sun-set a loud blast of the horn announced the near approach of the Governor and his guests, and the numerous procession was to be discovered winding along the shores of the lake. An advanced guard of the Italians, for the Sire de Beaufort seldom moved without military state, drew up before the castle, and demanded entrance in the name of his excellency the Governor, and the Right Reverend the Archbishop of Turin. The guard turned out, and the Vice-Governor, Colonel Dufour, ordered the drawbridge to be lowered, placing himself at the gate, whilst twenty men, with lighted torches, lined the bridge, in readiness to conduct the cavalcade over it, and through the court of the castle. The Governor headed the brilliant troop dressed in a superb hunting habit of green velvet; the portly prelate rode at his right hand, and a numerous party of the noblemen and gentlemen of Savoy and the Pays de Vaud followed, headed by the venerable Baron de Vionnay, and attended by a numerous train of followers, huntsmen, and personal servants. The Governor alighted after having passed the bridge, and received the keys of the castle from Colonel Dufour, who presented them on one knee; then turning to the Archbishop, he welcomed him with deep reverence, and many ceremonious and flattering compliments. The cavalcade now passed through the court, and stopped at the great door, where they alighted, after receiving a grateful draught of wine from the Concierge, who stood ready to present his best-selected beverage in a chased silver goblet. The Governor then conducted his most distinguished guest to the state apartments, and when the great bell

of the castle rang an hour after, he received him, and some of the more polite and refined of the party, in his saloon, ere he led the way to the hall. Many of the company, however, had dispensed with the ceremony of a previous réunion in the drawing-room, (a preliminary to the social meal little heeded in those days, unless on occasions of peculiar state,) and were already assembled in the salle des chevaliers, waiting the arrival of the Governor and his more illustrious guests, to take their seats at the table—a table covered with everything that could excite or satisfy the appetite, where plenty was showered over the whole, and of which magnificence, and even refinement, graced the upper part. When the repast was ended, and just as the wine-cup began to circulate, the warder stationed behind the Governor blew a short blast on his horn, as a signal for silence, and every eye was directed to the top of the table. As the note died away the Governor arose, and bowing first to the Prelate, who sat on his right hand, and then to the rest of the company, he spoke as follows:—"Most holy and reverend father—my noble and gentle guests, and ye brave defenders of this fortress, together with all the other trusty and loyal subjects of our liege lord, Charles the Third, Duke of Savoy, now present—I greet ye in his highness's name, and bid you welcome! It is, however, with great grief of heart that I make ye acquainted with the heavy tidings which the right reverend and noble father, the Archbishop of Turin, has been commissioned to bring us from the palace of our sovereign. Death has, alas! again entered its walls, and carried off one of its fairest ornaments—the young Princess Catherine, whose opening virtues and budding graces promised a full and perfect bloom, and whose tender affection was the solace of her royal parent. In the depth of his affliction, the bereaved monarch feels that even the society of his brave Vaudois can as yet be of little avail, and he trusts that they will not deem him wanting in love and zeal towards them, if he postpones for a time his promised visit. In the meanwhile he recommends his lost child, the Princess Catherine, to their prayers, and orders that a mass be said for her soul in each church of his dominions. Thus far has the bleeding heart of the father spoken—now my reverend, my noble, brave, and loyal friends, mark the disinterestedness of the sovereign! Always alive to his people's welfare, always anxious for their amusement and recreation,—'Secure in their loyal participation in our distress,' says our noble prince, 'we do not wish to restrain our people's enjoyment, and therefore would not that they should be debarred those festivities which we had hoped to have shared with them. Deprived of this, it will yet be a solace to our affliction to know that they are happy.' His highness commands

further," continued the Governor, after a short pause, "that the gates of this castle be thrown open; and in pursuance of those orders, conveyed to me through his right reverend delegate, the Archbishop of Turin, I bid you once more welcome, my noble, gentle, and loyal guests, and here invite all who are so inclined to share the hospitality of the castle during the first four days of the coming week, desiring only that they commence by a solemn mass for the soul of the departed princess. We shall issue further notices to the Pays de Vaud, who are already, we believe, in readiness to repair to the castle, in the hope of doing homage to his highness, who consents to receive this grateful proof of their loyalty in the person of his ambassador, the noble and reverend Archbishop of Turin."

The Governor sat down amid a murmur of applause, mingled with expressions of disappointment and regret, which were stilled as the Prelate rose, and touched in a concise manner on the object which, he added, his noble friend had already most ably explained, and he concluded by pleading the fatigue of a long journey, and the melancholy nature of his errand, in excuse for retiring early from the festive board.

The whole company arose as the Archbishop left the room, accompanied by the Governor, and followed by his suite, and re-seated themselves to indulge their free observations on what they had just heard. We must, however, leave them, and accompany the two politicians into their retirement.

Our old friend Boniface was again in requisition to administer the spiced wine, and to head the domestics who bore the lighted flambeaux. The apartment destined for the reception of the Bishop was fitted up with great magnificence, in the costly and somewhat cumbrous fashion of the age, and on entering it, the Archbishop received with becoming dignity the silver cup from the hands of the Concierge, quaffed its palatable contents to the health of his noble host, and then dismissed his attendants, desiring his personal servant to wait in the ante-room. Left alone with the Governor, he asked, "Are we free from intrusion and curiosity, my lord?"

"Quite," he replied, drawing the massive bolt of a door that opened into the outer gallery; "neither prying eye nor ear can penetrate here."

"'Tis well, for I have much to ask and hear, and first let me demand news of the prisoners?"

"They are safe—that is for the moment; but the life of one draws near its close."

"Ah, the proud spirit of the Prior sinks at last!" said the Prelate, with evident satisfaction.

"O no! would it were so! I spoke of Rodolph de Wenden-

burg, not of Bonnivard; that man has a charmed life, an indomitable spirit that bears up against what would crush any other. Although unsupported by that mad enthusiasm, the demon of unbelief and falsehood, which whispers in the ear of the drivelling Knight of St. John, he supports captivity, privation, solitude, uncertainty, not only with resignation, but with cheerfulness. If his prison door were opened to-morrow, he would go out of it unchanged—the same champion of heresy and republicanism that he entered it. The Duke's clemency towards that man is inconceivable."

"To all but those who know as I do," said the priest, "that poor Charles of Savoy is as obstinate on some points as he is weak on others. My Lord of Brières, this is not the first time that we have met, and we are neither of us strangers to the secret opinion of the other; let us then mince our words and varnish our phrases no longer. All the world knows, Charles himself knows, and what is better, our own hearts know, that we are true and strong adherents to the House of Savoy even in her decay. Yes! I repeat in her decay, for she is already shaken to her foundations; and if this cursed spirit of anarchy and heresy spread further, she must fall—and what is worse, the church must fall too. Let us, therefore, no longer lull ourselves with vain hopes, or shield ourselves behind the thin veil of politic lenity, but boldly attack the plague-spot with the caustic and the knife, and if we cannot eradicate the hated disease, cut off its infection, by sacrificing the tainted to save the healthful."

"Would that he had listened to your wise counsels," said the Governor, "and early drawn the fangs of the serpent who has spit his venom over the half of Europe!"

"His Holiness was too disdainfully secure," observed the Prelate with irony; "immersed in pleasure and magnificence, surrounded by flatterers, the devoted worshipper of the fine arts, the descendant of the Florentine merchant thought more of collecting statues and paintings, than of keeping his hold on men's minds; more of aggrandising his plebeian family than of raising the papal dignity, or that of the church on which it is founded. None but a prince entirely unmindful of these could have hit on such an expedient as he did to supply his exhausted resources, at a time, too, when men's jealousies were awakened respecting the claims of the church—at a time when the dangerous discovery of the art of printing had given a free vent to men's thoughts, and let inquiry loose.

"The extravagance and cupidity of this magnificent virtuoso has, by his miserable traffic in indulgences, caused our holy church to stink in the nostrils of the heathen."

"Ay," said the Governor, "but for this impolitic step, the Monk of Erfurth and his rebel train would never have found an entrance into the sanctuary."

"And even when the rent was made," continued the Archbishop, the veins of his forehead swelling, and his eyes glowing with anger, "instead of filling it with the bodies of the daring invaders, the Vatican exchanged its thunders for a mean whine of clemency. I fear all we can now do will be too little; but that little must at all risks be tried. We must begin to rebuild the walls of our church, and cement them with the blood of heretics."

"Ay, let it flow!" replied the Governor, "and cool the fever that maddens the nations."

"But how to use the lancet judiciously," said the Prelate, his anger subsiding into thoughtfulness; "here lies the skill and the difficulty. I am no advocate for profuse and indiscriminate blood-letting; I would spill as little as possible, but it should be of the richest kind. I would not stain the axe with that of the common herd, driving them, as a flock of sheep, to the slaughter-house. Had I been the Pontiff of Rome, I would have made an example of the Monk of Erfurth; and were I Charles, I would long ere this have dragged the Prior of St. Victor from his dungeon, and shaken the confidence men have placed in his charmed life, by as public an execution."

"Here, alas!" said the Governor, "our hands are tied—no hair of his head must fall. Our master wills it thus. You must, therefore, devise the best means of making an example of his fellow-prisoner, the renegade Knight of St. John."

"Is there any chance of recantation?" asked the Prelate. "That is the most efficacious method of working on men's minds; but we must guard against reaction, for subsequent repentance more than mars the impression which the first concession has made. Do you think that either promises or threats would have effect?"

"None," said the Governor with emphasis. "The torture has already been tried until the whole frame has been disjointed, but the evil spirit gains strength as the body decays."

The Bishop was silent for a few minutes, during which he walked up and down the apartment, then reseating himself he said, "You spoke of his feebleness, do you think he could be supported by strong nourishment and medicine to bear a public trial?"

"He might—I am not sure, but I will consult the leech. To confess the truth, Rodolph de Wendenberg has such power over all that approach him, that I have not dared to trust any one but his jailer to come within its witchcraft influence. *His* tough

hide I believed impenetrable to any dart, even of Satan himself —but I now begin to suspect ——"

"Have you any suspicions of the leech's tenderness of conscience?" interrupted the Prelate.

"None on earth, my dear lord; the man would as soon administer a sleeping potion to a prisoner, as he would cut the throat of a worn-out dog."

"Then why fear him?"

"Partly because the knight has, as I have said before, a charm of witchcraft about him, and partly that the leech has a mind of bold inquiry. But trust him we must, lest, whilst we deliberate, the patient die."

"I should rather apprehend the man of science might imbibe more seducing dogmas from your other distinguished prisoner," observed the Prelate.

"One would naturally reason thus, but strange as it may seem, this crack-brained enthusiast has proved a far more dangerous enemy to our church than even the learned and eloquent Prior of St. Victor."

"Beaufort," said the priest, "those who have looked deeply into men's minds can give you a reason for the seeming inconsistency. The renegade Rodolph is, as you justly observe, an enthusiast—a crazy devotee, and it is this that renders him powerful and dangerous; since, if we dazzle and blind the multitude, it will not be with the calm steady light of reason, but with the wild-fire of excitement and novelty. I must, however, see both these extraordinary men, and try what I can do to induce them to recant; such an event would have the happiest influence on the public mind, which at this moment, we cannot conceal from ourselves is full of the most unfortunate presages." The Governor now rose. "Stay a moment," said his companion, "I have one more question to ask—what brings the Chevalier Di Rossi hither? I thought he had hidden his heresy in the court of that evangelical Sappho, Margueritte of Navarre, the day's eye of France."

"Say rather hemlock, nightshade, or the deadly aconite!" said the Governor, with a warmth that startled his companion; "the world has never gone right since women laid aside the distaff and seized the pen. Your lordship is aware," he continued, in a milder tone, "that I have known Di Rossi from his childhood, although until the other day, when he came to the castle at the express command of the Duke, I had not seen him for some years. He was the playmate and early friend of my lamented son."

"And the world has given your fair daughter to him."

"Happily the world cannot dispose of a child's hand without the parent's will."

"But a child may dispose of her heart with little deference to either," replied the wily priest, fixing his penetrating eye on him.

"'Tis false, my lord!" returned the irritated father; "my daughter is ——"

"As fair and wise as any maiden of her age—nay, by the testimony of all who have seen the Lady Beatrice, she is a jewel of the first water, and, therefore, with her proud domains, too rich a prize to fall into the hands of the heretic Di Rossi."

"I repeat again that my daughter ——"

"One moment's patience, De Beaufort! these early impressions are generally deep and lasting—nay, hear me," pursued the Prelate, laying his hand on the arm of his companion; "we must try and combat them by a counter-attraction; it is the wish of our Prince, as well as that of every true friend of the church, to see the noble houses of Brières and Blonay united."

"I know it is," replied the Governor, withdrawing his thoughts with a painful effort from the suspicions which the Bishop had renewed; "it is mine too, and when she knows my wishes, it will be my daughter's also. The Count has already demanded her hand, but I have forborne to press his suit until she has had some opportunity of judging of his merits."

"You are right, De Blonay has only need to be known in order to be valued; still, as Di Rossi has the same advantages of person, manners, and education, we must not give an opportunity for early impressions to deepen—since, celebat as I am, you must forgive me if I judge the wishes of a parent to be an insufficient counterbalance for their influence."

The Governor reddened, and said hastily, "There are others to whom Di Rossi's influence may be more hurtful than to my daughter, my lord; and as true sons of the church, I think we are bound to use every means to prevent his doing further mischief."

The wily priest saw that his charm had worked, and easily penetrated the thin veil which the pride of the father had thrown over the true cause of his hatred to the object of his jealousy. He was, however, too deep a politician to endeavour to remove it, satisfied that the Governor was now prepared to take any measure he might propose for the removal of the object of their mutual ill-will. "Yes," he said, "your suggestion is a good one: I have noticed Di Rossi's close intimacy with the old Baron de Vionnay, and the deference paid to him by many of our younger nobles. This poison must not be allowed to work—but how to prevent it is the question."

"We have safe and quiet lodging here in the castle," said the Governor, speaking low, and bending towards his companion, who answered quietly, "Ay, I know it, and spiced food —but it will not do, Antoine de Beaufort! I have sounded the Duke already on the subject, but he has some weak yearnings here too—some drivelling nonsense about the friend of his son. Moreover, I hate private executions, and have no ill-will towards the young man, but as concerns his heresy, and his presumption in aspiring to your daughter's hand."

"A short detention, until that is disposed of, would surely do no harm."

"A great deal, unless you could find some tangible reason to justify it, in which case alone I could lend my sanction to it—for instance, if this charge of heresy could be substantiated, he would then be the prisoner of the church, and not of Savoy."

"An admirable suggestion; and how would you carry it out?" asked the Governor eagerly.

"Are all his attendants staunch, think you? If you could find a trusty agent to tamper with them, something might be elicited to condemn him; have you such an one—secret, wily, and trustworthy?"

"I think I know the villain you describe, one who would sell his soul for gold."

"Then let it not be spared, nor time lost in securing him," said the priest, rising.

"I will speak to him immediately, and now take my leave of your lordship, commending you to your pillow, and a night of undisturbed rest."

Rest! The wicked cannot rest! so says the word of inspiration, and the heart of the ambitious, the avaricious, and the voluptuous, makes the same confession!

The Governor of Chillon, though he had closed the door of his private apartment, and dismissed his attendant, could not *rest*. The hints which the Bishop had thrown out regarding his daughter filled him with indescribable horror and fury, and he determined at once to prove their truth by proposing to her either to accept the hand of the Count de Blonay, or to retire into a nunnery, but—for some yearnings of affection still remained in his selfish heart—he hoped the opportunities afforded her of becoming acquainted with her suitor's merits might more than counterbalance the prepossessions of early youth in favour of his rival. Ringing a small silver bell which lay on his table, he desired Bertoldo to be summoned. The reader has already heard the name of this man. He was a small meagre figure, with a few grizzled locks growing sparingly over the sides of

his high and almost conical forehead—a baldness strangely contrasting with a pair of bushy eyebrows, that almost concealed his small and twinkling grey eyes. His nose was long and hooked, and his thin lips, drawn over his prominent jaw, were so closely compressed as though they would deny all utterance to his opinions and feelings. His sole idol was gold, and to gain that he did not scruple to perform the most detestable bidding of all who paid him. He had it was supposed, amassed large sums of the treasures of iniquity, but no one could imagine how they were disposed of, as his whole appearance was that of extreme poverty, and he lived at the expense of his employer. There were two persons in the castle whose offices he coveted, and whom he on that account envied and hated. These offices, however seemingly incompatible, he had at different times filled, and in his mean notions he imagined they might be united. Before Cottier's arrival, he had occupied his apartments, and occasionally waited as a lacquey on his young mistress; he therefore considered the page as an usurper of his rights, and against Lenoir, he had some grudges of a longer standing, which rendered him still more an object of his hatred. As vassals of Brières, they had served in the same hand, and although they had both received many solid proofs of their captain's generosity, the daring bravery of the one had gained him more general respect, and more external testimony of the Sire de Beaufort's favour, than he ventured to show to the sneaking villain who acted as his spy and informer. The pride of the father might have prevented his placing his daughter under the same surveillance as the meaner objects of his jealousy, had not the cunning Bertoldo informed him, with a vaunt of his fidelity, of every particular of his meeting with the Chevalier di Rossi in the forest, and rendered him desirous to profit by his future vigilance. Most fully had he merited this confidence, and the Governor drew from him information as unexpected as it was acceptable. We will not detail the particulars of these disclosures, since they consisted principally of what we have already related regarding Beatrice and her companions, their meeting with Di Rossi at the hermitage, and the subsequent rescue of Lenoir's children by Michael Cottier.

"And how did you discover what must have passed in secret between the chevalier and my daughter's page?" demanded the Governor.

"Soft and fairly, my lord!" said the wretch, his little grey eyes twinkling beneath their bushy brows, whilst he rubbed his bony hands together with the malicious triumph of a demon; "I do not demand Lenoir's keys until I have proved his unworthiness

to bear them, nor do I wish to occupy the young heretic's bed, until I show how to provide him with a warmer one elsewhere; you may trust Bertoldo for not doing things by halves."

"With regard to Lenoir," said the Governor thoughtfully, "I have long seen that he is tired of his office. I would rather, therefore, that we could induce him voluntarily to resign it, than deprive him of it in an uncourteous manner; he has served me faithfully, and I would reward him accordingly,—indeed, I have already, at his own request, used my influence with the Count de Blonay to procure for him a lodge, and the post of forester."

Here the subject of the conversation entered on his nightly rounds. The Governor beckoned him to approach, and as Bertoldo left the room, he said with assumed kindness, "You look ill, Lenoir, I fear your employment does not agree with you as well as it formerly did."

"It does not, my lord—as a man gets on in years, and the internal heat diminishes, he has need of more sun and light without. To spend one's youth in the wars, and one's age in a dungeon, is hard work and scanty pay."

"Ah, I see thou art hankering after the bucks in my Lord of Blonay's forests!"

"I long for liberty there or anywhere, my lord, almost as much as my poor captives; yet as your highness once hinted that affairs cannot last long as they are, methinks I would not that any one else should open those doors that I have so long barred on them."

"Oh, as to that, I will promise thee that no one else shall set them at liberty. But lay down thy keys; it is late, and we will talk of these matters another time."

As Lenoir placed the ponderous load beneath the Governor's pillow, he felt an assurance that he should not long be called on to wield it, and however he rejoiced at his own probable emancipation, he would willingly have retained the distasteful office, rather than resign it into the hands of Bertoldo. A great change had taken place in the character and conduct of Lenoir. It had pleased the Holy Spirit to touch his heart through the instrumentality of his chosen servants, the prisoners of Chillon. The firm endurance and cheerful fortitude of Bonnivard had at first commanded his respect, and at length gained his affections. Accustomed either to the weak complaints, the sullen despair, or the wild resentment of his captives, he was astonished to see one, who had lost so much, bear his heavy privations so cheerfully. By degrees he lingered in the cell, was encouraged to speak of the events of his former rude life, and to listen to the honied eloquence that hung on his captive's lip. His ferocious nature became civilized, and his mind freed from many of his

former prejudices; but it was left to the christian graces of the knight to deepen the impression which was thus made on his once obdurate heart, and to induce him to cry out with his fellow-jailer, "What shall I do to be saved?" His plans were yet undefined; he had much to learn, and moreover he felt deeply grieved at the thought that those men to whom his soul was now so powerfully knit, might suffer from the substitution of the cruel Bertoldo. Agitated by a thousand conflicting feelings hitherto unknown to him—sorrow, contrition, repentance, and pity, the poor penitent passed as restless a night as his guilty employer. But oh, the difference in their conditions! the one abhorring his sins and asking for pardon—the other persisting in iniquity, and devising further mischief. Amongst other thoughts, Cottier's desire of his services came into Lenoir's mind, and with it the determination of seeking an explanation with him. "Perhaps," he thought, "the young man may have a friend amongst the prisoners—perhaps he may be bringing them consolation or hope! My time is short," he said, as he left his bed at day-break, "and I will make the most of it. O that I could in any way make amends for my past heavy misdeeds!"

The Archbishop had a long interview the next morning with his host, which concluded with these words, "Times of great emergency require prompt decision and vigorous execution; whilst others would perhaps deliberate, we must act. In the meantime, let these childish amusements proceed, whilst we organize the last act of the drama. The trial of the knight will form a striking finale, and will send the sturdy Vaudois barons home to their fortresses with a befitting reverence for the authority of the Church."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PROPOSAL.

Thy love is purity—thy soul
A deep and quiet cell,
Where all affections, in control
Of faith and meekness dwell. ANON.

THERE is a gallery still extant at Chillon, which, looking on one side into the court of the castle, is defended on the other by a wall pierced with loopholes. Near these, in the ancient mode of warfare, before gunpowder was discovered, stood the archers, who formed the principal strength of such fortresses.

These openings, no longer used for defence or attack, still admit the same beautiful view of the lake, the opposite mountains of Savoy, and the little towns clustered at their base; and there is a small watch-tower at one end, through whose stone arches is discerned as lovely a one of the steep wooded sides of the Sanschaud, which formed a natural barrier to this once impregnable castle. This rampart was the favourite walk of the Lady Beatrice, since here she was allowed to enjoy the evening air with her attendants, unmolested by the presence of the sentinels, who were ordered to retire to a distance at her approach.

"Here I can breathe," said she, on the morning after her father's return; "here, in the presence of this glorious sun, these mountains, and yonder clear lake, I feel relieved from the load that oppressed me whilst confined within. Now, Rose, tell me how you found our invalid?"

"Better, my lady,—nay, quite well, he says, but his looks contradict his words. He hopes, however, to-morrow to leave his chamber and resume his services."

"Alas, poor youth! would he were safe without these walls—I had almost said, that he had never entered them—but he was, assuredly, sent here for our best interests, and we shall bless him in eternity for the holy truths he has taught us. Didst thou caution him against that sordid Bertoldo? Methinks the leech might have found him a kinder nurse."

"There were many who would gladly have undertaken the office. Good Monsieur Boniface desired it greatly, and my cousin Fanchette, the mother of the rescued children, begged hard to be allowed to attend on him."

"Well!" said Beatrice, with a deep sigh, "I ought to know that all this anxiety is vain, and that our heavenly Father will take a tenderer care than we can of His children; and one so truly His as this angelic boy, should rather be an object of our emulation than our pity. I cannot, nevertheless, forbear repeating the wish, that he and Di Rossi could be prevailed on to leave the castle."

"If you were to urge the chevalier to do so, dear lady?"

"What opportunity have I, surrounded as we are by spies?" answered Beatrice; "unless, indeed, I might find one in the crowd next week: but at present let us think only of this poor youth."

"Ay, dear lady, that is what I too feel to be the nearest. The chevalier is powerful, and his friends more powerful still, to help him; whilst this poor lad has none but those who may stand in need of assistance themselves. May I not go to him, and urge him to fly?"

"Nay, stay! it will be useless just now to urge it—he is at

present unable to bear the fatigue of flight, even if we could find the means; besides, thou knowest well that nothing will induce him voluntarily to leave the castle until he has effected his sole purpose in entering it."

"True, madam!" said Rosette, mournfully; "but do you not think that some means might be devised for procuring for him an interview with the Prior?" They were silent some moments, and she continued, "If I were to seek Lenoir, and try and persuade him to take Master Michael into the dungeons!"

"Alas! dear girl, as well may we hope to interest the waves that murmur round it!"

"I am not so despairing! Remember, dear lady, that his wife is my cousin, and will do all she can. Master Michael, too, saved his children's lives, and wild and hard as he may be, he loves his own flesh and blood. He is changed, too, of late, my cousin told me so herself; and whenever I meet him there is a sort of lingering, as if he wished to speak to me. I might, without suspicion, just run down and ask for the children; their dwelling is not a stone's throw from the garden wall."

"There is reason in thy speech, girl," said Beatrice, "and hope in thy purposed undertaking. Go, then, and may success attend thee."

Beatrice lingered a little longer on her favourite rampart, ere she returned to her apartment, where, to her infinite dismay, she found her father seated at the table on which she remembered to have left the book lent her by the Chevalier di Rossi, and that his name was inscribed on the title-page. A rapid glance informed her that it had been removed, and the dark frown that clouded the Governor's countenance told her too plainly by whom. She started, and turned pale.

"Does the sight of your father alarm you, Beatrice?" said he, with much asperity. "There was a time when you ran to throw your arms around his neck, instead of thus shrinking from his presence."

"Dearest father!" said she, but she trembled as she spoke, "and so I do still, and I trust you will give me your blessing." She knelt down, as was then customary, and took his hand, which he passively suffered her to kiss. "You will pardon this involuntary movement of surprise at finding a guest in my apartments, into which so few intrude!"

"Intrude! Beatrice,—you have a strange manner of expressing yourself. You will not, however, have long to complain of too much retirement; next week our gates will be thrown open, and the Lady Beatrice de Beaufort will be the queen of the revels. I trust she will do her best as the representative of our gracious Duchess."

"I will, and my dearest father will not, I hope, have to blush for his daughter."

"Come," said the Governor, relaxing somewhat, "this is well promised. But tell me, I conjure thee," he continued, as he drew her towards him and imprinted a kiss on her pale brow,—"tell me what ails thee, my child! why this dejection? I ask thee as a father, not a judge."

The poor girl was entirely overcome. She had expected reproach, threats, nay, even punishment, anything but affection and gentleness, and throwing herself into her father's arms, hid her face on his shoulder in an agony of uncontrollable emotion.

"Look up!" he said, attempting to raise her; "why these tears?" Why this inexplicable distress?"

"What is it you would know, dear father?" said she, making a powerful effort; "ask me, and I will answer with truth and openness."

She disengaged herself from her father's arms, and taking a seat near him, awaited his reply with a fervent prayer for strength from above to hear and bear it.

"I ask you, Beatrice," said the father, taking both her hands, and fixing his penetrating regards on her, "whether the heavy dejection that too evidently hangs on your heart and conscience, does not proceed from your having bestowed your affections and your troth without your father's sanction, and on one whom you believe he would not deem worthy of them?"

"My father," said Beatrice, raising her eyes to meet his earnest look; "I answer you as in the presence of Heaven, that I have pledged my troth to no one—that I solemnly promise you never to do so without your consent, and, if it so please you, I will bind myself to remain ever near you, and to contract no other tie."

"I am so far from exacting this, my dear child," said the Governor, still but half assured, "that much as I value your love and society, I would not engross them at such a price. Already has your hand been demanded by many suitors, and I now come expressly to propose one, whose unexceptionable pretensions are supported by the approbation of your sovereign, as well as the earnest wishes of your father: need I name the Count de Blonay?"

Beatrice was in some measure prepared for this, and she calmly replied, "The Count de Blonay should meet with something beyond esteem from the woman he honours with his choice, and more than that I cannot return for it."

"Pshaw! nonsense!" exclaimed the Governor, rising; "is not that as much as any modest demoisel is expected to feel for the husband her father proposes to her,—provided she have con-

tracted no other engagement? You have assured me you have *not*—but words are mere air, if deeds do not prove their weight."

"My father," said Beatrice, with gentle seriousness, whilst the colour of offended truth rose to her cheeks, "never, from the first moment that I learnt to discern right from wrong, has a wilful falsehood passed my lips, even in sport,—will you, then, believe that, when so solemnly adjured, I could have uttered one? Your little Beatrice used to be the darling of your heart, —why drive her from you?"

"My dear child," replied the Governor, impatiently, "have I not already told thee, and dost thou not thyself feel, that a fortress is an improper situation for thee?"

"O let us then retire to our paternal domains! there let us find our own happiness in promoting that of all around! I would willingly promise never to stray from its beloved shades, for the gay world has no charms for me."

"Thou wouldest make an excellent nun, Beatrice!" said the father, affecting an indifference of manner, whilst he opened one of the casements. "The abbess of a rich establishment, with a large number of vassals attached to it, whom thou mightest clothe, and nourish, and succour at will. Have I, perchance, forgotten to tell thee that thy ancient friend, the good dame supérieure of the Abbey of Santa Clara, is at last gone to her beatitude? I am called upon to name her successor,—'tis, as we well know, a lovely spot—a post of great honour and usefulness. I don't know how I shall decide between the rival candidates for the situation. There is scarcely a noble family in Savoy that has not put in a claim—the young, the rich, the beautiful—all eager for the preference." The Governor stopped between each encomium on the coveted honour, as if expecting a comment from his auditor, but Beatrice continuing silent, he turned abruptly towards her, and said, "Hast thou any desire to take the veil, Beatrice? Wilt thou accept the responsible and honourable situation?"

The moment of confession appeared at hand, and the courage of Beatrice increased with the demand made on it. Her colour mounted to her cheeks, and the timid shrinking girl assumed an air of indescribable dignity, as she answered, "Never, my father, never! sooner would I be immured within the walls of the darkest dungeon, than those of a convent; sooner, yea, more thankfully, would I lay my head on the block, than pronounce vows, which are as repugnant to my taste, as they are contrary to my conscience!"

The father bit his lip with anger and disappointment, but he felt the policy of dissembling, and added, with a smile which had in it more of bitter irony than he intended to express, "Why,

my little Beatrice, thou art like a queen of romance! what boots this violent refusal of what was offered thee but in sport? Did I not come purposely to lay at thy feet the homage of the finest young cavalier that has graced the world since he of Baynard departed from it, and thou puttest thyself into a high fever of declamation against the vows of a nun! I came to woo thee not as Heaven's, but De Blonay's bride, and now sue for thy reply."

"If I might petition for a few days' delay, my lord," said she. "It is your will that I should appear as your daughter at the approaching festival, and that I should therefore take a prominent part in the gay pageant. I would, then, as far as circumstances permit, do so with a disengaged mind, and therefore pray you to waive all further discussion of these embarrassing subjects, until we are once more left alone, and have time for their consideration."

"I am willing, as far as is reasonable, to oblige thee, Beatrice," said the father; "but I see no need of any embarrassment or indecision in the affair: one thing I must, however, exact, that you receive the Count de Blonay in public as the suitor approved by your father, and that at the end of these days of company and amusement you allow him to plead his own suit."

"I will!" said Beatrice, solemnly; "and yet more, I promise to accept him as the husband of your choice, if, after further acquaintance, he still persist in urging that suit!"

The Governor embraced his daughter, and acknowledged he was satisfied; and he would fain have persuaded himself that he ought to be so; but well aware that she was as much above caprice as she was incapable of deception, there was that in her manner which created a vague anxiety, which he could not shake off. He thought it better to let the subject drop at present, and remained a few minutes talking on common topics; but it was an equal relief both to him and Beatrice, when Rosette appeared at the door. She would have drawn back immediately, had he not bid her return.

"I shall begin to imagine there is something very frightful about me!" he exclaimed, gaily. "Here is your young lady, too, as much alarmed as if I were some ugly magician who had proposed an ogre to her for a husband! Well, maiden!" he continued, in his most gracious manner, "is the flag finished, and the shooting pouch ready filled with ducats? I dare to say, without thy confession, that thou hast put up many a vow to St. Chrysostom, the especial friend of boatmen, that it may fall into favoured hands."

"No, my lord," said Rosette, blushing, "I have made no vow on the occasion, and my only wish is, that those who best merit

the prizes may gain them, and then I am sure they will not be carried to the other side of the lake."

"Why, thou saucy jade! dost thou imagine that no one can shoot an arrow, or handle an oar, but your clumsy Vaudois? But tell me, now, how dost thou like the new gear that is arrived from Paris for thy young lady? I charge thee, let her be well coiffed, and that she disgrace neither her breeding nor her tire-woman."

"There is no fear, my lord, but my young mistress will be the fairest, and best attired lady present."

"No small boast that either," said the Governor, who seemed much inclined to expatiate on the subject; "for I can tell thee, there will be many a fair and richly adorned dame and demoisel in the merry group."

"That there will be, no doubt, my lord, but no rival for my lady."

"In thine eyes, perhaps; but what sayest thou of the young Countess de Vionnay?"

"She is comely, but has a haughty mien."

"The fair daughter of the Baron de Hauteville?"

"A pretty little lady, and withal, gentle and well-nurtured."

"The portly dame of Argonville?"

"Ah, my lord! now you mean to make sport of me."

"Well, well! to be serious; what thinkest thou of the sister of the Count de Blonay, the lady Blanche?"

"She is passing fair, but—"

"But what?" said the Governor hastily; "thou canst not find a but here."

"O no!" replied Rosette; "it does not become such as me to talk of my superiors. Will your Excellency please to look at the jewels? the new setting is of rare device, and curious workmanship."

"Not now," said the great man, whose good-humour seemed again overcast; "I have already lost too much time in trifling;" and then, after bidding his daughter good-night, he left the room.

Beatrice's first question was, if Rosette had removed Di Rossi's book? and she read her answer in the girl's alarmed countenance.

"Then my father has taken it," she said, "for it was on the table when I left the apartment, and on my return it had disappeared."

"We are lost!" exclaimed Rosette; "is not the chevalier's name on the title-page, dear lady?"

"It is, and I felt assured, from the first glance at my father's angry looks, that he had possessed himself of it."

The lady now related to her confidential attendant the purport

of her father's visit, and demanded in return the history of her's to the cottage of Lenoir.

"I did not find the man himself at home," she began, "but remained a little time talking to his wife, hearing her implore blessings on the preserver of her children, and return thanks for the change wrought in her husband. She says he is quite an altered man of late. Instead of remaining all the day at the castle drinking with the soldiers, and returning home to vent his ill-humour on her and his children, he now employs his whole leisure time in cultivating their garden, and in assisting her to teach the little ones. Since the accident, he is always offering up thanks for their preservation, and talking of Master Michael's bravery and goodness. Well, dear Madam, as I was returning home, pondering on all this, whom should I meet but Lenoir himself. His first inquiry was for the page. I told him he was still ailing, and that I did not think he would ever be well whilst he remained in the castle, and then he said, eagerly, 'Why do you not urge him to quit it? and why do not you and your young lady quit it too? If I dared speak out, I could tell you what good reasons I have for wishing to send that young man away.' I thought this was a good time to beg him to speak to him, and hear what he had to say. On this Lenoir was silent awhile, and then said, 'I know you are a prudent girl, and will make no remarks on what I am going to say, but I dare not speak a word to Monsieur Cottier whilst he is in his present apartment; if he were to come out on the rampart whilst my lady and you are there, and the sentinel at a distance, I might find an opportunity of saying somewhat.' Now, my dear lady," continued Rosette, "I hope you will not deem me rash, but I knew how important it was to save time, and how dangerous delay was to us all, so I ventured to confide to Lenoir the reason that detained Master Michael in the castle, and to urge him, in consideration of what the poor youth had risked to save his children, to risk a little to oblige him, and perhaps save his life in return. 'You need not say anything to me on this subject,' said Lenoir, 'for I should deem the loss of my place nothing to save him; but it is the fear of jeoparding *his* life that makes me hesitate. However, nobody knows better than I do the danger he is already in, so I will think on all the possible ways I can to oblige him first, and get him away after; and to-morrow evening, if it please God! you shall find me in the little watch-tower, and hear my answer.'"

"You have acted, dear Rose," said Beatrice, "with kindness and discretion, and we must leave the event to Providence."

The next evening Cottier was recovered sufficiently to leave his room, and accompany his young mistress and Rosette to the

gallery; he looked pale, but appeared calm, and almost cheerful. Beatrice informed him of the hopes she entertained of procuring an interview for him with Bonnivard, and exacted a promise to leave the castle as soon as his mission was fulfilled; she also begged that he would convey her entreaties to the chevalier di Rossi to quit it also, and return immediately to Navarre. After much consultation, it was finally arranged that the two fugitives should go, if possible, together to Geneva, and take Dulait with them, that he might convey to Rosette, on his return, the intelligence of their safe arrival.

"I shall see the chevalier to-night," said Cottier, "for he has kindly visited me since I have been confined to my bed, and I will inform him of our arrangements."

"What I most fear, dear Michael," said Beatrice, "is that thou art not yet sufficiently recovered to bear the journey."

"Fear not for me, dear lady," said the youth; "I am quite well now. How grateful is this evening breeze after my short confinement! How glorious the setting sun! how beautiful the face of nature! O what must captivity be! It seems to me that I could not support it for one day, and yet it *is* to be borne for years."

"By the contemplation of an eternity which swallows up and annihilates time," said Beatrice.

"I am almost inclined to think," replied Cottier, "that even this powerful consideration would be insufficient, were it not that a double portion of grace and endurance is granted to all who seek it in times of trial; otherwise those long solitary hours that suffering swells to days, must overwhelm the captive with despair."

"Dear Monsieur Michael, do not talk thus—you will make us all wretched!" said Rosette, her eyes filling with tears, as she looked on his pale countenance, and remarked the increased delicacy of his form.

"I must speak thus, Rosette," he replied—"I must accustom you to look calmly on the trials that will come on us, whilst I point out a remedy, or a balm. I want you to be able to say, when you hear of suffering or sorrow overtaking those you love, that they are in the hands of One, who, if He wound, will also bind up. I want to strengthen your faith, not to blunt your affections. I do not presume to speak prophetically, but from a certainty drawn from the peculiar circumstances of the times, that those who embrace the tenets of a reformed church, and a spiritual mode of life, do it at the peril of all that the people of this world hold most dear."

"When I see you thus ready to make every sacrifice, dear Michael," said Beatrice, "I feel ashamed of my own weakness;

yet I believe if those I value were safe, I could calmly contemplate my future fate."

Here the poor Rosette, whose bright yet tearful eye, whose firm yet affectionate spirit, might well portray the christian virtue of hope, ventured to breathe her gentle aspirations of comfort, and bid her mourning companions "look to better times."

"Not here on earth, dear Rose," said Cottier, with a melancholy smile. "Must I always be to you like a bird of ill omen, and remind you of evil? Yet we learn to bear it better by looking on it as inevitable, since those who fear no attack, will make no preparation of defence."

"May God help us in our extremity!" said Beatrice, "for none but He can!"

"And He *will* help us," replied Cottier, "but it will be in his own manner, and at his own time."

The little band of trembling, yet trusting, Christians, thus conversing, heeded not the lateness of the hour, when a dark figure, whom they nevertheless recognized to be that of Lenoir, passing them, said, in a low voice, to Cottier, "Come to me tomorrow night in the cemetery, near the tomb of the Count Pierre, and prepare to leave the castle without returning to your apartment."

The words passed as a knell over the ears of Beatrice and Rosette, but Michael hailed the invitation as the completion of his long cherished desire—a desire that had mingled in his prayers—had filled his waking thoughts and nightly dreams; and he turned to his companions with a radiant smile, saying, "Is not that the call of Heaven?"

"I trust it is, dear Michael, and that it calls thee for some good end; but I feel the danger thou incurrest, and can scarcely consent that thou shouldest obey it; yet go, my friend, my beloved christian companion, our friend, our guide, our monitor, our staff! In life or death, I know thou must be blest! and take with thee the only earthly consolation that poor Beatrice can offer thee—that whilst she lives, thy mother shall not be childless."

Tears choked her voice, and the poor youth, at once overcome with grief at leaving his beloved companions, and joy at the near completion of his ardently desired project, could only kiss the hands of his weeping friends, breathe a fervent benediction, and hurry down the staircase, to hide his overpowering emotion in the solitude of his own chamber.

"I shall at length see my benefactor," he said to himself! "I shall fulfil the dying injunctions of my father. I shall, I trust, return to Geneva, and bear the news of Bonnivard's safety, the secret of his prison, to the mourning city. My mother will welcome her boy, and rejoice in his success!"

And then visions of brightness floated before his mind's eye: he beheld the lake covered with proud galleys, he heard the shout of the victor, and saw the chains of the captive knocked off. The lofty form of Di Rossi was foremost in the rescuing group, and he beheld Beatrice's soft look of heavenly charity, and Rosette's bright smile. A knock at the door dissolved the vision, and one of its principal figures stood before him, in the person of Di Rossi.

"I have come with difficulty," he said, "and can stay but a few moments, for I dare not absent myself from the hall. Tell me, dear boy, how fares it?"

Cottier here related all that the reader is already acquainted with, accompanying his narration with Beatrice's urgent entreaty, that he would consent to the proposed arrangement for their leaving the castle, accompanying him to Geneva, and proceeding from thence to the court of the Queen of Navarre.

"And leave her, unprotected, in the hand of the infidel?" said the chevalier.

"We leave her, with the other captives, in the hand of God, dear sir."

"I know it, and I ought better to feel it. But how can I quit this place, in which the Duke commanded me to wait his arrival."

"The Duke does not come to Chillon; and if you would pardon my presumption, I would venture to suggest your return to Queen Margueritte as the best means of providing for the safety of the Lady Beatrice, and perhaps opening the door of Bonnivard's prison."

"Thou reasonest well, Michael! I will make all necessary arrangements with Lenoir and the young Vaudois guide, and trust to rejoin you after to-morrow, under the free canopy of heaven."

"And its gracious protection," said the young Christian.

"Ay, without that we should——but I hear a footstep on the stair. Farewell, dear boy! I leave these to thy bright hope."

The intruder was fortunately no other than the Concierge, who, aware of the risk he incurred, and taking the liberty which early acquaintance gave him, bid the chevalier depart, with as little ceremony as he was wont, when, as a boy, he trespassed, with his young friend De Beaufort, on the forbidden hoards of Dame Ursula's store-room. "Get ye gone! get ye gone, young master! the supper is served, and his Excellency will not be pleased to find you missing; we shall have that sneaking fellow Bertoldo to seek you, if he sees your seat void. Well, Master Michael," continued the simple-hearted creature, as the chevalier left the room, "you may well stare at seeing me at such a busy time! but I have put all the flagons in order, and have given the charge

of them to Marco, well knowing that these gentlemen will care very little who bears it, provided the wine be good. I feared that churl Bertoldo might neglect you, so I have brought you something nice. Here, eat these confections, they will do you good, and these ripe grapes will cool fever." Cottier received the good man's gifts with gratitude. "Now that is nice!" said he, as he seated himself near the youth, picking out for him, from time to time, the ripest fruit. "I know all young folks like these kind of things, and they are fittest for them; it is, however, a taste that, like many others, changes in after life, and I now like the strong and the savoury better than the sweet—not that I am given to drinking and gormandizing. But you are looking very thin, Master Michael: I don't think the air of this place agrees with you, a whit better than it does with our young lady. Ah, if you had seen her when we were in our castle in Italy! why she was as fresh as a rose, and as nimble as a fawn!—the light of every eye, the joy of every heart."

"When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her," said Cottier, emphatically.

"Why, that is exactly what I wanted to say of her," said the old man, his eyes filling with tears; "repeat it, Master Cottier." Ere his request could be complied with, a step in the corridor made the Concierge start, and drawing his chair nearer his companion, he said, "I wish I could get you lodged elsewhere, and I hope I may when all these fine people have left the château; but at present there is not room for a mouse, should one cross the moat, and ask for a hole to creep into."

"Why do you dislike this room?" asked Cottier, remembering Lenoir's caution respecting it; "is there any particular history attached to it?"

"Why, as to that, young master, it would be perhaps difficult to find one in the château that has not some ugly story belonging thereunto. An old building that has served so many years as a prison of state, must have witnessed many a deed of secrecy and shame."

"But what is the legend of my chamber, good Signor Confetti? a ghost and a murder, of course."

"No, young man, not absolutely the one nor the other, though very near both, seeing the murder was intended, and the spirit—"

"Nay, begin at the right end, I pray you!" said Cottier, who had his own reasons for the request.

"Well, then," said the Concierge, delighted to grant it, "my story concerns a young man who was heir to broad lands and great tresures: but as his father was dead, he was left under the guardianship of a cruel uncle, who wanted to inherit them himself, and therefore, giving out that he was dead, shut him up in

this very room, issuing strict orders that no one should approach it, and carrying the key of it always about him. Every morning he visited it himself, in the hope of finding his nephew dead, instead of which, each day he observed that he was fresher and fatter than the last, and yet he knew no human being had given him aught to eat. Well, he set a watch, and in the middle of the night they saw a marvellous light proceed from the top of the room, and they beheld the ceiling open, and the Virgin herself descend and present the young man with a honeycomb of the most wonderful sweetness, and such fragrance as filled the room with its scent."

"Do you imagine there is any place of concealment in this chamber?" asked Cottier.

"That I cannot answer for," replied the old man; "but they say, and I believe it to be true, that there is not one in the building that may not some how be entered from the apartments of the Duke; and they say, also," he added, lowering his voice, "that there are those who know how to take advantage thereof. But you are looking pale and tired, Master Michael, and it is time you were in bed, and I at my post, so good night! and may the holy saints watch over you!"

"There is One far more powerful, into whose protection I unhesitatingly commit myself, and to whom, casting aside all other vain reliance, I would address you, dear, kind Monsieur Boniface."

"Ah, I understand, our blessed Lady—well, you cannot be in better hands, and if she bring you any of her marvellous honeycomb, remember to save a taste for me." Saying this, ere Cottier could reply, he had quitted his room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

May God in Heav'n recompense thee, my son!
I thought that Mercy, banished from the earth,
Had fled to Paradise. Is she come back
To take thy form, and cheer my loneliness?

MS.

THE next day was the Sabbath; the Archbishop and his attendant priest were already robed, at the altar, to celebrate a mass for the soul's repose of the young princess. The chapel was hung in black, and the Governor and his guests attended in

robes of mourning. The officers and troops of the garrison were also present, as well as all the domestic servants, who were not engaged in necessary avocations. But the Lady Beatrice and her attendants were absent, and the Governor, on perceiving this, sent Bertoldo to command their presence. Heaven had again spared them the trial of open decision: in pity either to their weakness or distress, the moment was deferred, until they were strengthened to bear it. On attempting to rise, after the restless night which followed her parting with her valued page, Beatrice had fainted in the arms of Rosette, and was obliged to return to bed. The Governor, suspecting the illness to be feigned, sent the leech to her apartment, who found her suffering and feverish, and having penetration enough to discover that her disorder proceeded more from ailment of mind than body, and that perfect rest would be the best prescription, desired that Rosette alone should approach her bedside. Her father, satisfied that her illness was neither pretended, nor likely to be of long duration, gave strict orders that she should not be disturbed, and thus this day of rest was spent in external quiet by the three young Christians, and in the calm contemplation of the dangers and difficulties that beset their future path.

Whilst Beatrice kept her bed, and Rosette sat silent by its side, Cottier's recent indisposition furnished him with a pretext for remaining in his chamber, the silence and solitude of which were needed to enable him to collect his thoughts, and arm himself by prayer and meditation, for his arduous undertaking; and thus the friends were spared the trial of another parting. In spite of his joy at the realization of his hopes, Cottier could not but feel the separation from such dear friends, and notwithstanding his trust in Heaven, he could not but be aware that his projected visit to the dungeons was fraught with peril both to himself and guide, whilst a vague doubt of the fidelity of that guide would sometimes cross his mind, and a cold shudder run through a frame already weakened by disease.

In the midst of these melancholy forebodings, he made the little preparations necessary for his departure; he arranged his haversack, placed his Bible in his bosom, and put his small stock of money into a purse, to be in readiness for the exigencies of the journey. In doing this, a gold piece, the weightiest in it, fell on the floor, and rolled into a crevice beneath the hearthstone. It was too valuable to be lost, and whilst endeavouring to regain it, he discovered a hidden spring, on pressing which the mellon-shaped roof of the apartment opened, and a small ladder was let down into the middle of the room.* He would

* See note G.

have mounted it, and explored the dark cavity above, had not the castle clock struck twelve, and his appointment with Lenoir superseded all other considerations.

He opened the door of his apartment, and descended with stealthy steps into the court of the castle, crossed it hastily, and pronounced the countersign (which Lenoir had contrived to convey to him in a basket of fruit, by his little boy). The sentinel permitted him to pass,—with a beating heart he descended into the cemetery, and entered the burying-place of the Count Pièrre.* Here, amid the darkness of night, and in the silent mansion of the dead, Cottier remained some minutes—minutes which appeared to him as hours, until he was joined by Lenoir.

"I have been detained," said the latter, in a hurried tone, "but have no time for explanation—follow me!"

He removed a slab of marble which stood on one side of the tomb of Le Petit Charlemagne, pulled up a trap-door hidden underneath, and bade Cottier descend; he obeyed, and when he had reached the bottom of a considerable flight of stone steps, stopped until his guide had secured the entrance, and descended it also. Lenoir then pointed out two passages cut in the rock, saying, "You must take particular notice of these paths—on the left lies our present road—that to the right conducts by a subterranean way to the other side of the moat, and opens under the garden terrace. When you leave the dungeons, you must remember to follow this clew, and to remain near the opening until I find an opportunity of letting you out without being discovered; and you will not mistrust me, if that should not be before to-morrow night, since you will find that I have provided against all danger of starvation."

Cottier whispered his thanks, and they proceeded through a long dark passage cut in the rock, until their further progress was arrested by an inner door.

"Take notice," said the conductor, "that it is by this door you will return, and that after you have passed through it, you must draw the bolts on the inside. I now leave you for a short time, as it is necessary that I return to the castle, to get the daily supply of food for the prisoners, which I must carry to them as usual, through the guard-room. Do you remain here, and unbolt the door when you hear a low whistle on the outside."

The jailer withdrew, and left his companion once more in darkness and solitude. He stood watching the retreating light, until it was lost in the windings of the gloomy vault, and then listening attentively, to catch the last echo of the retiring footsteps.

* See note H.

"What an awful thing is a prison, in its darkness and loneliness!" said Cottier to himself, as the damp confined air weighed on his breast, and seemed to check respiration. "O God, grant that I may be permitted to introduce one beam of hope into that of Bonnivard!"

He walked a few paces backwards and forwards with a quick step, to warm himself, and to give some vent to his impatience and anxiety, stopping occasionally to place his ear near the door,—but the grave itself could not be stiller, darker, colder! Again a doubt of Lenoir crossed his mind; should he have informed the Governor, and lured him here to immure him for ever! The sound of the castle clock striking one, gave him some hope, since he found he had greatly miscalculated the time of his companion's absence, agitation and terror having swelled minutes into hours. At length the longed-for signal was given, and Cottier proceeded eagerly to push aside the bolts; they were rusted by damp and disuse, and the first yielded slowly to his utmost efforts; but the second seemed to bid defiance to a strength enfeebled by sickness. Exhausted and almost despairing, he leaned against the side of the vault, to collect all his force, ere he made a last attempt. His prayer was heard, the ponderous bar was at length withdrawn, and Cottier was released from one prison to enter another.

The outer massive door was now unlocked, and swung back on its creaking hinges by the strong arm of the jailer. As Cottier advanced, unmindful of the steps which led into the dungeons, and by which, although almost destroyed by time, they are still approached, he stumbled and fell; and as Lenoir held his lantern forward to assist him in finding his way, he was struck by the extreme paleness of his countenance, and conjured him to go back.

"Dear sir," he said, "how you tremble! you who are just come from a sick bed are in no proper condition to visit a dungeon!"

"Open the inner door, I entreat you, dear Lenoir, and let us go forward!" said Cottier, in a supplicating voice.

The jailer complied. "Here we are, then, master, in the dungeons of Chillon! This cell," he continued, as he threw open the unfastened door of the first wretched prison; "this miserable hole was the abode for many months of one who is, perhaps, ere now, an angel in heaven; but the finest palace on earth was not good enough for him! The Prior's cell is round the fifth pillar, and there too wicked men have chained one who never wished evil even to his enemies; who met his own hurt in trying to do every one good; and found a prison, because he wanted to set others free."

Cottier's heart was too full for reply, and when they reached the cell—the shrine, we may say, that held the object of his almost sinful veneration—he laid his trembling hand on the jailer's, as if to petition for a few moments' recollection, ere he turned the key.

"The Prior is asleep," said Lenoir, gently unlocking the door, and half opening it. "Do you take this," he continued, lighting a small lamp, which he took from the ground, "and shade it a little at first, that it may not awake him too roughly. I will go my round of the other cells, and return to fetch you. You must not let him sleep too long, as we have no time to lose. I must return soon, or the sentinels may give the alarm. That fellow Prepatenti is on guard, who will not let any opportunity pass of doing me an ill turn."

Cottier took the lamp from his guide, and entered the cell. We have already described the dwelling inhabited for six years by one of the most elegant and enlightened men of his age. He was asleep. O sleep! friend of the friendless! how beneficent and impartial are thy favours! Why did our poet say that,

> "Thou, like the world, thy ready visit payest,
> Where fortune smiles?"

whereas, angel-like, thou hoverest over the needy, the labouring, and the lonely, and in his dark, solitary dungeon, weighest down the eyelids of the prisoner of Chillon with thy balmy dews! Yes! Bonnivard slept! His lofty, and once elegant form, wrapped in a coarse loose robe, was stretched at the bottom of the pillar that occupied the greater part of the narrow cell; his head, over which sorrow had shed untimely snows, thinning the once luxuriant hair, rested against the hard stone, and his arms were crossed on his breast, to which his long neglected beard descended. His countenance bore evident marks of suffering; long furrows tracing his thin cheeks, whilst his closed eyes were deeply sunk in their sockets.

"Father of heaven!" silently breathed Cottier, as the first doubting thought he had ever entertained rose in his mind, "why hast thou thus suffered the ungodly to prey on thy chosen one?"

Fearful lest the precious moments so hardly obtained should be lost, he gradually removed the shade from the lamp, and as the light fell on the closed eyes of the sleeper, he moved, half opened, and then closing them again, uttered something, at first indistinctly, but as he proceeded, his voice became more clear

and articulate, and Cottier heard him plainly repeat the following

LINES.*

Is it a dream? a long dark dream,
That binds me in its shadowy power?
A night that has no starry gleam,
A day without one morning hour.

This ceaseless murmur of the wave,
This grey unvarying twilight gloom,—
Can it be sadder in the grave?
Or lonelier in the marble tomb?

O Thou, the Crucified! who rose
Triumphant from that tomb of Thine,
Send Thy own pitying angel down,
And bid him roll the stone from mine!

As he uttered the last stanza, the prisoner clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven—then, directed by the light, they fell on the form of Cottier, who stood breathlessly leaning over him, eager to catch every word, and partially illumined by the faint rays of the lamp he held: his hair curling around his brow, his eye beaming awe and love, his mouth half open with intense interest, portraying all that human art or imagination have assigned to angelic beauty. Was it, then, wonderful that the captive, at such a moment, should have taken the bright vision before him for the angel whose presence he had just invoked!

"Who art thou?" he exclaimed; "whence comest thou? In mercy tell me thine errand!"

"I come from Geneva," answered the trembling boy. "I come to set you free."

"From Geneva?" repeated the captive, looking confusedly round, his countenance losing its animation. "Thou art no messenger from heaven, then! And does any one at Geneva still think on Bonnivard?"

"They do! they do!" replied Cottier. "Amid all her struggles, Geneva still remembers her benefactor, and I come at her command, to seek out his prison, to bid the captive be of good cheer, and to assure him that the first efforts of her own recovered liberty shall be exerted to set him free."

"My poor boy!" said Bonnivard, placing his hand, with an air of benevolent pity, on Cottier's head, "and who art thou, that undertakest this dangerous mission? I have seen some one like thee," and he looked with eager intentness on the glowing countenance of the youth, who, holding the captive's hand, kissed and pressed it to his breast. "My memory is gone," he continued, "tell me thy name?"

* See Note I.

"Cottier—Michael Cottier—the son of thy friend!" The prisoner held out his arms, and the boy rushed into them, whilst he proceeded, in a voice almost choked by sobs: "That friend whom you visited in prison—whose last hours you rescued from despair—whose widow and orphan you supported and comforted."

The captive clasped his hands firmly together, and whilst the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, exclaimed, "My God, I thank Thee this one delicious moment has compensated for six long years of former captivity! this act of heaven-born pity, and disinterested charity, has wiped off the long score of man's ingratitude. I can now pardon and forget all! But my boy! my brave boy! how camest thou here? How didst thou find out the place of my captivity?"

"I came commissioned from your own Geneva, to seek you, and to tell you that she will spend her first recovered strength to break your chains. Providence directed me to the dwelling of your faithful Alice, who informed me of the place of your confinement, and other circumstances relative to your captivity. It was the will of God also, that the melancholy task of closing her eyes should be mine. I received her dying blessing for her beloved master, together with this precious volume, and I solemnly promised to convey both to you."

"Merciful Heaven! wilt thou kill me with thy benefits!" exclaimed the captive, as he took the book, and pressed it with energy to his lips. "How have I merited these complicated proofs of love! And thou, dear boy, what have I done for thee, that thou shouldest peril thy life to visit and console me?"

"Did you not visit my father in his prison, honoured sir?"

"I gave a few spare minutes from a life of ease and luxury to the bedside of an early friend: I spared a little from the overflowings of plenty to the widow and the orphan. I received beneath my wide roof one who was its prop and stay; and they have given me in return their 'one ewe lamb,' their love, their life! O my Father! make me worthy of such precious sacrifices, and grateful to Thee for them! But," he continued, "go, my child! risk not thy young life for one who is weary of existence—one long ago laid in a living tomb. Thou art in a den of wild beasts, who would prey on thy heart's blood, did they know thou camest to bring one ray of hope to the captive's dungeon,—a den filled by monsters, in comparison of whom those that inhabited the prophet's cave, were lambs. Go, my child! but tell me ere thou departest, is Geneva free,—politically, spiritually free?"

"She struggles yet; but though beset on all sides by active enemies, and hoarse with her calls on tardy friends, her spirit is

undaunted—a spirit of freedom, enlightened by the bright beams of dawning truth. The Bible in one hand, and the sword of justice in the other, her cause must prevail against tyranny and error. But she is almost exhausted by the protracted struggle; and her citizens are daily called on for the noblest efforts, and the most devoted sacrifices to the public good."

"In such a cause," said Bonnivard, whilst some of their early fires lighted his expressive eyes, and a hectic flush coloured his pale countenance; "in such a cause, the right must and shall prevail. Whilst the prophet's arms are thus sustained, Amalek must fall, and the people of God win the fight. O could I hear that the city of my heart, the sons of my adoption, were free, morally and spiritually free, I would willingly drag on another six years of captivity. And thou, dear son of my early friend, answer me one question—a question to which all else is but as dust in the balance—tell me, art thou still in the bonds of the man of sin? Art thou still in the communion of the Church of Rome?"

"Thanks be to Him who has drawn me out of the slough of superstition and falsehood," said Cottier, "I can answer that question with grateful certainty. My mother was early called from that fallen church to the confession of a purer faith, which she taught her child, and which that child would die sooner than abjure."

"God grant that thou mayest never be put to the proof!—and yet, is it not a glorious privilege to suffer for that truth? 'Tis true, the rack, the block, and the dungeon, are adverse to the flesh, and men's hearts will quail, and their spirits shrink, at the distant thought; but when they come nearer, their terror fades, and the soul, strengthened and upheld by the mighty arm of Omnipotence, rises above earthly fears, in the near prospect of eternal reward. But here comes our poor jailer, and we must part. Lenoir," he continued, turning to him, "I charge thee, as thou hopest for peace here, and mercy hereafter, see this poor lamb safe from the claws of the wolf. Go with him—fly to the steepest rock on the wildest mountain—herd with the beasts of the field—lie down in the lion's lair, but remain not within these walls—trust not to these blood-thirsty men!"

"I promise you, sir Prior, that the lives of the children he preserved for me are not more precious in my eyes than that of this brave youth, and I will risk my own to preserve it," said the poor man, solemnly.

"Enough! Lenoir, I believe thee sincere. And now, Michael, child of my heart, embrace me once more, and receive my blessing—the benediction of that full heart which thou hast cheered and softened." Cottier knelt down, and the Prior laid his hand

on his head, as he said, fervently, "O thou Shepherd of Israel, who watchest over Thy flock with unslumbering care! take this tender lamb into Thine especial protection: restore him to his mother's bosom, to his country, and to his people; and grant, O grant! that if Thou willest not that we should meet again in freedom and in peace here, we may be united with Thee in Thy church above!"

Lenoir, who looked with deep interest on this parting scene, his dark countenance working with inward emotion, at length approached, and kneeling down beside Cottier, said, "O, Monsieur le Prieur! give me too your blessing! you know not what a benediction I have already received from all that you and the holy Knight of St. John have said to me; and this may be the last time I may have to thank you for it."

"How!" said Bonnivard, with emotion, "wilt thou too be taken from me? Do my enemies grudge me the solace of one human smile—one accent of sympathy?"

"Alas! noble sir, but that I feared you and the other prisoners would fare the worse for my leaving you, and that I felt a growing interest in what you taught me, I should have left the castle long since. But I now see plainly, that the Governor begins to suspect that I am no longer the wretched instrument he has hitherto found me. I ventured to plead for the poor knight, who had been removed from his cell, I feared, for some dark purpose. O holy sir!" continued the poor penitent, as he fell in convulsive agony at the foot of the Prior, "hear my dreadful confession! Let me make a clean breast ere I go! Impose whatever penance you think fit, and I will try and perform it; lay on me the heaviest fines, and I will sell all I have to pay them; but grant me absolution of my sins, for they are more than I can bear!"

The Prior looked at him with the tenderest pity, and raising him, said, "Though it is not in me, nor any fallen man, to give absolution for sin, my poor friend! yet God be praised, I can direct you to One who is able and willing to save and pardon all who really believe in Him, and come with repentance to the foot of his cross. Dost thou believe in the Lord Jesus? Art thou willing to throw aside the vain idols which the Church of Rome places between the sinner and the Saviour? Then go in peace! thy faith hath saved thee,—yea, though thy sins were as scarlet, His precious blood can wash away the stain!"

The repentant jailer seized the Prior's hand, which he pressed fervently to his lips, whilst the scalding tear of godly sorrow fell on it, and he could only stammer out a few words of penitence and gratitude.

"Farewell, Lenoir!" said the captive, overpowered by the ex-

traordinary scene he had gone through; "and when the heavy sense of thy sins rises up in judgment before thee, let the comfort thou hast afforded one poor captive cheer and console thee!"

"We have delayed too long," said Lenoir, as he locked the door of Bonnivard's cell; "let us make haste!"

They passed quickly through the inner dungeon, entered the next recess, and approached the door leading into the subterranean passage.

"How is this?" said he, anxiously, "the door is shut: surely I left it ajar! May be the wind has blown it to. Here, master, hold the lantern, and I will push it open—it is too stiff for you."

Cottier did as he was requested; and as he held the light high, and it fell on the countenance of his companion, he saw it assume an expression of terror.

"It is all over with us?" he exclaimed; "we are discovered! The door has been bolted from within. Gracious heaven! how shall I save the youth?" He clasped his hands in agony, rested his forehead on them for one moment, as if to collect his thoughts, and then added, "We must not despair! the door may have some hidden spring which has closed it." Again he paused for a few seconds, then turning to Cottier, after another ineffectual effort of his great strength, said, "I dare not leave you here—I dare not take you through the guard-room—the door of the salle de justice is closed—there is but one hope left. Have you courage to return to the inner dungeon, and to remain in the knight's vacated cell until to-morrow night, when, by God's help, I will return about this time, and release you? In the meanwhile I will either unbar the door of this subterranean passage, or devise some other means for your escape."

Cottier expressed his willingness to comply with the fearful proposal, and tremblingly followed his conductor once more into the melancholy prison.

"To-morrow night," said Lenoir, as he looked sorrowfully on his companion; "'tis a sorry place, but good angels visited its last occupant, and will comfort you also. To-morrow night. May God give you courage till then!"

"He alone can!" replied Cottier, as he entered the cell, and heard the key turn in the lock which shut him into his living tomb!

END OF VOL. I.

CHILLON.

CHILLON:

A TALE

OF THE

GREAT REFORMATION

OF THE

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JANE LOUISA WILLYAMS.

Chillon, thy dungeon is a holy place.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. II.

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CHILLON.

CHAPTER I.

THE REVELS.

La courtoisie a coté de la joie.

OLD BALLAD.

AN unclouded sun arose the next morning, and shed its laughing beams over the clear mirror of Lac Leman, which sparkled and dimpled around the prows of the innumerable little vessels that glided over its limpid waters. The coast also was full of life and action, and the numerous parties which passed along it, echoed back the song and the laugh that reached them from their joyous companions on the waves. Pleasure sparkled in every eye; labour was laid aside, and care seemed forgotten on the gay holiday. The habiliments of mourning were exchanged for those of festivity; and garlands ornamented the churches and altars, which, but the day before, were hung in sables. The plain of the Rhone, a little on the Italian side of Villeneuve, was the spot chosen for the scene of the festivities, and this was covered with tents and other temporary buildings; some containing the glittering prizes destined for the reward of skill and strength; some filled with tables covered with provisions already prepared; whilst others served as temporary kitchens, in which numerous cooks were busily employed in getting ready a further supply for the multitude, whose appetites were rendered yet keener by the savoury effluvia that issued therefrom. But the object of supreme attraction was a splendid pavilion, raised for the reception of the patrician party—the united banners of Savoy and Vaud waving from its gilded dome, and its sides hung with silken draperies.

Already from an early hour, the plain was covered by groups of peasants, in their various and picturesque costumes. The slight upright forms of the young girls of Montreux, with their coloured bodices and conical straw-hats; the fuller figures of their neighbours of Valais, with their low-crowned bonnets,

loaded with ribbons of all dies: the Psyches of Schweitz, with their butterfly head-gear, the blue-eyed German, the long-tressed Bernoise, and the classic-featured Italians, with many other fair human flowers, composed groups of forms and colours that might vie with the gayest parterre: nor were the manly candidates for the distinctions of the day behind their fair country-women either in attire or natural advantages.

Every description of itinerant musician, wandering glee-maiden, or improvisatore, pedlar, fortune-teller, and juggler, had been drawn from afar to attend the fête, and each had their group of admirers: but when the numerous bands had somewhat satisfied their curiosity in listening to them, and viewing the various preparations for its celebration, they began to show some impatience for the commencement of the sports, and awaited with eagerness the discharge of artillery from the castle, as the appointed signal of the approach of the noble party. Many had already left the plain to climb the slopes on the sides of the road, in order to view the procession, the magnificence of which might be anticipated from the number of gay barges that were anchored around the walls of the castle, and the splendid cavalcades and litters which passed its bridge.

At length the cannon were fired; the warder stationed on one of the towers, blew a loud and protracted blast, and the pageant issued from the castle gate. Surrounded by a large number of military in full accoutrement, their arms gleaming in the sun, their banners floating on the breeze, and preceded by a band of martial music, first rode the Archbishop in the full splendour of his pontificals. He was mounted on a beautiful Spanish mule, whose sleek coat vied with the ermined robe which partially covered it; and near him, on a prancing war horse, came the Governor of Chillon, splendidly attired, his doublet of dark velvet slashed with satin, his hat ornamented with a large flowing feather, and looped with precious stones. A page in rich livery walked on either side of the prelate's horse, while the Sire de Beaufort was attended by a guard of honour. The litter of his daughter, together with those of the other distinguished ladies, surrounded by the flower of the Italian and Vaudois chivalry, occupied a large space in the procession, and rendered still more brilliant by the dress and beauty of the fair occupants, the noble forms, and fanciful devices of their attendant knights; the gay liveries of their followers, and the blooming joyousness of their squires and pages, formed one of its most attractive ornaments.

But where was the fair page of Chillon? The Count de Blonay and the Chevalier di Rossi rode near his young mistress, but Cottier was not at her side. He was, she trusted, safe under

the covert of the mountain forest; yet she dreaded to meet her father's eye, lest, discovering his absence, he should demand the cause. Thus, splendidly attired, the admired of all eyes, and the welcomed by all hearts, how gladly would she have laid down this envied distinction for the humblest situation of liberty and peace!

The cavalcade moved slowly on until it reached the town of Villeneuve, where the crowd was so dense, that in spite of the efforts of the soldiers, it met with frequent interruption in its progress. Not a window but was crammed with spectators; the roofs of the houses seemed a mass of human heads; garlands fell like a flowery shower, strewing the paths of those below, whilst countless voices rent the air with shouts of "Long live Charles the Good! Long live our noble Duke!"

The prelate held out his hands in the act of benediction on those around; the Governor of Chillon bowed and smiled in gracious condescension; the ladies waved their fans; even the calm sadness of the Count de Blonay gave way to the enthusiasm of the moment.

"There is something exhilarating in this scene," he said to Di Rossi, "something infectious in this wild loyalty."

"If fatal experience had not taught us its bitterness and inconstancy," replied the chevalier.

"Ay, thou art right! there is nothing so changeable as the breath of popular feeling—those are wise who do not allow themselves to be carried away by it."

"And those are wiser still who have learnt to despise, and are prepared to brave it."

The Count looked at him. "I hardly comprehend your meaning," he said.

"Perhaps not—since you have not, like me, calculated on the possibility of being one day exposed to the fury and mockery of those, or such as those, who now strew our way with flowers."

"Pardon me, I have! though not exactly in the same cause."

"And is your determination equally irrevocable, De Blonay?"

"It is. The Duke of Savoy cannot cease to be my sovereign, even should all others turn from their allegiance, and not a rood of ground remain to him of the territory of his forefathers."

The procession now moving on, stopped all further conversation. Beatrice had listened with deep interest, and understanding fully the meaning of Di Rossi, she was astonished and alarmed at his boldness. She was not aware of the great intimacy which subsisted between the two young cavaliers, and that although of contrary opinions in religion, they were of perfect accord in every noble and generous feeling. Di Rossi's secret, and Di Rossi's safety, were as sacred and precious to De Blonay,

as if their sentiments had been the same; and the immortal interests of De Blonay was an object of such tender solicitude to his friend, as would have induced him to run any risk in the endeavour to convince him of its peril.

The intercourse of the friends was chiefly occupied, on the one hand, by earnest and affectionate counsels of prudence and secrecy; on the other, in solemn and reiterated calls for liberality and investigation. But as easily might his more cautious friend have pent the wild winds of heaven, as have restrained the enthusiastic love of civil and religious liberty which glowed in the breast of Di Rossi; and whilst his church was attacked, and his prince in danger, De Blonay considered all but blind submission to their claims, would be, situated as he was, both impious and treasonable.

When the gay cavalcade reached the plain, the ladies were escorted by their attendant cavaliers to the seats prepared for them, in a building erected for the purpose, from whose open galleries, adorned with flags and garlands, they could survey the sports that passed below, without being pressed on by the crowd.

The signal for the commencement of these sports was now given, and the candidates for the prizes showed equal ardour and dexterity in the contest. The games provided for the amusement of the mixed multitude were indicative of the rudeness of the times, as well as of the hardy nature of the people amongst whom they were exercised, and consisted principally in wrestling, hurling vast masses of rocks, and shooting with the arquebuse and cross-bow. In the latter sport, so dear to every true Helvetian, the nobles and gentry bore a distinguished part, and received their rewards from the hands of the fair heiress of Brières, together with their due meed of approbation from the rest of the spectators.

When the games were concluded, the next circumstance of importance which took place, was the banquet in the large pavilion already described, and which was partly thrown open, that the people, when tired of their sports, and satiated with their own abundant cheer, might obtain a sight of the brilliant assembly. After the repast, the remains were distributed amongst them, and the gentle and the gay looked on, greatly delighted at seeing the fragments of their dainty viands scrambled for by the motley claimants, cutting many a jest, and indulging much merriment at their expense.

That no moment might pass without amusement, a lottery had been prepared for the ladies in an adjoining pavilion, which supplied the stimulus of gambling to the declining energy of the gay idlers. Beatrice excused herself from taking a part, and seated near the door of the tent, she was soon interested in con-

templating a small group, consisting of Rosette, her father and uncle, together with the parents of her lover, who were seated beneath one of the beautiful trees with which the plain was studded, whilst some of the younger members were dancing around them. The soft voice of De Blonay aroused her from her reverie.

"The lady Beatrice," he said, "seems to have little participation in the surrounding merriment."

"On the contrary, my lord, I was watching with much interest the little group beneath yonder tree. I love this quiet, social happiness!"

"And so do I, so preferable is it to the heartless dissipation of the gay world, which is intoxication rather than enjoyment. But I hardly hoped in these days, to meet any lady whose opinions would accord with mine. Show and parade are now the prevailing idols, and have banished our household gods even from their own hearths."

"And yet," said Beatrice smiling, "whilst you complain of our frivolity and vanity, I doubt whether you would allow us willingly, to occupy ourselves with those pursuits which make retirement desirable."

"Pardon me! although I would not burden you with the weightier business of life—yet are there not many objects of home employment which are essentially yours?"

"Undoubtedly so; but in the high stations that are exempt from household cares, these can fill but a small part of our time. If, therefore, women are required as companions, they must be educated as such, and their first lesson must be to learn to think—a dangerous one perhaps in these times, my lord."

"It is," said the Count thoughtfully.

"Yet without it," continued Beatrice, "what are human beings but puppets, acted on by hidden wires, and danced at the will of those who direct them?"

"But surely as a wife and mother, lady, there is no necessity that a woman should be a philosopher! There are the elegant accomplishments of music and the needle."

"Alas!" sighed Beatrice, "if life were one long dream of youth and joy, these would but poorly fill up idle hours—but life is not such, and the lute and the embroidery-frame are but sad comforters in sickness and sorrow."

"Sickness!" repeated the Count; "here at least education can be of small importance. A woman may be a good nurse without even knowing how to read."

"She may—but only in the measure of an attached domestic. The essential duties of the office, such as ministering to a dis-

eased mind, cheering the drooping spirit, clearing the doubting soul ——"

"Nay, lady!" interrupted the Count, "in this last she would be assuming the sacred office of the priest!"

"Let this pass," returned the young moralist; "there are other ills to which life is exposed besides sickness—there are sufferers in mind and estate as well as body. When the Duchess d'Alençon flew to her royal brother's prison, was it with the light accomplishments of a court she sought to cheer his lonely hours and soothe his chafed spirit?"

"I listen to you, lady," said De Blonay, "with an admiration I dare not avow—but tell me, though it is with diffidence I ask, where have you learnt this early wisdom?"

"From a mother such as few ever possessed," said she, her eyes filling with tears; "a mother from whom I was never separated for one day in my life, until that in which she was taken from me to heaven. When I resigned her to the grave, all earthly hopes were buried with her; and when torn from that grave, from the scenes of my childhood and its complicated interests, I was immured in yonder gloomy castle—think you it was the embroidery-frame and the lute that filled the aching void? No, I needed, and found, deeper consolation than this?"

"From whence, then," asked the Count, regarding the fair being before him with reverential admiration, "from whence drew you that consolation?"

"From the Bible!" said Beatrice solemnly, as she rested her eyes on his countenance, which was suddenly suffused with the deepest crimson. "Yes! from that sacred volume, placed in my hands by my dying mother, I alone drew strength to bear an existence of otherwise uncheered solitude, and to support even heavier grief than this; but I have said enough—we will now drop the subject, should such be your will—for ever!"

"Would it were in my power to forget it!" exclaimed De Blonay, distressed rather than surprised at the disclosure which Beatrice had now made; he dreaded to inquire further, and at the same time he felt the state of uncertainty in which her partial communication left him, to be almost insupportable. Every word she uttered, every tone of her soft voice, every change of her expressive countenance, had riveted closer the chain which bound him; but he felt the imperative duty of endeavouring to break the dangerous spell, as, independent of the sentiments she avowed, which from any other lips would have filled him with horror, he knew that every word, whilst it evinced a thorough confidence in his honour and secrecy, was framed for the express purpose of annihilating his hopes.

A movement in the company broke in on these reflections. They were preparing to return to the castle, where the royal apartments were thrown open, and arrangements made for the ball which was to terminate the festivities of the first day. During the whole of it, Di Rossi had sought an opportunity of approaching the fair mistress of the castle, but in vain; for if the Count De Blonay left her side an instant, his place was filled by his sister or mother. Beatrice had declined dancing after opening the ball at her father's express desire, with De Blonay; but when, as the evening advanced, and the gay group became too much engrossed in their own interests to notice what passed around them, Di Rossi approached; she allowed him to lead her into an adjoining apartment, where, in the deep shadow of a window, he hoped to converse with her unperceived.

"You have brought me here, I trust, to bid me farewell," said she.

"I have, and to implore you to remember the retreat offered should you need it; I leave the castle at day-break."

"Heaven be praised! and Cottier,—have you heard aught of him?"

"Alas no!" replied the chevalier.

"Why do you not seek an explanation with Lenoir?"

"Lenoir can nowhere be found."

Beatrice turned deadly pale, and Di Rossi, fearing she would faint, opened the casement.

"Be comforted, Beatrice!" he said; "I will leave no stone of this grey building unturned, until I find the youth, or revenge his death."

"Ah, Di Rossi! think on whom you would revenge it, and on Him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine!"

At that moment the joyous laugh of the Lady Blanche de Blonay was heard, and she entered the room, led by the Governor, and talking gaily to him, whilst he was listening with that mixture of indulgent admiration and gratified vanity, with which an elderly man is inclined to view the sprightly childishness of a beautiful girl, who deigns to receive his homage. The sight of Di Rossi and his daughter changed at once the current of his feelings; but concealing his displeasure under the semblance of parental solicitude, he reproved the chevalier for his inattention in allowing his partner to remain near an open window, whilst the young lady Blanche made one of those witty remarks on the preservative power of love, that have come down to our own days. Di Rossi excused himself by pleading Beatrice's indisposition, to which her pallid looks bore testimony, and the Governor led her himself to an outer room, and consigned her into the care of her attendant. Alas! poor Rosette

had no comfort to bestow! Dulait had been absent from the sport, occupied in a fruitless search for Cottier and Lenoir, and the only cheering circumstance was, that all had been arranged for the chevalier's departure the next morning by break of day.

"I dare not breathe my suspicions of the poor lad's fate even to thee, Rosette," said Beatrice. "Prayer is the only relief for the burdened soul." She took off some of her costly ornaments as she spoke, and laid them in their casket. "O glittering baubles!" she continued, "how many an aching brow do ye encircle, which the world vainly believes ye can, like a charmed amulet, preserve from care!"

CHAPTER II.

THE BANQUET.

Rest, holy pilgrim, rest, I pray,
Dreary to Mecca's shrine the way.

OLD BALLAD.

THE second day passed in the same uninterrupted circle of amusements; but the theatre was changed from the magnificent mountain-girt plain, to the clear bosom of the lake. The grand galley was fitted up for the accommodation of the principal nobility and gentry, who viewed from its deck the sailing-match between a number of the pretty little barges belonging to the boatmen and other persons of the neighbourhood. The breeze was fresh, the gallant vessels, with their lateen sails and flying colours, darted with the rapidity of bright-winged birds over the surface of the water; and the foremost in the race, circling round the gilded galley, received the prize of a beautiful flag, embroidered with the united arms of Savoy and of Vaud. It was with unmixed pleasuure that Beatrice bestowed it on young Colin Dulait, whose triumph was doubtless doubled, by receiving it in the presence of Rosette.

In the evening the whole neighbourhood was illuminated by the resplendent fireworks which were let off from a barge on the lake. Some of the party looked at them from the windows of the castle, others preferred the more open view which the ramparts afforded, and amongst the latter were Beatrice and the Count de Blonay, who rarely left her side, anxious, yet dreading to penetrate her sentiments, and more and more deeply fascinated by her unaffected manners, her uncommon intelligence and graceful deportment, which, in spite of the melancholy that

clouded them, had won on every heart. The Governor appeared satisfied with her conduct, and flattered by the encomiums on her grace, affability, and beauty, which were addressed to him from all his guests; but engaged in the duties of hospitality, which in those days of cumbrous ceremony fell heavy on the entertainer, had little semblance of noticing her. To Beatrice's great relief, Di Rossi was absent, and she fervently hoped free from danger; but her fears for Cottier weighed heavily on her spirits, and it was not without the strongest effort that she was enabled to perform the duties of the passing hour.

A large quantity of fire-works representing various devices, had been exhibited, and glittered for a transitory moment, when a splendid Chinese temple rose as it were from the waves. The pointed towers, sparkling with gems, spouted fountains of liquid fire from their turrets, or darted showers of coloured stars into the lake, which glowed from the reflected light, like a sea of liquid gold. At length the fabric began to totter, and its vivid fires to burn less bright; piece after piece of the frail edifice fell hissing into the water, and after a few faint efforts of reviving brilliancy—all was dark and silent.

"What an emblem of human enjoyment!" said Beatrice to her companion; "I do not relish these costly baubles, the pleasure is so painfully evanescent."

"Like that of most toys made only for the amusement of the passing hour, lady."

"Did their brilliant light, think you, find its way into the dungeons?" asked Beatrice sorrowfully.

"It is to be hoped not," answered De Blonay, "since it would only render their gloom more apparent, and embitter a hard lot by contrasting it with the brighter fate of others."

"We know that there is another world where suffering will be forgotten," said the maiden, "or we might murmur at the inequalities we see in this. Tell me, my Lord of Blonay, do you think man has a right to inflict punishment on his fellow-beings for differing from him in points of faith?"

The Count started. "You touch on dangerous subjects, lady," he said with embarrassment; "the church has answered the question, and I am bound to sanction what she decrees, although, as far as my private opinion goes, I would leave all such judgments to God."

"If, then, your most valued friends were to fall under the displeasure of the church, would you think it your duty to sanction any suffering she might inflict on them?"

"Alas, lady, to what do these painful interrogations tend? I beseech you change the subject;" and he heaved a sigh so deep, that Beatrice felt she had not courage to inflict additional pain,

and hoped she had been already sufficiently explicit to do away any necessity of further explanation.

In the meantime, the revels proceeded under the superintendence of the gay and beautiful sister of De Blonay, whose slightest wish had been a law to the enamoured Governor—a young lady who differed in many essential points from her grave and accomplished brother. The children of different mothers, they had each inherited the qualities of their separate parent; the mother of the Lady Blanche was vain and ambitious, whilst her predecessor had been a pattern of every virtue. The elder Count did not long survive his second marriage, and left his Countess still young, with an only daughter, whom she caused to be educated in a convent in France, and afterwards introduced at the gay and dissipated court of the first Francis. The young Count, therefore, had but few opportunities of seeing his sister, until she left her convent, when he found her little answering to the model which his own lamented mother had presented—a model which he believed he had once again met in Beatrice de Beaufort,—that vision which had shed a momentary light on his path, only to shroud it in additional gloom. It was in vain that he sought to support the disappointment of his hopes, by representing to himself her dangerous sentiments, and daring departure from the received opinions; the sweet and melancholy morality with which her mind was tinged—the love of truth which mingled in all its investigations—the refined purity and holy abstraction of her manner, threw over her whole being, an indefinable and mysterious charm, the more irresistible, as it harmonized so well with the intellectual and romantic temperament of his own; and whilst he read his doom in the candour with which she avowed her sentiments, he honoured the uprightness by which they were dictated, and reckless of future suffering, he continued to flutter around the flame that consumed him.

In the mean time the revels proceeded with accelerated stir and animation, as they approached their termination; and when the closing evening obliged the gay multitude to leave the plain, the brilliant illumination of the houses of Villeneuve, and the flambeaux of the attendants, supplied an artificial day. Thus the festive party returned at the end of three days, of almost incessant diversion, with apparently untired spirits, to the castle, amid the playing of bands, the waving of flags, the roar of cannon, and the cheering of the people.

As the whole of the establishment had, together with the people of the neighbourhood, been amply regaled during the day, none but the nobles and principal gentry were invited to partake of the evening banquet; and the servants of the castle, together with the retainers of the guests, in splendid liveries, stood ready

marshalled to receive them. The walls of the beautiful hall were decorated with banners, and its floor strewn with rushes, tastefully entwined with garlands of flowers. The large armories were thrown open, displaying a vast quantity of costly vases of gold and siver. Down the centre of the supper table ran a fountain of wine, that threw its sparkling fluid from several jets; the table-cloth was of bright tapestry, the covers of silver gilt, elaborately chased, and the napkins of the finest damask, were bordered with a fringe of gold. The most ingenious and fantastic devices in sugar, representing castles, fortresses, flowers, and animals, ornamented the various dishes of pastry and sweetmeats, and the arms of Savoy, elevated in the centre, were enwreathed with artificial flowers, that almost rivalled nature in colour, form, and even scent; whilst lamps of silver filagree threw a brilliant yet chastened light over the whole magic scene. At the top of this magnificent banquet, as the representative of his sovereign, sat the Archbishop; and at his right hand, splendidly attired, but pale as monumental marble, and almost as still, was placed the Lady Beatrice. The Count de Blonay occupied the seat near, silent and melancholy as herself; and the adjoining places were filled by some of the elder magnates who, fatigued by the exertions of the day, or awed by the supercilious prelate, added little to the gaiety of the party. As a contrast to its sombre stillness, on the other side of the table sat the Governor, between the portly dame of Blonay and her brilliant daughter. Dressed with the utmost magnificence, and dazzling with jewels, they looked a personification of enjoyment and worldly prosperity. A keen observer, however, might have discovered, that even whilst addressing his most extravagant compliments to the beauty near him, the eyes of the Lord of Brières often wandered towards his daughter, and that although no one sat at that festive board who had reason to complain of lack of courtesy in the master of it, or found one thing wanting in its profuse luxury, yet there was an expression of constraint and anxiety on the countenances of some of the elder guests, that harmonized but ill with the brilliant scene. Many, no doubt, were the light-hearted youths who keenly enjoyed it, and many the young beauties whose eyes were dazzled by its magnificence, and who wondered at the sadness of its lovely mistress; yet the conscience of others told them that a crisis was at hand, and that they only waited for it, to turn against those who now so hospitably regaled them. The Governor noticed the general depression, and circulated the wine cup; deep pledges were drank and animating toasts proposed; a rising cheerfulness began to diffuse itself around, and the voice of mirth and the light-hearted laugh to be heard. In the midst of this renewed

hilarity, a strong blast of a horn was heard on the outside of the castle, and shortly after the warder entering, said something in a low voice to the Governor. "A band of pilgrims returning from the Holy Land, and bound for the shrine of our Lady of Einsiedeln, ask for entrance into our castle, my lord," said he aloud, and addressing the Archbishop, "They are conducted hither by father Ambroise, the chanoine of St. Bernard, and I would know, if it please your lordship and this goodly company, that they enter and share our repast?"

"Certainly!" replied the prelate; "I would fain believe there is no one at this board but would deem it honoured by such guests."

There was a general movement at the entrance of the motley band that followed father Ambroise into the banqueting-hall, and formed by their travel-stained garments and care-worn countenances, a striking contrast to the gay party which occupied it. They wore the strict pilgrim habit of coarse cloth, the cape, large-brimmed hat, the cockle-shell and rosary, and the dress of the greater part betokened a difficult and distant pilgrimage. Places were, notwithstanding, offered them at the table, with much show of courtesy, and room was made between the archbishop and Beatrice to accommodate one of the most distinguished amongst them, whose countenance was almost entirely hidden by his large slouched hat, drawn closely over it. The bustle attendant on the placing of so many additional guests having subsided, the Bishop demanded of his neighbour news from the Holy Land.

"I cannot answer you my lord," he replied, "from personal experience, since I am not so happy as to have visited it, but some of our brethren will be proud to satisfy your laudable curiosity."

The prelate then offered the wine-cup to the stranger, who passed it untasted; and whilst conversation again became general, and his lordship questioned the other pilgrims of the holy city, and the countries they had passed through, Beatrice, addressing her neighbour, prayed him to take some refreshment after his weary journey.

"A bunch of grapes from your fair hand, lady, would tempt me to break my fast," said he courteously.

She selected the finest and placed it before him.

"Will you not partake of the produce of the vine in another form, holy pilgrim?" asked the Count de Blonay.

"Thank you, noble sir; I have vowed only to drink of the spring."

Beatrice bid Marco offer a basin of water with a napkin to the stranger, who, politely thanking her, plunged his hands into

it with evident satisfaction. It would have been sufficiently apparent, from the form and colour of those hands, that their owner was a person of no low calling, had there not been on one of the fingers a ring of a peculiar form, surrounded by a legend of strange and antiquated characters, and set in large brilliants; but the disguise of a pilgrim excited no surprise, and little curiosity in those days, when persons of the highest rank performed similar acts of devotion; nor did the costly ornament betray more than the voice and deportment of the stranger had already announced.

"This is indeed a luxury!" he said, as he returned the napkin into the servant's hands. "I can now feelingly appreciate the Eastern custom of offering water to the guest before the meal."

"And the justice of our Lord's reproach to Simon, 'Ye gave me no water!'" said Beatrice softly.

Her companion started, but replied in the same low tone, "Those sacred feet were washed from another source; but young and innocent as you are, lady, you cannot understand the bitterness of St. Mary Magdalene's tears and repentance—you who have scarcely ever shed the one, and have no need of the other."

"Alas! holy pilgrim!" answered the maiden; "have you then made your painful journeyings over the rough paths of life, and not discovered that there are few eyes, however bright, which are not sometimes moistened with tears, and no heart, however inexperienced, that needs not repentance and pardon?"

"And where, my lovely moralist, did you learn the wisdom, rarely acquired but in the school of misfortune?"

"There are other griefs beside selfish and external ones," she replied with a melancholy smile. "Misfortune has many ways to approach us. We find her leaning over the tomb of our departed friends; we see her amid the distractions of our country; and we feel that she is often near us even in our hours of festivity. Sir pilgrim, I fear she may have accompanied you on your weary road; or perchance, chase you from your home."

"You have rightly discerned my history," replied the pilgrim, with a heavy sigh. "Sorrow has indeed driven me from my home, to seek consolation at the shrine of the Lady of Einsiedeln."

"It is a weary and barren road, holy pilgrim, and her blessed Son is nearer at hand to hear all who will address themselves to Him."

Again the stranger drew back involuntarily, and added gravely, "Thou art an extraordinary monitress, young maiden, and these are strange themes for a festive board; but thy voice is sweet,

and there is heaven's own pity in thine eye—may the blessing of the afflicted go with thee!"

"And be thine also, holy pilgrim," said Beatrice, as in obedience to a signal from her father, she rose to leave the table.

CHAPTER III.

THE KNIGHT OF JERUSALEM.

And yet I weep thee not, thou true and brave,
I cannot weep! there gathers round thy name
Too deep a passion. Thou denied a grave!
Thou with a blight flung on thy soldier fame!
O, had all earth decreed that doom of shame,
I had reposed, against all earth's decree,
The unalterable trust of my firm soul in thee.

MRS. HEMANS.

EVERY one has heard the old proverb, "The end of a feast is better than the beginning of a fray," and some may perchance recollect instances in which the termination of the one has been the commencement of the other. Now, although these our festivities of the 16th century did not finish by open hostilities, they were not closed without much heart-burning; nor were they unattended by the vexation of spirit, weariness, and disappointment, that, more or less, accompany all human efforts at happiness and amusement. The whole country presented a different aspect from what it had done on the three preceding days, and the skies appeared to sympathize in the change; for the fogs which usually accumulate round the lake towards the end of October, had seemed this year to have courteously deferred their arrival to a much later period, waiting for the termination of the bright drama, ere they dropped their curtain over the magnificent stage.

Groups of peasants were now crowding the roads from Villeneuve to the adjoining villages, on their return to their several homes: many of the men were yet under the effect of the intoxication in which the fête had concluded—the young lasses with soiled garments and faded cheeks, and the elder women weary and out of humour, lamenting their wasted time, and anxious for the fate of their neglected homes.

The festive garlands still hung, but drooping and withered, around the tents and temporary buildings, and the barge from which so many bright lights had ascended, was now black with smoke, and strewed with the half-burnt sticks and carcases of

he exhausted fireworks. Nor had the expensive pageant answered the political end it was intended to promote; the discerning archbishop had not failed to remark the awkward backwardness of some of his Vaudois guests, when any loyal toast had been proposed, or any sentiment of strong attachment to the Church of Rome brought forward; and it was not without secret satisfaction that he saw these disaffected guests take their departure after the banquet, leaving for the most part, the true adherents to the house of the Savoy and the ancient faith, to take their seats either as judges or spectators, at the approaching trial. The Archbishop of Turin had thus secured a large and influential assembly in the hall of justice on the day after the banquet, and as he mounted the throne of state, elevated for him as president, he looked around satisfied that the arrangement wanted none of that scenic effect, with which the Roman Church has, in all ages, studied to invest her ceremonies. The hall of justice, as it is still called, remains entire, and although it is divested of all its former decorations, and now used as a military store, filled with lumbering cannon, a correct idea may be formed of its size and proportions. At one end is the chamber of torture, where the pulleys and blackened pillar still bear witness to the cruelties practised in the dark ages. The door at the opposite end, which is now blocked up, then opened on a staircase, leading to the under-ground chapel, where the condemned prisoners were taken to receive the last offices of their religion before their execution, unless ordered back again to pine in the dungeons on the other side. The throne of the president was, as well as the raised seats of the other judges surrounding it, of carved oak, darkened by age, and rendered still more sombre by cushions of black velvet. The principal noblemen in their robes of state occupied the latter; whilst on the benches in front, were placed the secretaries and other official persons belonging to the royal establishment. On one side of the long hall were ranged the pilgrims who arrived the preceding evening; and the opposite was crowded by guards and other functionaries, amongst whom were some of those terrific administrators of torture, whose aspect was calculated to thrill the stoutest heart with horror; their arms bared to the shoulder, and their countenances concealed by a black mask. The centre of the court was left unoccupied for the reception of the prisoners and their accusers. Daylight was carefully excluded by thick draperies of black cloth hung across the windows, and extending over the intermediate wall; and the saloon was but partially illuminated within, by one large lamp that descending from the centre, was so contrived as to throw its full light on the countenances of the accused, whilst those of their judges were left entirely in the shade. Let us

endeavour for one moment, to imagine the effect of such a scene as this, on the dazzling vision and reeling senses of a poor captive, brought suddenly into it from the silent darkness of his dungeon, and we shall acknowledge that it is not in man to resist such a combination of power, terror, and superstition; and that the martyred thousands who rose triumphant over the malice of their enemies, did not conquer through their own strength.

The assembly being arranged, the president arose, and addressed them in a speech of consummate art and sophistry, in which he touched on all those points most likely to work on the minds of worldly and ambitious men, identifying their interests with those of the Church of Rome; showing that it was by her reflected power that princes reigned, and feudal nobles retained their influence. He next proceeded, in the most impressive terms, to lay open the danger she was in from the attacks of those who wished her downfall, only to commence a reign of anarchy and confusion. "What then is to be done, my noble lords, my gentle sirs," he continued, looking around the spacious hall—"what is to be done to check this daring spirit of the times, but to meet it with a spirit as resolute? If they fight with carnal weapons, let us use our spiritual power. The church must hurl her thunderbolts on the heads of her enemies—she has forborne too long; at length she begins to arise from her sleep, and to scatter her enemies before her. Kings and potentates are clearing her way, that she may roll the wheels of her triumphant chariot over the necks of her opposers. The King of France himself lights the funeral pyre of her adversaries—the mighty Emperor of the West leads his armies against her infidel foes; and shall not our sovereign also bear the sword of justice in our righteous cause? Yea, verily, let him exclaim in the words of holy David, 'down with them! down with them even to the ground!'" He paused a moment as the murmur of applause ran round the assembly, and then continued, in a subdued tone, "I have convoked ye, my lords and gentlemen, spiritual and temporal, to judge some of these enemies of the church, enemies of the state, enemies of all those institutions and laws that time has honoured and God approved. One of them has already been arraigned before our holy tribunal; but as no lenity can turn him from his heresy, it is time that his sentence should be pronounced and judgment go forth against him. The other two are more recent offenders; and let not the birth or former fame of either of the culprits influence your verdict, but laying aside all private feelings, triumphing over all weak compassion, I call on ye, noble and august sirs, learned and reverend fathers, to gird on the sword of the Lord of Gideon, and to acquit yourselves

as faithful sons of our Holy Mother, and loyal subjects of our beloved sovereign!"

"With your permission we proceed to call on Rodolph de Wendenburg, Baron of Rheinan, Knight of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, to appear before this honourable court, there to answer for contumely towards the rites of the only true church —for blasphemy against the blessed mother of our Lord, and for repeated rebellion against the authority of God's vicar and vicegerent on earth, his holiness the Pope."

The Bishop sat down: a solemn silence reigned throughout the court—not the lowest whisper was breathed, no sound was audible save the low murmur of the waves, as they dashed against the outer wall of the building. At length, the heavy tread of footsteps was discerned slowly ascending the stairs; the band of officials that stood at the lower end of the room divided, and gave place to something like a funeral bier, which was borne by four men into the middle of the assembly, and laid down in front of the judges' seats. Here, drawing aside the sable curtains which enveloped it, they discovered a pale and attenuated figure that perfectly harmonized with the melancholy couch on which it reposed. The form was that of a knight in the full dress of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, the long robe edged with fur, wrapped round his shrunken limbs, the gilded spurs, the glittering cross, the gauntlet, the helmet, and the sword, all spoke his calling and his rank; but his eyes were closed, a death-like paleness overspread his thin cheeks and lips, and nothing but the labouring breath, that struggled beneath his sunken chest, gave any sign of life.

"Rodolph de Wendenburg," said the Archbishop, in a solemn and impressive manner, as he slowly arose, "we call upon you in the name of the holy mother church, and of our sovereign lord, Charles of Savoy, to recant your blasphemous heresies! and I offer you, in the name of each, pardon and remission, both here and hereafter, on your expressing due contrition for your heinous offences, and an earnest desire to make the only amends in your power, by an open recantation of your damning errors, and the performance of such penances and purifications as the Church commands and your weak body can sustain." The prisoner uttered a faint groan, and on the prelate beckoning to one of the attendants, to raise his head, and sprinkle a little cold water on his face, he breathed freer, and gave some slight signs of returning consciousness. "We do not require much from you," continued his judge, who had not expected to find the prey so nearly escaping his fangs. "Holy mother church is merciful, and seeing your debility and faintness, she asks you only to make the sign of the cross, to kiss these sacred relics from the shrine of

our Lady of Loretto, and to worship the holy Eucharist." Then making a sign to one of the priests, he immediately brought forward a little image of the Virgin, a rosary, and a crucifix.

At this moment every eye in the assembly was fixed on the interesting figure before them, who seemed as if gradually awakening from the slumber of death into life and consciousness. He opened his eyes, a faint colour tinged his cheeks and lips, and motioning to be raised so as to sit nearly upright on his couch, he looked slowly around on the assembly, and spoke. The accents, though low, were distinct, and amid the profound stillness that reigned throughout the chamber, seemed like a voice from the tomb.

"My God, I thank Thee!" he said, as he clasped his hands, and raised his eyes, already glazed by death, to heaven. "I thank Thee that Thou grantest me once more the blessed privilege of acknowledging thy truth—that truth which I learnt from thy Holy Spirit breathing in thy sacred Word. My Lord Bishop," he continued, "and ye, noble gentlemen, ye are here to condemn one whom ye have already judged, and to hear him, with his dying breath, repeat what he has oftentimes amid torture and agony declared, that he acknowledges but one faith, one Lord, one baptism: that he deems all homage, whether of the lips or body, paid to external images or symbols—all priestly assumption of the power of forgiving sins—all setting up of the traditions of men, and other errors and heresies which have polluted the pure apostolical church of Christ, and are too numerous for his failing breath to particularize, as directly contrary to the express command of God, as doing dishonour to his Spirit, and as usurping the offices and honours of his blessed Son, the only Saviour, and sole Mediator between fallen man and his Creator!"

A murmur of disapprobation arose from some of the assembly at these words, in the midst of which the prelate exclaimed, "Ye hear what the foul fiend declares, my lord judges—ye hear the blasphemy he utters against the blessed Mary, and the councils of our church! Will ye bear any longer these insults on all ye have been taught to believe most sacred, and will ye not come forward to vindicate the honour of the immaculate Virgin, and maintain the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter? Wretch!" he continued, raising his voice, which echoed through the lofty hall, "worse than pagan infidel! since thou wert nurtured in the bosom of the unerring church,—the earth shall henceforth conceal the enormity of thy guilt; the bright sun shall never more shed one beam upon thy hell-ward path. Away with him!" he continued, motioning to the bearers to approach the bier; "bear him to the lowest dungeon within these walls, where no ray of

light can penetrate, nor sound of human voice can reach! Let him be plunged alive into the confines of the grave, yet not to sink at once into the confines of hell; let his miserable existence be protracted for a few days—one morsel of bread, one drink of water, be buried with him, that as the scanty supply, serving only to mock his raging wants, diminishes, he may anticipate the unmitigated torture of everlasting thirst! But stay!" he continued, as the bearers were about to raise the bier, "ere thou take hence the wretched man, strip him of every vestige of his once honourable office—take away these disgraced trophies—remove his tarnished arms—knock off his dishonoured spurs!"

The abject minions of tyranny obeyed the command with alacrity. They had already pulled from the shoulders of their victim the ermined robe, removed the jewelled collar and the glittering stars, and were proceeding to knock off the spurs, when a venerable nobleman who sat on the right-hand of the president, rushed suddenly into the midst of them, and bade them, in a voice of authority, to desist.

"Away, miscreants!" he cried; "lay not your unhallowed hands on what God hath sanctified! It was from Him alone, my Lord Bishop," he continued, "and in good service done in His cause against the infidels, that Rodolph de Wendenburg received these honourable tokens from his prince's hand; and were the sovereign pontiff himself present, I would tell him to his face that 'what God hath given, man has no right to take away!'"

"Let the spurs then remain," said the Archbishop, who saw from the impression which the Baron de Vionnay's speech had made that he could go no further, "since your lordship so wills it; and if in after ages any of our descendants, in exploring the recesses of this venerable pile, shall find his wretched remains, let them learn in trembling, that high birth and honourable deeds are not always a safeguard from the gangrene of heresy, and heresy's just reward!"

The officials reluctantly laid aside the forceps and the hammer, when the captive, turning to the Baron de Vionnay, said, "In a dying hour these trophies of fame, however honourably earned, fade with all the other distinctions of a fleeting world, into less than nought; but the kindness which would have saved me from this last earthly insult shall not lose its recompense. My lord, when your dying hour approaches, let these words of your Saviour cheer your departing spirit, together with the recollection of the charity you now show towards one of the most unworthy of his disciples: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me!'"

The Archbishop, afraid of any further impression in favour of the captive, ordered the attendants to bear him away. He had

sunk back on his couch, and his closed eyes and ashy paleness indicated that the period of his sufferings drew near its close—but whether the freed spirit was then released, to wing its way to the God it had so faithfully served, or whether it remained yet a few days in its earthly tenement, was known to Him alone. At a signal from the Bishop, a coarse cloth of goat's hair was thrown over him, and the secret of his fate was hidden, together with the suffering yet triumphant martyr, in his living tomb.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIAL.

The bigot's zeal
Doth furbish up his armoury of murder,
We our's of patience; we must buckle on
Heav'n's panoply of faith and constancy,
And so go forth to war.

MILMAN.

THE melancholy procession had scarcely quitted the hall of justice, ere another party entered it, and stood before the inexorable judge, consisting of a young man in the bloom of manhood, on whose lofty brow sat high resolve and firm determination, whilst in the soft shading of his eye and the sweet benevolence of his countenance, charity, hope, and gentle bravery were portrayed. At his side was placed one yet in early youth; but notwithstanding the almost infantile loveliness of his face, and the slight gracefulness of his boy-like form, there was an expression of elevated intelligence in

"The deep summer of his dark blue eye,"

that spoke a soul as firm and exalted as that of his companion.

Reader, dost thou recognize the portraits? The Chevalier di Rossi bowed to the assembly with that mixture of dignity and courtesy which distinguished the high-born cavalier of the period, and listened respectfully as the Archbishop thus addressed him:

"We cite you, Chevalier di Rossi, in the name of our holy church, and of our sovereign lord the Duke, to answer before this honourable tribunal to the charge of heresy against the one, and treason against the other."

"And I stand here, reverend father, ready to refute those

charges, and throw them back on my accusers," said the chevalier, raising his majestic person to its full height.

"We cite you," resumed the prelate, "first, for the grievous sin of heresy, in endeavouring to pervert the minds of the faithful sons and daughters of the church, by the introduction of books containing sentiments in direct opposition to her doctrines, as well as for endeavouring to lead them astray by the forbidden perusal of the Holy Scriptures; and we also arraign you for high treason to your prince, in concerting, together with the boy Michael Cottier, means for the escape of the prisoner, François Bonnivard, from the dungeons, and for betraying the castle of Chillon into the hands of his rebel subjects of Geneva. In proof of which latter indictment, we proceed to take the ear-witnesses to conversations which have passed between you and the aforesaid Michael Cottier on this subject."

Bertoldo Scarpi and the Sergeant Prepotenti were now brought forward, and deposed that they had, at several distinct times, being concealed in a cavity in the ceiling of Michael Cottier's sleeping apartment, overheard conversations between him and the Chevalier di Rossi respecting the liberation of one of the captives, and the sending a plan to Geneva for the attack of the fortress, &c. &c. And thus, by artfully blending in their evidence some truths which they knew could be fully proved, with inventions of the most subtle malice, they wove a net of complicated artifice to entrap their innocent victims. The visit to the hermitage, the intended escape of Cottier, and his interview with Bonnivard,—the actual departure of the chevalier's attendants, were charges acknowledged by the accused: how then could they be separated from those of holding treasonable correspondence with the Genevan government and tampering with the jailer for the liberation of his prisoner?

The chevalier's defence, though concise, was powerful by its dignity and truth. He denied holding any correspondence with Geneva, having returned to his country charged with a private despatch from his royal mistress, the Queen of Navarre, to her uncle of Savoy, who had directed him to proceed to Chillon, and there await his answer; and he bade the Archbishop and the assembled judges beware how they detained and otherwise maltreated the envoy of a powerful court.

"Thou hast appealed unto Cæsar, and thus far, by Cæsar shalt thou be judged," said the Archbishop; "but no secular power can interfere to set aside our second charge. Holy mother church and her ministers must here decide. We shall not," he continued, looking round the court, whilst anger flashed from his eye, and bitter scorn curled his lip; "we shall not be blinded by names, however glorious,—we have proof of guilt, and a

witness whom none dare falsify—one who found the trail of the serpent even in the paradise of domestic sanctity." Then turning to the Governor, he begged him to produce the evidence of guilt which he had discovered in the apartment of his daughter.

After a speech in which he reiterated, in still more intemperate language, the vituperation of his reverend colleague, the Sire de Beaufort drew from his bosom a small book, bound in vellum, with clasps of silver, and handing it to Di Rossi, asked, insultingly, "if he had ever seen it?"

"I have, my lord," he replied, "it was once my own."

"And to whom did you give it?"

"To one, my lord," replied Di Rossi, deeply colouring, "whose name is too honoured by me to bring it forward thus."

"Nay, that subterfuge shall not avail you! If her father make the sacrifice so painful to his feelings, and drag his daughter forward, it is not that the guilty should screen himself behind her! You gave this book to the Lady Beatrice de Beaufort?"

"I did."

The Archbishop looked triumphantly around. "You hear the chevalier's confession, my lords and gentlemen; "you hear him unhesitatingly declare, that he placed heretical books in the hands of a noble lady, a daughter of the church; and now hear some of the sentiments of these precious compositions, or rather judge for yourselves!"—he added, as he handed the little volume to the Baron de Vionnay, who stood nearest, and who, without opening, would have returned it; but the Archbishop signed to him to circulate it amongst the rest of the judges, many of whom declining to touch anything so defiling, it was scarcely opened by the numerous hands it passed through. "It is now my painful office," continued the prelate, "to ask a further confession from the Lord of Brières, whose noble devotion to the church can only be estimated by the sacrifice he makes to her interests."

"Mark, my lord," interrupted the Governor, "I do not implicate my daughter! In acknowledging that these books were found in her apartment, I bring forward no proof of her having placed them there. I therefore proceed to state, that near the volume already before the court, I found a Bible."

He stopped, and looked fixedly on the chevalier, who replied, although in a voice that had lost some of its firmness, "Had you looked on the opening page of that sacred book, my lord, you would have seen, that if there be guilt in placing the Word of God in the hands of one, whose every action is, as far as the frailty of human nature permits, conformable to it, I have not incurred it." Here the Governor would have interrupted, but the unanimous voice of the assembly called on Di Rossi to proceed. "With regard to the other volume, I have acknowledged

myself guilty, if so it be deemed, to offer the production of one noble and excellent lady to the notice and acceptance of another; but when I name that most exalted princess, the Queen of Navarre, as the writer, as well as the giver, of that condemned volume, I trust I shall be acquitted on this count also." An expression of general surprise ran round the court, and Di Rossi, profiting by the favourable turn, continued: "I wish, my noble judges, to owe my acquittal to your justice alone, but since I see amongst your number some who would not grant it to my innocence, let me warn those who detain me, that they do so at their peril. My attendants are, ere this, on their way to the court of the French king, who will avenge any insult offered to the ambassador of his sister; nor will the Duke of Savoy, your sovereign and mine, pardon, a second time, the violation of his safe conduct!"

It would be difficult to describe the effect of this appeal on the minds of the principal accusers of the chevalier, backed as it was by the loud demands of his friends for his immediate release. Robbed of the most valuable prey, they turned with redoubled fury on that which remained in their power.

"We despise your threats, chevalier," said the prelate, "but we consent to defer your sentence, until we can add to it the august names to which you appeal. As to what concerns the wretched partner of your crimes, we need not keep this honourable conclave in suspense."

The life or sufferings of an obscure youth would have excited little interest in the barons of Savoy or of Vaud, but for the part he had borne in the trial of the Chevalier di Rossi, and the political interest involved in the charges brought against him.

Cottier replied with unblenching truth to these charges: he related his story with modest simplicity, but when the Archbishop endeavoured, in the most artful manner, to draw from him a confession of collusion with the government of Geneva, which might have compromised Di Rossi, he found his threats, promises, or consummate address, alike ineffectual.

"The young gentleman's memory is weak," said the Governor, with his usual sarcastic laugh; "there are some assistants yonder, who will, I dare say, refresh it. Time wears, and we have trifled away too much of it already,—off with him to the torture!"

"Patience, my noble governor! patience, I pray you! I have still some questions of importance to put," interrupted the prelate, whose schemes of deeper policy were sometimes impeded by the intemperance of his colleague. "Tell me, young heretic, what is become of thy Bible?"

"My little possessions have been examined, my person

searched," said Cottier, now indeed trembling lest Alice's gift to Bonnivard should be discovered.

"Dost thou, then, deny," continued his interrogator, "that thou hast read the forbidden book?"

"No, my lord, since I have learnt therein, that lies are an abomination."

"Admirably well applied! and what besides has your unassisted wisdom drawn from the prohibited source?" Cottier was silent, and after a few moments' pause, his godless persecutor continued: "Has the stolen knowledge puffed thee up with contumely and disobedience, that thou refusest to reply to my demands?"

"O no! it bids me yield to them that are in authority, and when smitten on one cheek, to turn the other."

"An excellent lesson!" retorted the scoffer, "and one thou shalt not lack opportunities for practising; but proceed: perchance thou hast learnt therein to forsake thy church, and betray thy lawful prince?"

"No, my lord!" answered the poor boy, exhausted by his protracted examination, and roused by the insulting jeers and rude laughs of his merciless judges; "but it has taught me, however hard the saying, to pray for them that despitefully use and persecute me."

"Why that is bravely said! and now, as an obedient son of the church and wise expounder of the Scriptures, thou wilt kneel before this image of the blessed Lady, and ask forgiveness for thy past negligence towards her."

"I dare not!" said the noble youth, shrinking with horror from the painted idol; "I cannot ask pardon of one who has no power to grant it!"

"Stop the mouth of the blasphemer!" exclaimed the impatient Governor; "the question! the question!"

And O, shame to the church to which they belonged! shame to the noble names they bore! there were many in that assembly who reiterated the cry! If this be a stain on human beings too deep to be believed, let the trials of our own countrymen at Smithfield—let the bloody persecutions of the Vaudois and Albigenses—let the whole army of martyrs of all ages, sex, and countries, bear witness to the faithfulness of the picture. The cry became louder and louder, and was fearfully swelled by the yells with which the agents of this blood-thirstiness rushed on their prey. As their iron hands grasped the tender arms of the youth, the blood forsook his cheek and lips, and rushed gushing to the heart; oppressed and almost suffocated, one sigh, one long-drawn sigh, which bore on its breath an earnest prayer for support, relieved that burdened heart, and he recovered his for-

titude—nay, that is a cold word for such an hour—his faith in the promises of his God.

But deliverance was at hand; the chevalier, who had borne his own injurious treatment with so much forbearance, unable to command himself at the sight of Cottier's danger, darted forward, and seizing in either hand one of the executioners of torture, threw them violently to a considerable distance; then raising his arms over the head of the youth, as if to shield him from returning evil, whilst the agitated expression of his countenance subsided into that of compassionating sweetness, he looked like a guardian angel who had rescued a spirit from the demons of darkness, to convey it to the regions of the blest.

"Archbishop of Turin!" he exclaimed, in a voice whose thrilling tones penetrated to the furthest corner of the hall, "is it by persecution and blood-thirstiness that thou wouldst establish thy claims as a priest and shepherd in the church of Christ? Ye nobles of the land, know ye not that God hath denounced woe against those who decree unrighteous judgments? And ye, too, lords of Savoy, wot ye not that it is for these your bloody persecutions that the enemy is permitted to devastate your country, and that the earth, saturated with the blood of the martyred, refuses to yield her increase—that death enters your palace gates, and lays the hope of the nation low?"

"Nay, this is beyond all endurance!" exclaimed the Archbishop. "My lords, why sit ye tamely here to be bearded thus? Guards, do your duty; bear the prisoner off; and for thee, young heretic, the rack has long been stretched, the pincers ready heated."

The officials hesitated, awed by the majestic deportment of the chevalier, who, turning a look of scorn on the assembly, as his eye glanced around the hall, exclaimed, "What! has cowardice and cruelty seized on ye all, nobles, knights, priests, and pilgrims? Is there not one generous spirit that dares stand forward in the defence of innocence? Can ye not believe that virtue exists upon the earth, and that the youth whose father was rescued from prison, should risk his young life to return the boon? Is it, then, for this ye cast him into bonds, and bring him here to make sport for the ungodly? But sport ye shall have, my noble lords—sport ye did not dare even to dream of. Lay *me* on the rack instead of this frail boy—these limbs will sustain a heavier wring of agony—these sinews are tougher!" saying this, he bared an arm modelled for strength and symmetry.

"We can accept no vicarious sacrifice," said the Archbishop; "reserve your strength and courage, sir knight, for the future demand that may be made on it! Minions! are ye under the

spell of the evil one? Do your duty, or ye
torture yourselves!"

At this threat, the guards advanced, and su
valier, who, finding all resistance vain, cast a
ble anguish on his companion in bonds, as th
inquisition again laid their hands on him, an
no resource but submission and prayer.

Already was the victim dragged to the chan
already had his upper garments been torn off,—
pilgrims, who during the whole of the trial had
leaning on his staff, his hat, as on the preceding
over his face, turned to father Ambroise, who h
before earnestly to address him, and pulling
noticed from his hand, gave it to him. T
crossed the hall, mounted the tribunal, and
few words in the Archbishop's ear, presented t

"Stay!" exclaimed the prelate, whilst a dark
his countenance, and belied the words of pe
tered; "we will proceed no further to-day.
culprit; the holy Mary has been pleased, thro
servant, father Ambroise, to intercede for
wretched misguided youth," he continued ad
who had been conducted back into the hall, "
tude of thy dungeon; the father will visit thee
humble contrition thou abjure thy heresy, and
fasting, confession, and penance, to atone for thy
merciful and long-suffering, may again recei
bosom.

Ere the chevalier left the hall, he had the uns
lation of seeing his beloved fellow-sufferer rel
dreadful fate which threatened him; and in com
fulness of his own precarious situation, he r
former place of captivity.

CHAPTER V.

THE PILGRIM.

Qui delivera le prisonier de ee sommeil sans refraïchissement? Qui l'affranchira de ces chaînes toutes autrement pesantes que celles qui pendent à ces bras? c'est l'Ange qui l'a instruit à preferer le pauvrété au sein d'un peuple de frèrse, aux joies voluptueses qu'il êut connues assis à la table des rois.

LE CHRONIQUER DE L'HELVETIE ROMAUDE.

IMMEDIATELY after the breaking up of the assembly, the Archbishop of Turin entered the cabinet of the Governor of Chillon.

"You are almost the only being I could look on without abhorrence," said the latter, "and I have given positive orders to be denied to all others. Tell me, I pray you, my lord, why you so suddenly broke up the conclave?"

"Saw you not the token he brought me—the precious ring of the holy martyr? I recognized it the evening before on the hand of the pilgrim."

"It seems strange that his highness should entrust any one to act with this unlimited authority. Has your lordship any suspicion who this pilgrim may be?"

"He evidently desires to be unknown, and therefore I have sought nothing beyond the validity of his credentials. That ring and the monk did us good service, however, in putting an end to a scene that had a different effect to that I intended." The Governor looked astonished. "The fortitude of these heretics begins to have a dangerous power over the spectators," continued the Bishop, "and the spirit of the times to rise against coercion."

"Would you, then, spare these miscreants all corporeal punishment?"

"I spoke only of the *public* exhibition of it. But let us now change the subject for the grateful one of the extraordinary devotedness you evinced in bringing forward the name of your daughter; and tell me, De Beaufort, for as an affectionate and deeply-interested friend I ask it, is the young lady's mind at all tainted by these cursed doctrines?"

"Alas, my lord!" replied the Governor, "oblige not a tender father to condemn his only child!"

"Far be it from me to wound your feelings. I only wished to know if the plague spot has shown itself, that I might recommend some gentle remedy ere it reached a vital part. It appears to me your fair daughter's affections incline to little that is mundane, and that she would make an admirable nun—the very abbess

of Santa Clara whom we are in search of." There was a pause of a few seconds, when the Bishop, turning suddenly to his companion, added, "De Beaufort, you are yet in the prime of life—you must marry again, and give an heir to your noble house and princely wealth, who will know better how to appreciate such advantages, than your beautiful yet melancholy daughter, who seems to sigh only for solitude."

The tempter had taken the most insidious form, and had seized on the exact moment.

"Nay, my good Lord," said the Governor, "what fair lady would favour so ancient a suitor?"

But the wily flatterer interrupting him, said, with a sly expression and peculiar emphasis, "Who but the illustrious Queen of the Revels—the Lady Blanche? Ah, my lord," he continued, resuming his usual stately manner, "the lookers on, whose vows preclude them from taking a part in the pastimes of life, observe more than those occupied in them. The calm Lord of Blonay has staked his heart and happiness on a losing venture, and if you know how to profit by the turn of Fortune's wheel, you may not only secure his fair sister, but his castle as her dower."

The Governor started, and looked at his companion with awe—the scheme nourished so long in secret had found a tongue—and that the eloquent one of the confidential adviser of his prince. Guilt thus sanctioned could, therefore, be no longer guilt.

"You forget, my lord, that the Count has demanded Beatrice's hand; and I have empowered father Ambroise to question her, and convey her answer to De Blonay."

"The proceedings of this day may perhaps enable him to hear that answer without regret," answered the prelate; "but let father Ambroise fulfil this mission, and then the further he is removed from the seductions of inquiry, and the attractive influence of his fair pupil, the better. We must provide him with some state employment, and the young lady with a temporary retirement in a nunnery."

"What think you of Einsiedeln? the abbess is a woman of known sanctity."

"Perhaps it would be better to put her under milder rule at first—generous natures are easier won by concession. I have a cousin, the Abbess of the Carmelites at St. Maurice, whose piety would be more effective on such a mind as your daughter's, than the intemperate zeal of mother Chabelais, to which we will only have recourse should milder measures fail."

A summons to the noon-day repast now broke up the conference. Soon after its termination, the pilgrim, attended by father Ambroise, was conducted through several dark and wind-

ing passages to the outer door of the subterranean dungeons, where the monk, taking the keys and lamp from the jailer, bade him there await their return, and himself locked the ponderous door on the inside.

"How great a relief it is to feel myself free from observation!" exclaimed his companion, raising his hat, and wiping the cold sweat from his pale brow. I have run a great risk in visiting this man, and now scarcely dare to meet his eye! O Father! this is a fearful place in which to plunge one whose pulse beats with life and energy!"

"I will dispose the light so as it shall fall on the prisoner, and your high—you, holy pilgrim, remain in the shade."

"So let it be! and now proceed. Yet stay," continued he, as father Ambroise placed the key in the lock of Bonnivard's cell, "do I not hear some one speak?"

"I have been told the Prior often talks to himself, sometimes repeating poetry, or holding imaginary colloquies."

"Hist! hist!" said the pilgrim, impatiently laying his hand on that of his companion. They were silent, but heard nothing, save the clanking of chains and the measured tread of a heavy foot. The hold of the pilgrim was relaxing, when he once more grasped the hand of the monk, as the voice from within repeated the following lines:—

"O patience! patience! time will be
When yawning tombs shall yield their dead,
And He who sets the captive free,
Shall bind the tyrant in his stead."

Again all was silent—the footsteps ceased—the monk turned the key and entered the cell, leaving open the door that his companion might remain in obscurity without, and yet observe all that passed within it.

Bonnivard had thrown himself into his usual position at the foot of the pillar; his face was buried in his hands, and he did not raise it as he exclaimed impatiently, "Thou art come early, jailer, and will find my cruise unemptied—leave it, and begone! Why dost thou linger?" he continued; "away! thy presence incommodes me!" and raising his head, his eyes fell on the compassionating countenance of father Ambroise, where they rested, whilst he endeavoured to recollect himself; then rising and bowing with the courtly grace and ease which even suffering could not destroy, he said, "Pardon me, holy father, I thought it was my hard jailer. It is now so long since I have lived in solitude, that memory nearly fails in her power of reproduction: yet methinks she tells me, that when François Bonnivard was yet amongst his fellow-men, his eye somewhere rested on your countenance."

"We met, I think, five years since in Savoy," said the monk.

"Nay, not so recently, holy father—no man has seen François Bonnivard so lately by the light of day; he has been six long years in this living tomb. The prisoner has an unerring calendar, though he has neither sun nor moon to reckon by—it is graven by suffering on the heart, by that hope deferred which sickens, though it does not deaden it. It is strange we do not die, but like the Egyptian corse are dried and blackened, yet preserved. You cannot surely, reverend sir, trace in these gaunt bones and parchment skin, a likeness to François Bonnivard?"

"I find it in the intelligence of the eye," said the monk; "but I trust that suffering and trial have subdued the inner with the outer man, and disposed you to listen to the generous overtures I am commissioned to make you from your prince."

"Poor Charles of Savoy!" said the prisoner, with a deep sigh; "he calculates liberally on my Christian powers of forgiveness, or perhaps on the lethean properties of silence and darkness."

"He calculates no further than his own generous mind sanctions. Think you, Prior of St. Victor, that your Prince has nought to forgive?"

"There are two ways of viewing the subject," said Bonnivard, his eyes lighting up, his pale thin cheeks glowing with a brilliant hectic, and his whole being animated by the long smothered but unextinguished fires which the subject called forth; "viewed only as subject towards his prince, I may have appeared in fault, but as friend towards friend, or man towards man, I deny the accusation. I saw the first gleam of light burst from the moral chaos around us, yea, even before those rays of divine intelligence appeared, which afterwards visited our benighted church; I discovered the spirit of liberty and justice brooding on the waters, I aroused my prince, I conjured him to yield in some degree to the pressing demands of that growing light, and when I found that his once noble and gentle heart was seared by prejudice and evil counsel against even moderate concession, I openly declared my own determination of giving up the revenues I held from the church, and enlisting in the cause of liberty and Geneva."

"And did your ardent hopes meet their completion there?"

"If you ask me if I found the philosophy of Greece and Rome amongst the bustling citizens, I answer nay; but I found what was more precious and disinterested, self-denial and noble courage, which raised them above the proudest examples of antiquity: and when my fastidious taste, fresh from the schools of eloquence, and attic wit, revolted against their coarse oratory, my soul was moved by the reality of the sacrifices they daily made to the noblest of causes, religion and liberty—and, holy father!

amidst all my sufferings, that struggling city has been nearest my heart—I scarcely dare ask you of her welfare?"

"She has bitterly expiated her wrongs towards her lawful prince," said the monk sternly, "and her citizens have been called on for the heaviest sacrifices."

"Which will one day be recompensed," interrupted Bonnivard. "Listen to me, holy father! The Spirit of God was in the still small voice that broke on the prophet's solitude—in the silence of my cell that voice has reached me too, in prophetic breathings, and told me that Geneva will be both spiritually and morally free—that the door of my prison will be opened, and that these dungeons will never again echo to the sigh of the captive. Yes!" he continued, and his voice rose in its full melodious diapason, "amid solitude and darkness, the mist that hangs over the distant prospect has been cleared from my mental eye, and I have been enabled to behold the lovely scene beneath. I see this land free and happy—I see peace and industry blessing its favoured inmates—and through the long vista of ages I perceive a pilgrim band of all nations come to deck, as a holy shrine, the pillar where the unfortunate Bonnivard lingered out a captivity of years. The poet will here suspend his laurel crown—the tear of beauty will moisten the soil—the children of the land will come on a favoured holiday, to raise their young voices in thanksgiving for the light of liberty which first broke from the captive's cell,—and the youth of all nations and creeds will pause in their wild wanderings across the mountains, to bless his memory; whilst thou, poor Charles of Savoy! will be denounced as the weak and wavering prince who, yielding to the counsel of evil men, denied the light of freedom to thy subjects, and the light of Heaven to thy friend!" He stopped, and dropping his voice, added, "Do I not hear some one on the outside of my cell?"

At this moment "A sunbeam that had lost its way," penetrated into the outer dungeon, and partially illuminated it. Bright flambeaux, hung by no human hand, seemed suddenly suspended from the vaulted roof, and to shed their uncertain and tremulous light between the arched pillars. It was but the transient illumination of the setting sun already noticed, but it lasted long enough to enable the captive to distinguish the figure of the pilgrim, who, overcome by conflicting emotions, and almost believing its sudden appearance to be an augury of the fulfilment of Bonnivard's prophecy, had sunk on his knees at the open door of the cell.

"Charles of Savoy," said the prisoner, "comest thou hither to view the misery of him thou hast wronged?"

"I come, Prior of St. Victor, to offer thee pardon and restitution," said the Duke, rising and entering the cell.

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amidst all my sufferings, that struggling city has been nearest my heart—I scarcely dare ask you of her welfare?"

"She has bitterly expiated her wrongs towards her lawful prince," said the monk sternly, "and her citizens have been called on for the heaviest sacrifices."

"Which will one day be recompensed," interrupted Bonnivard. "Listen to me, holy father! The Spirit of God was in the still small voice that broke on the prophet's solitude—in the silence of my cell that voice has reached me too, in prophetic breathings, and told me that Geneva will be both spiritually and morally free—that the door of my prison will be opened, and that these dungeons will never again echo to the sigh of the captive. Yes!" he continued, and his voice rose in its full melodious diapason, "amid solitude and darkness, the mist that hangs over the distant prospect has been cleared from my mental eye, and I have been enabled to behold the lovely scene beneath. I see this land free and happy—I see peace and industry blessing its favoured inmates—and through the long vista of ages I perceive a pilgrim band of all nations come to deck, as a holy shrine, the pillar where the unfortunate Bonnivard lingered out a captivity of years. The poet will here suspend his laurel crown—the tear of beauty will moisten the soil—the children of the land will come on a favoured holiday, to raise their young voices in thanksgiving for the light of liberty which first broke from the captive's cell,—and the youth of all nations and creeds will pause in their wild wanderings across the mountains, to bless his memory; whilst thou, poor Charles of Savoy! will be denounced as the weak and wavering prince who, yielding to the counsel of evil men, denied the light of freedom to thy subjects, and the light of Heaven to thy friend!" He stopped, and dropping his voice, added, "Do I not hear some one on the outside of my cell?"

At this moment "A sunbeam that had lost its way," penetrated into the outer dungeon, and partially illuminated it. Bright flambeaux, hung by no human hand, seemed suddenly suspended from the vaulted roof, and to shed their uncertain and tremulous light between the arched pillars. It was but the transient illumination of the setting sun already noticed, but it lasted long enough to enable the captive to distinguish the figure of the pilgrim, who, overcome by conflicting emotions, and almost believing its sudden appearance to be an augury of the fulfilment of Bonnivard's prophecy, had sunk on his knees at the open door of the cell.

"Charles of Savoy," said the prisoner, "comest thou hither to view the misery of him thou hast wronged?"

"I come, Prior of St. Victor, to offer thee pardon and restitution," said the Duke, rising and entering the cell.

"Lenoir! forgive me, that I did not sooner recognize thee—but thou art changed—methinks thou art freer, happier."

"Ay, praised be God, and my Lord of Blonay, I am! Look, holy father, at yonder neat cottage and its garden and meadow, they are all mine; and these are my children yonder, and my excellent wife—will it please ye enter?"

"Thank ye, Lenoir, another day; but I am now in haste to reach the castle of thy new lord."

"If you will permit me to conduct you by a nearer path, I will accompany you, father, for I need your counsel and want your assistance; and Heaven seems purposely to have placed you in my path."

Lenoir led the way towards a pine forest, and plunging into the thickest shade, walked on for some time very quickly, the monk following in silence; at length stopping suddenly he said, "Father, I am about to place my life in your hands—but you will not betray me?"

"Proceed, son—you have nothing to fear."

"You know my office, holy father, and that I have been a man of rough calling from my youth; but it was not till I came to yon castle that I lifted my hand in aught but honest warfare of sword against sword—there, at the bidding of one bad man—but let this pass, his soul must answer for the deed, and I have vowed that the circumstances of that dark act shall never be divulged by me. I only hint at it to show you why the proud Governor trembled before his meanest servant. I have yet a fouler spot to wipe off. Yes, holy father—at the command of those who told me I did a service to our church, I fell so low as to tarnish my honest name, and take the pincers of the torturer. Once, once only—and O the noble limbs that writhed beneath my vile hands!"

Here the poor man, overpowered by his emotion, leant against a tree, and convulsive sobs checked his voice.

"Go on! go on, I entreat!" said his compassionate listener.

"I bore the bleeding man myself from the rack, with a soul hardened in wickedness. I laid him on his wretched pallet, and steeling myself against expected reproaches, I was about to mock his agony by some fiend-like jeer, when I heard him pray—pray for me—his torturer!" The heavy throes of conscience seemed again to rend the powerful frame of the penitent, and to suspend his narrative; at length, after a short pause, he continued: "I pray you pardon me, father! you are in haste, and I will endeavour to be so too. I had another prisoner, the Prior of St. Victor, him too I loved—loved for his patient cheerfulness, and his brave endurance of misery. By degrees I lingered in his cell, and that of the christian knight whom I had so in-

ured. By degrees I became less brutish, and my soul was softened by their gentleness. The Governor saw the change, and his spies discovered the little indulgences I granted to my prisoners. My young lady had a fair page, a gentle boy, whose services she much valued; there were many guesses amongst the menials that his birth and breeding were above the office he filled, and my lady perhaps knew this, for she showed him much favour. You saw those children, holy father, playing around my dwelling; to that young gentleman's bravery I owe their lives. In return for this, I asked what I could do for him, and he bade me conduct him into the cell of Bonnivard. I took every precaution, but it was frustrated by some secret intelligence which his spies obtained of our intention. In short, we were discovered, and all I dreaded happened—the youth was left in the prisons, and I conducted into the presence of the Governor. I was not unprepared for this possible turn of events, and when his excellence talked of punishment, I informed him that in case of my detention, I had desired my wife to inform my Lord of Blonay where he might seek me. 'Villain!' exclaimed the Governor, turning pale with rage, 'thou hast been too cunning for me;' but quickly recovering himself he added, 'It is time that we part, Lenoir, let us do so as friends: whilst I can depend on thy secrecy, thou shalt have no reason to doubt my generosity. Go to thy home, and let no vestige of yourself or your belongings remain until the morrow.' I bowed and left the room."

"And the poor boy?" interrupted the monk.

"I tried to put in a word for him, but in vain," said Lenoir sorrowfully; "and it is on his account that I wish to entreat your assistance, knowing you, father, are not one of those, who think all mercy shown to those who differ from you in creed, to be sin."

"Is there any chance of escape?" asked the monk eagerly.

"None from his present position in the lower dungeons; but if, by your interest with the Governor, you could get him removed into the chamber above, whose window looks into the lake, old Isaack might, on pretence of fishing, bring his little boat near enough to pick him up if he could jump into it."

"I will use my best endeavour to aid the poor youth," said the father,—"I will visit him on my return; and now, farewell, for here is Blonay."

Lenoir having expressed his thanks, and kissed the good man's hand, left him to pursue his way thoughtfully, beneath the noble avenue of ancient trees that led up to the baronial residence. As he walked slowly underneath the terrace, which once ornamented the western wing of the building, he heard the sound of laughter, and distinguished the voice of the Governor,

who was leaning over the balcony with the Lady Blanche; whilst on a seat at a little distance, he observed the elder lady of the castle in close conversation with the Archbishop of Turin. He passed on unobserved, and entered the great court, where some of the retainers were distributing wine and provisions to a party of servants, in attendance on the noble visitors. The monk asked for the young count, and was informed he was ill, and kept his apartment.

"If you will please to enter, holy father," said one of the men, "perchance my lord might like to see you in his sleeping chamber."

The valet conducted him into the hall; and throwing open the door of the saloon, begged him to enter, and await the answer he would bring him from his master. The windows of this room were open, and led into the balcony in which the Lady Countess and the Archbishop were seated. They were shaded by venetian blinds, which concealed those who were within, without preventing the conversation from being overheard.

"I tell you again and again, my lord," said the Lady de Blonay, "that Alberto will never love any other than the Lady Beatrice; and as he cannot marry her, his possessions will, of course, become the heritage of my daughter's children: surely, then, with such expectations, added to her great beauty, Blanche has a right to a rich jointure."

"And will not the rich lands of Brières furnish one, dear lady?"

"The Sire de Beaufort, my lord, you must be aware, has no claim on these after his daughter's minority; they were the inheritance of her mother, the Countess of Brières and Cormayeur, and will revert to her only child."

"What if the Duke should refuse to allow a heretic to enjoy them?"

"In that case," returned the lady with a sarcastic smile, "finding her new fancies likely to cost her so dear, she will renounce them."

"Well, then we must make a nun of her, and dower her with the rich abbey of Santa Clara."

"There too you will fail, my lord, for I know the young lady's rooted aversison to the veil."

"Well, well, madam," said the prelate, in a tone which admitted no further contradiction, "we will now, if you please, drop the discussion. Let it satisfy you to know, that the Archbishop of Turin has pledged his word; that his resolution is taken, and that if persuasion and influence do not succeed——." Here the servant entered to inform the father that his master would be happy to see him.

The young nobleman was seated in his private cabinet, and looked pale and dejected. In reply to the inquiries of his visitor, he answered, "I have profited by a trifling indisposition to keep my room, and enjoy the privilege of solitude; but my thoughts are such melancholy companions, that I rejoice to exchange them for your society, holy father, even though I perceive, by the kind commiseration of your looks, that you have nothing cheering to impart. Have you seen the Lady Beatrice?"

The father replied sadly in the affirmative. "I ask you no further," continued the Count, his pale countenance becoming yet paler. "I never had any hope—Beatrice was too sincere to hold out any—too upright to deceive. And indeed, how could I wish it otherwise? for even with her, I could enjoy no happiness—her unfortunate opinions ——"

The father interrupted him hastily. "If you are equal to the walk, I would ask your company on my homeward road, and I will explain myself more fully; my recent experience has made me mistrustful of the thickness of these walls."

"I will gladly accompany you," said the Count, "for I want your sympathy on a subject that weighs yet heavier on my heart, since its burden also oppresses my conscience. I allude to my base desertion of my friend in the hour of trial, and the cowardice which tamely submitted to the unjust persecution of that extraordinary youth."

"You remind me of a mission I have undertaken in his favour, and that I must visit him ere set of sun," said father Ambroise; as he and the lord of the castle quitted it by a private passage, that led directly into the forest.

Before we introduce the benevolent monk into Michael Cottier's cell, we must go back a few days, and describe the poor boy's situation as Lenoir left him alone in silence and darkness, on the night of their ill-fated visit to the Prior of St. Victor. The jailer had not proceeded many paces, ere he returned to take the key from the lock and give it to the youth. "Take it," he said, and hide it under the pavement in the corner of the cell, where the poor knight concealed his treasures. If we are discovered, and I can't return to let you out, which God forbid! this key may one day be of service, and I have its fellow at home, if applied to."

On removing the stone, and groping beneath, Cottier found a book and some papers, but the darkness prevented his seeing further, and laying them with the key underneath the pavement, he threw himself on his knees, and prayed ardently for fortitude and faith to meet the trials that threatened him—and fortitude and faith were given him; for when the cruel Bertoldo entered the cell a short time after, he received him with the calm supe-

riority of a purer essence. This served to increase the malignant passions of the wretch, who indulged in bitter taunts and low revilings, whilst the spirit of the young Christian rose higher by oppression, as the fire of persecution, operating only on the baser metal of human pride and human will, leaves the pure gold of the sanctuary unalloyed. Under the stone already mentioned, Cottier found an ink-horn, and a few sheets of paper full of the pious breathings of the former captive. For a few hours in the day, eyes accustomed to darkness could trace their characters, for these they furnished a delightful occupation; and when night came he would muse on what he had read, and endeavour to fix it on his memory. Sometimes also he would, with a piece of charcoal, trace on the walls of his cell, from subjects that filled his imagination, rough sketches which time long spared; and at others, would draw on his mental store for interests to while away the long hours. Prayer, however, was his chief resource; and during its exercise, there were precious moments when the covering of the flesh seemed to be removed—when the roof of his dungeon was opened, and angels, such as visited the patriarchs in Bethel, descended to minister unto him. It was in such a frame of mind, with a soul strengthened by manna from Heaven, that our youthful confessor was called on to appear before his unjust judges in the hall of the castle. At the bottom of the staircase, he passed the bier containing the pale form of the Knight of Jerusalem; and immediately at the entrance encountered the Chevalier di Rossi. They could only look at each other, and breathe a cheering word of encouragement and hope.

The history of their trial has already been given; but it would be difficult to analyze the mingled feelings with which the young Christian returned to his cell. At first, he felt disappointed at being drawn back from the goal, which he seemed almost to have reached; but when the supernatural strength supplied in his need, began to sink, next to his thankfulness to Heaven for his deliverance, his young heart burned with enthusiastic gratitude towards his intrepid defender, and the desire of escape for his sake, and that of Bonnivard, for the first time took possession of his mind. "If I can succeed in reaching Geneva," he said, "I cannot fail of procuring assistance: but something must be attempted, and that speedily, or the torture may, to-morrow, incapacitate me from all other exertion." He took the key of his dungeon from its hiding place, and trusting that Bertoldo would not return until his accustomed hour at night, he unlocked the door, and ventured into the outer passage, which, as we have already observed, ran the whole length of the subterranean chamber. He examined the walls, and

ound them peirced by loop-holes, which he imagined would be vide enough to admit the passage of his slender form, had they not been guarded by a thick iron bar, which ran perpendicularly through them. Could he remove this impediment? He climbed the wall, and applied his whole force to the massive iron. Alas, as easily might he have pulled down the pillars of his prison. Sad, and almost despairing, he re-entered his cell, and sat down to consider what he could do. The silence of the grave was around him, interrupted only by the ticking of his watch—a sudden thought struck him,—he took it from his pocket. "It was thy parting gift, my mother," he said, "and thou badest me use it in an hour of need—that hour is now arrived." He detached the cover, unscrewed the workings, and succeeded in taking out the main-spring which, the watch being of a large size, was of considerable force; then replacing the screws, he put the watch again into his bosom, and felt as though he had silenced a thing of life. Once more, he left the cell, anxious to try the effect of his acquisition, and judging from the last hour his now silent companion had indicated, that there were yet many ere his jailer would appear, he climbed to the loop-hole with a beating heart, and applied his singular tool to the iron bar. The progress he made through its massive strength, was almost imperceptible, but it *was* progress; and with a flushed cheek, and beating heart, he continued for some time exerting his utmost efforts in his interesting employment, when the sound of approaching footsteps obliged him to return hastily into his cell. He had scarcely time to lock the door and to thrust the key into his bosom, ere Bertoldo entered; to whom he stammered out something on the unusual hour of his visit.

"I am anxious to know how you do to-day, young master, after your little relaxtion of yesterday? Why I declare," he continued, "holding the lamp with a fiend-like leer towards his shrinking victim, "you are looking all the better for it; your cheeks are red as a midsummer rose, and your eyes so bright that I have little need of a lamp to find you; these occasional breaks in a somewhat solitary life, keep the blood in circulation —may be your next will be still more animating."

Cottier answered not, and Bertoldo went on. "As I see you are in a very sociable humour, I am sorry I cannot stay just now; but here is a gentleman at hand desirous of speaking with you, if it suits your humour to admit him."

"Certainly," said Cottier; and a few minutes after father Ambroise entered his cell.

"This is not the first time we have met," said the monk, looking with compassionate interest on the young captive.

"It was to your kind influence, father, that I yesterday owed

the reprieve of my punishment; or perhaps I should say, its postponement."

"I trust not, my dear son. I hope that you will listen to the pleadings of truth and reason, and hear me patiently, since I am empowered to offer you pardon and liberty, if I can succeed in winning you back to your ancient faith."

Their conversation was long and interesting—begun in christian charity, it was continued on both sides with the same zealous desire to rescue a soul from what each deemed dangerous error. It did not degenerate into bigotry or bitterness, and if neither party was convinced, both were benefited by the gentleness and charity evinced by the other.

"I must then leave thee in thy dungeon, my poor boy," said the monk; when after a considerable time spent in close conference, he found how ineffectual his arguments had been.

"Yes, dear father Ambroise, but you leave me not alone."

"True, my son, Heaven will not yet, I trust, leave thee to thy blindness. My soul yearns over thee, and I would fain spare thee the trial of the flesh that too surely awaits thee."

"A few passing clouds, dear father; some drops of rain, and then eternal sunshine."

"Hast thou no misgivings, boy—no struggles to be free?"

"Yes, holy father, ardent struggles, as the eagle after the sun."

"I spoke of earthly liberty. Hast thou no friends?"

"I have a mother,—and perhaps you would be the bearer to her of a farewell gift?" Cottier took his watch from his bosom. "She gave me this at parting, and bade me keep it for an hour of need; you will tell her I did so, and when she receives, she will read in it the fate of her son."

"Nay," said the monk, pushing Cottier's hand gently back; "keep thy watch, it may cheer thy lone hours."

"I have done with time," he replied, solemnly.

The father took the watch, and placed it to his ear; he found it had ceased to work, and opening it discovered the reason. He made no remark, but after a short pause, turning to Cottier, said, in a very low voice, "I will not fail to do as thou wishest —but I have hopes that thou mayest ere long return to thy dear parent. Dost thou remember seeing me in the cottage of poor Isaack Bontemps, the night his sister died?"

"Perfectly—they were tried friends of our family."

"And are faithful to you still;" and the father's voice sunk still lower as he added, "not a night passes but the old man throws his net beneath these walls. I have hopes of getting thee removed into an upper chamber,—I dare not add more." Then raising his voice, he said, "Farewell, my son! the holy

pilgrim to whom thou already owest so much has interceded with the Governor for thy removal into a lighter apartment; I will pray that the beams of truth may visit you in it."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ESCAPE.

The wall is high; and yet I will leap down.
. . . . . .
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

SHAKSPEARE. *King John.*

It was night—dark, starless night. The inhabitants of the castle had early sought their beds; the servants, worn out by the late hours and additional services of the preceding days, as well as drowsy from the fumes of the wine which had circulated freely during their carousals, slept soundly. The guests had all quitted the castle, except the Archbishop and his suite, and the pilgrims who had returned from St. Maurice to pass a last night beneath its roof. The evening meal had been scantily attended, and speedily dispatched. Even the Governor and the Archbishop had laid aside their diplomacy, and yielded to the imperious call of fatigue; and the jailer, placing his keys beneath the pillow of the former an hour before the usual time, retired with the laconic assurance "that all was safe." The sentinel on the western rampart, conscious perhaps of his share in the general drowsiness, walked quickly to and fro, shielding his arms from the hail which rebounded from his polished helmet, and secretly rejoicing in the vigour of the night wind which blew against his face, and prevented his heavy eyes from closing.

The hum and bustle of man had ceased, but they seemed only to have resigned the arena to the jar of elements, and all around was dark, except when vivid and forked lightning threw the brilliancy of day on the surrounding objects, playing on the old towers of the castle, and glancing over the waters.

"Who goes there?" asked the soldier, as one of these occasional illuminations revealed to him a dark figure, standing at one of the loop-holes.

"It is I, my son, father Ambroise," answered a calm voice.

"By my patron, St. Anthony, father, you have chosen a rough night to leave your warm nest. I should have thought no one would have taken a walk on these battlements in such weather, by choice."

"Dost thou not know, my son, that hardship and endurance are part of my vows?"

"I know, holy father, that men vow, now-a-days, much that they never perform: not that we tax father Ambroise with such double dealing; but certes, father, this is a work of useless penance."

"Nothing is useless, my son, that teaches us to despise the complacencies of the flesh. Besides, I love to contemplate the beauties of creation, and to listen to the voice of the Creator, even in his angry thunder. How bright was that vivid flash! Thou wouldest do well, my friend, to lay aside thy arquebuse—it is a dangerous attraction for the lightning." The soldier laid it within the watch-tower, and the monk, calling him to the further side of the rampart, pointed to the chain of the Jura. "Look! look!" he said, "how the incessant flashes illumine the sides of the mountains—one would almost imagine it to be a wall of fire."

The sentinel's eyes were fixed on an object nearer home, for the tell-tale flash had discovered a little boat, struggling against the foaming waves of the lake, just beneath the castle walls.

"Did you not see a boat yonder, holy father? Wait until the next flash,—there, there!" he cried, "immediately under the hall of justice;" and he ran for his fire-arms. "I will hazard a shot at it," he continued, as he returned with a loaded piece. It may rouse the other sentinels, and prevent mischief."

"Stop, my son!" said the monk, laying his hand on the soldier's arm; "may it not be some poor fisherman, who is gone in the midst of the storm to secure his nets?"

"I scarcely think any of the craft would be hardy enough to venture out in such a night. Hist, father! did you not hear a plash, as if some one had fallen into the water? May be it is one of the prisoners taking an evening bath in the lake, under the superintendence of the master of the bathing establishment, Signor Bertoldo," continued the man, with a short significant laugh; "but they do not usually take a boat with them in their pastimes, and I surely hear the stroke of oars."

This was not fancy. The ears of the other listener, stretched in the deepest attention, had also heard the plunge and the plash of oars that succeeded, but the wild spirit of the storm that again arose after the transitory calm, soon drowned all other sound.

The soldier again raised his arms. "There they are, there

they are," he shouted, as successive flashes of lightning again discovered the little bark, bearing rapidly away towards the other side of the lake. The man fired—the shot ran hissing across the waters—another was heard from a distant part of the castle—and then all was still.

"If anything comes of this, holy father, you are a witness that I did my duty," said the sentinel. "I am sorry that I could not hit the fellows, for be their errand what it may, they have no business to be lurking there at this time of night. However, it is some comfort to know, that if they have escaped my balls, there is no chance for their cockleshell in such a storm."

"There would indeed be none, if Heaven were not more merciful than man," replied the monk; "but perchance I am more skilful in reading the skies than thou, my friend. I see a clearing over the Jura, and can discern a few stars; the violence of the wind is passing away, and God has stilled the raging of the waves."

It was as he predicted: the thunder rolled more distantly, the pelting hail was succeeded by soft rain, the wind sank sobbing to rest, and the waves of the lake subsided into a long roll which follows unusual agitation.

The father now retired to his apartment—not to sleep, but to prostrate himself in painful penance before the image of his vain idolatry, and to implore her forgiveness for the part he had taken in the escape of one who had renounced her worship.

At breakfast the next morning he joined the party in the hall, where nothing was mentioned of the events of the preceding evening, except a few cursory observations on the weather; and he hoped, if the prisoner had escaped, his absence would not be discovered before the jailer's nightly round. He was now desirous of leaving the castle to prevent any discovery of the part he had taken in his flight; but before the hour fixed by the pilgrim prince for commencing their march, he visited his beloved pupil, conjuring her to let him hear of her future movements, and promising to come to her assistance, should she at any time want his counsel or aid. Poor Beatrice and her attendant reverently bent to receive his parting benediction, and with strained and weeping eyes saw their only friend pass over the drawbridge a short time after, and take, with the pilgrim band, the chesnut-shaded path that led to Villeneuve. At the same moment the Governor of Chillon and the Archbishop left the castle, and drawing up with their attendants on one side, uncovered their heads and bent low as the pilgrims, chanting their Ave Marias, and treading in slow measure to the monotonous accompaniment, passed by.

"A strange fancy this," said the prelate, "as the assumed

humility of his countenance was succeeded by his usual sarcastic haughtiness; "to lay aside the sceptre and take up the staff."

"The fickle jade, Fortune," returned his companion, "played poor dame Nature a sorry trick, when she placed a crown on that weak head, and covered your's with a cowl, my lord."

"Nature, however, generally asserts her right," said the Bishop, "and Charles is not the first prince who has been governed by a monk. But let us now turn to the concerns of another deity more powerful than either. To-day, I trust, we shall conclude our negotiations, and secure the beautiful Lady Blanche as your affianced bride. You are a lucky man, de Beaufort."

"You shall find me a grateful one," returned the Governor; "but De Blonay, I fear, will not like me so well as a brother-in-law."

"He has a right loyal heart, and will sacrifice a great deal for his prince's interest. I will read you that young man's fortune without a silver mark. He has staked his happiness on the glance of a scornful eye."

"Nay, my lord, that surely is not a right appellative for my gentle nun."

"Perhaps not; but I contented myself with the vocabulary of the troubadour."

"And the Count's fortune?" asked the anxious interrogator.

"A divided shield, and distant grave," said the prelate solemnly, as they rode into the court of the castle.

Two hours after, the Sire de Beaufort descended the mountain gorge, intoxicated with love and ambition, turning ever and anon to acknowledge the signal waved by the white hand of his lady love from the balcony, until the deep shade of her ancestral trees shut her from his view, and another form as fair, in its pale seriousness, presented itself to his mind's eye.

"Tush!" he exclaimed, as he sought to stifle the voice of conscience, "Beatrice will be happier in her cloister, or, if not, why did she refuse the hand of the Count? She has been the arbitress of her own fate."

Under the influence of this self-deception, the Governor entered his castle, and was met at the door by Bertoldo, with a countenance that announced intelligence of weighty and no pleasant import. The man beckoned mysteriously to his lord to follow, and led the way into an apartment half way up the principal stone staircase—it was empty.

"Gone! escaped!" exclaimed the Governor; "villain, if thou hast betrayed thy trust, thy head shall answer for it."

Bertoldo advanced towards the window, which looked into the lake, and pointed to the bar, which had been bent aside.*

* See note K.

"Was it I that moved this?" he said; "was it I that placed the prisoner where help could have been brought him from without?"

The Governor examined the window. "It is impossible," he said, thoughtfully, "that the unassisted arm of man could have bent this bar."

"But if the old witch of the whirlwind did not help her brood through the storm of last night," said the jailer, with a malignant laugh, "he must have perished in its fury!"

"Go, sirrah, call the captain of the galley and Colonel Dufour, we must despatch men and boats in all directions."

The officers appeared, and received their orders; the sentinels of the night were examined; and no pains were spared in trying to discover the manner of the prisoner's flight, or in arranging the best methods for retaking the fugitive.

In the evening the old Concierge tapped at the door of his young mistress's apartment to inform her that her father wished instantly to see her: she obeyed in trembling, and found him alone in his cabinet. As the old domestic threw open the door and announced the Lady Beatrice, the Governor quitted the desk, at which he was writing, and taking her hand, seated himself near her on a couch. There was an expression of assumed dignity, and at the same time of almost shrinking apprehension, in his manner, which unconsciously inspired his companion with courage to lift her eyes towards a countenance, which was turned from her searching look.

"My dear daughter," said the Sire de Beaufort, after a short pause, "I have sent for you to converse on a subject of the deepest importance—one that nearly concerns the honour of our house. You have been imprudent, my dear child, and this imprudence has almost cost your father his situation in life, if not his life itself." He paused; Beatrice answered not; there was a vague doubt of the sincerity of her father's statement—a hope, at least, that the danger was exaggerated, which kept her silent. She still fixed her inquiring eyes on him, as he proceeded: "I see, my daughter, that you do not feel the full import of what I say—you do not estimate the dreadful ruin which must have ensued to us both, if I had not possessed friends sufficiently powerful to avert it."

"My father," said Beatrice, at length forcing herself to reply, "I beseech you explain! what have I done to occasion you so much uneasiness?"

"What have you done? Is it possible that you can be ignorant that your avowal of heretical opinions, and your reading of heretical books, has been a subject of general remark, and would have attracted the censure of the church, had not the Archbishop

of Turin considerately taken the subject into his private jurisdiction." Beatrice was now considerably alarmed, and trembled exceedingly as her father proceeded. "He has consented to overlook your imprudence, on condition you ask pardon, and fulfil another exaction which will fall heavily on me, since I shall be called on to part with you for a time, that you may make a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln, there to implore forgiveness at the shrine of our Lady of the Hermits." The Governor stopped, but Beatrice spoke not,—she could not speak,—her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, the room ran round before her closing eyes, and she turned exceedingly pale. "My dear child," said the Governor, somewhat alarmed, "be not terrified, the danger is past, and all will be well if thou art obedient."

"It is your anger I fear, my father, when I declare unto you that my conscience will not allow me to undertake the pilgrimage you propose."

She bent her head meekly to meet the pelting of the expected storm, and pressed her hands on her bosom to still its beatings. But her unfeeling parent perceived that he had now proceeded far enough for his present purpose; he therefore raised her gently, and wiped the cold dew from her forehead.

"My little trembler," he said kindly, "think not that I would exact any thing to give thee needless pain. If thou willest it not, thou shalt leave thy pilgrimage until we can make it together. Here, however, thou canst not remain, for this castle is threatened with attack. What sayest thou to our sunny glades of Cormayer—wilt thou bend thy steps thither? Ah, now I see thou canst smile—a rainbow gleam through the dropping shower. Well, let me think how I can best arrange our plans." He placed his hand on his forehead, as if in deep consideration, whilst Beatrice stood by in breathless expectation; at length he said, as though the plan had that instant presented itself to his thoughts, "The only way I see to release us from our present difficulties, will be to ask a shelter, for a short time, from the kind abbess of St. Maurice, until I can either accompany thee myself, or father Ambroise shall return to escort thee across the mountains."

The heart of Beatrice sank at the mention of a convent, and she ventured timidly to ask if she might not remain at Chillon, until he could leave it with her.

"Impossible! the castle must be put into a state of immediate defence, and thou must leave it to-morrow morning. Rosette will accompany, and an escort befitting thy rank escort thee. And now go, my child," he continued, rising, and taking her in his arms, "thou hast doubtless some preparation to make. Nay,

do not cling around me as if we were to part for ever. I shall see thee on thy way to-morrow."

The Sire de Beaufort thus far kept his word, and was ready the next morning at an early hour to hand his daughter into her litter. Beatrice could only embrace her father in silence; the grey dawn did not admit of her observing his countenance, but he pressed her to his bosom, kissed her cheek and forehead, and then, bidding her "God speed," ordered the cavalcade to proceed. Poor Boniface closed the curtains of the litter with a trembling hand, and turning to Rosette, renewed his injunctions of attention and care towards her precious charge.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FLIGHT.

. . . . . Yet better
This wild life of danger and distress,—
Watchings by night, and perilous flight by day,—
Far better, than to kneel with them,
And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.

BRYANT.

And how sped our little bark over the stormy lake on that dark night when father Ambroise sought to direct from it the deadly aim of the sentinel? And what did the frail bark contain, that he denied repose to his sunken eye until he had prayed earnestly for its safety? A Christian flying from persecution—a captive escaped from treacherous thraldom—and two generous men who had perilled their lives to ransom his.

It were vain to attempt a description of the wild struggle which followed the plunge of the captive into the lake from the window of his prison: the nervous, strenuous contest with darkness, wind, and wave, until he was seated in the boat, and that was impelled by the stout arms of the rowers, and a favouring though tempestuous gale, out of reach of the shot which whizzed over the lake. Not a word was uttered—the danger was too imminent to allow a pause; and every breath was required for ceaseless exertion.

After half an hour's severe rowing, the exhausted boatmen rested a moment on their oars, and one of them exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, we are now for a while safe, and may venture to pull in for the cove,—one tug more, and we shall be there."

The renewed effort was successful, and soon brought them within the safe enclosure of one of the sheltered bays of the

lake, into which a considerable torrent from the mountains above poured its now turgid and swollen waters. The foremost boatman here jumped ashore, and was quickly followed by his companions, with whose aid he drew the little bark high up on the beach, and placed in it some fishing tackle which lay there.

"Now, Isaack," said he, "you will have nothing to do but to go quietly to-morrow morning to mending your nets; but in the meantime it shall be our first business to seek a little refreshment, and change our wet clothes, after which we will consult what is best to be done."

Saying this, he plunged into a deep ravine, whilst the others followed in silence, sometimes climbing over steep rocks, sometimes knee-deep in the mud brought down by the swollen torrent. They thus continued for nearly an hour to mount the rugged steep, when they turned into a thick forest, and following a path which led down the sides of some rocks, saw at a little distance a light gleam from the windows of a cottage. A woman, who was leaning over the gallery, hastily descended, and asked "if all was safe, and the captive free?"

"All safe," replied Lenoir, "thanks to a protecting Providence."

"But where is Monsieur Cottier?" inquired she, raising her lamp to the stranger's face; "this is not he!"

"All in good time," said her husband, gently pushing her towards the house. "I hope thou art prepared to give us good welcome. Come in, signor; come in, good Isaack; do thou dry thy garments beside the fire whilst I equip his Excellence;" and he led the rescued captive into an inner chamber, where he furnished him with dry linen and a suit of clothes such as was then worn by the fishermen of the lake, and bringing him forth thus equipped, placed a seat for him at one of the little tables near the fire, whilst he took his supper with old Isaack at the other. The hospitality of the gude wife was not diminished by the disappointment she had experienced at not finding the preserver of her children amongst the liberated; and after her guests had liberally partaken of her good cheer, Di Rossi poured out his grateful thanks to his host and Isaack for their intrepid and unlooked-for aid, and asked how they had discovered the place of his confinement?

"Why, Eccelenza," said Lenoir, "since my wife has partly let the cat out of the bag, I may as well tell you at once, that though we are glad enough to get such a noble fish into our nets, you are not exactly the one we were in search of. It was young Master Cottier that Isaack and I have been angling for many a rough night, seeing we have both good reason to be obliged to him. Since our business, therefore, is not done

whilst he remains in bonds, I fear you must go on your way without us, though I will do all I can to speed you on it."

"Thank thee, Lenoir; but before we talk of my concerns, I must hear how you mistook me for my poor friend."

"You must know, then, signor, that ever since I was the innocent cause of the noble lad's imprisonment, my good father-in-law and myself have not rested night or day, in endeavouring to set him free. Some day I may tell you more about it, but at present I am on tenters till you are off, and I will only say that, as a last hope, we ventured to interest father Ambroise in his favour, to beg he might be removed into the chamber immediately above the dungeons, from whose window I knew it was practicable to escape. It was but this evening that I received from the good monk an assurance that he had obtained the permission from the Governor himself; when, therefore, I heard a plash in that direction—for the darkness of the night prevented us from marking the exact spot—what could we think but that it was the young man himself? although I soon found we had hooked a larger fish."

"Would it had been he!" exclaimed Di Rossi.

"Nay, chevalier, we are thankful for what we have obtained, and will trust to Providence, and your efforts with the great folks of Geneva, for the rest—not that we will spare any pains on our part; but, signor, if I may be so bold, will you tell us how the Governor got you into the trap? I thought he would have feared to put a finger on such a gentleman, with half-a-dozen of brave retainers."

"My attendants were removed out of the castle on pretence of making room for the Archbishop's suite. I, however, anticipated no treachery from this, nor from being requested, on the same plea, to change my sleeping apartment, and I entered that allotted to me without the most distant suspicion of finding a prison in it. It differed in no other respects from an ordinary bed-room, than in having strong iron bars across the window, and a certain piece of machinery inserted in the massive door, the use of which I learnt the next evening, when my jailer introduced my food through it."

"I know the chamber well," interrupted Lenoir; "it has before been used as a decoy pit for noble prey, whose roar frightened the cowardly hunter from open attack. But, signor, how could you get from the window? I have myself tried the strength of those bars, and found them too thick for the unaided strength of a giant."

"Help was vouchsafed me in my hour of need," said the chevalier, with an uplifting of the eye, which showed to whom he ascribed the praise; "but I did not break, I only bent the bars

sufficiently aside to admit of my forcing myself between. I had before made many attempts to remove them, intending to endeavour to swim across the lake; providentially I did not succeed until help was at hand, and I saw your little boat immediately beneath the window."

"We must now consult on the next step," said Lenoir; "what say you, chevalier, shall I haste to Blonay, and ask help of the Count, or will you trust to Dulait's little boat, which lies on the beach, and which he will be as well satisfied you should use, as the poor youth for whom it was obtained? Choose, but do not delay; for every gust of wind I fancy to be that infernal Bertoldo and his blood-hounds!"

Di Rossi did not hesitate to profit by the last offer, in preference to compromising his friend, and he and Lenoir were soon on their way down the ravine.

"A time may come when I shall have an opportunity of proving my gratitude," said the chevalier, as he wrung his deliverer's hand.

"Ah, signor! if you could make me lord of Blonay, you would not confer on me so great a benefit as in helping me to wipe off old scores."

The little boat was, as they expected, on the lake shore, and as Di Rossi sprang into it, Lenoir placed in his hands a small basket, saying, "My wife has remembered that you must eat, signor, and may find no safe opportunity of procuring provisions on your voyage. And now farewell, noble sir; I must away, and be in bed ere the sun rises—Isaack mending his nets, and all as if you and I had never met. That's right—off like a dart—the lake will tell no tales. Would that all in yonder dungeons were as free!"

"Amen! amen!" exclaimed Di Rossi, as the prayer of Lenoir came wafted to him across the water; and even amid the wild joy of restored liberty, he felt that he had usurped the liberty intended for another. These feelings, however, of regret, gave way to sentiments of gratitude and hope, and in that hour of blissful freedom, he vowed to devote the whole energies of his lengthened life to the spiritual and temporal emancipation of his fellow-beings. Unable to check these delighful anticipations, he gave way to their full enjoyment, and laying aside his oars, allowed his boat to drift before the wind, until his delicious reveries were broken in on by the approach of one of the Chillon barges, which had nearly overtaken him. In the first alarm of the moment he seized his oars, which reflection made him as quickly lay aside, and taking a fishing-line, placed in the boat by Lenoir to complete his disguise, he threw it over its side, apparently intent on the assumed calling. The barge shot rapidly

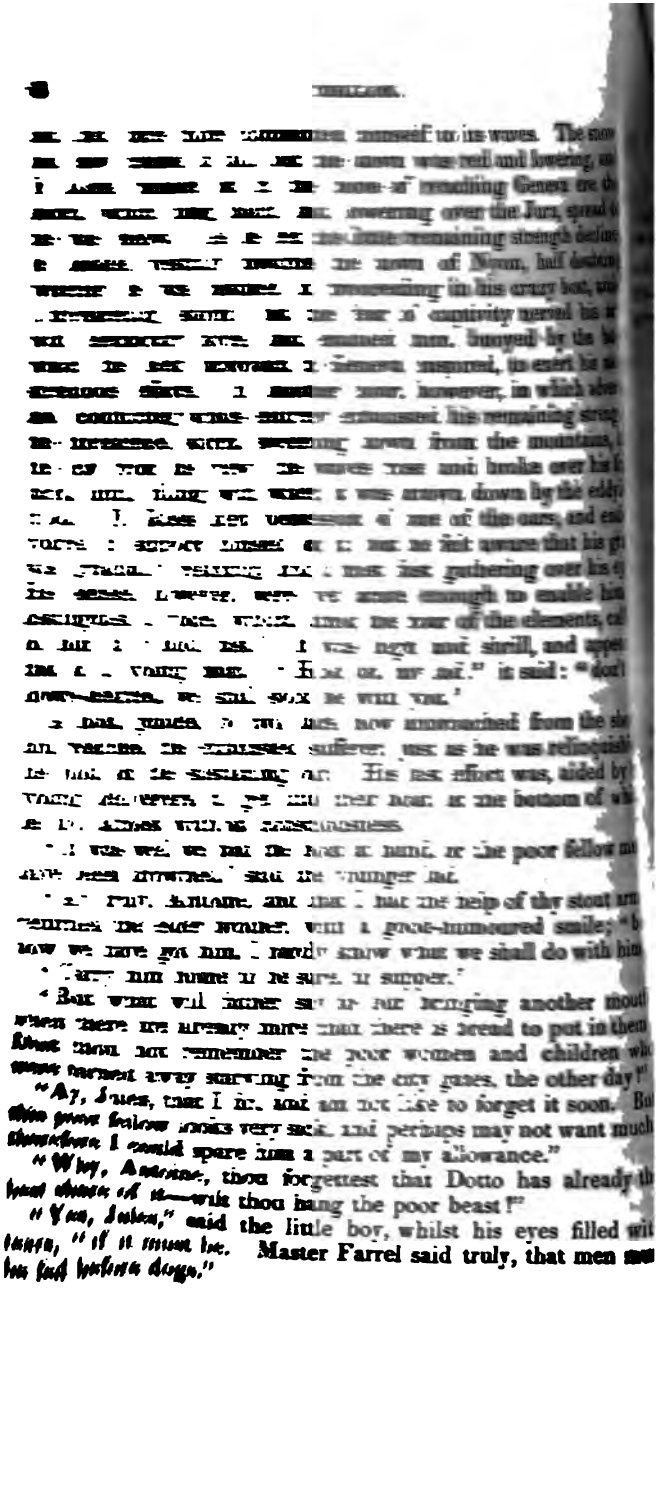
by, regardless of the humble fishing-boat, and Di Rossi saw it shortly after land a party of soldiers at La Tour, and pursue its onward way. He doubted not that these men were sent in pursuit of him, and rowing with great diligence, he kept far from the shore until the evening set in, when weary of the exercise, he approached nearer the banks of the lake, in the hope of finding some retired cove in which he might draw up his little bark and sleep until morning. The evening was happily calm, and as the wanderer saw the stars shine out one by one in the blue ether above him, relaxing his efforts, he slowly glided through the world of waters, and his soul sought communion with Him who dwelleth beyond them. He prayed for those who still lingered in chains—prayed for the gentle beings who had thrown off the bands of error. But in that hour there was another who occupied his mind, even more than the companion of his trial or the object of his early choice—his friend De Blonay.

Occupied by these melancholy musings, he saw the sun of the first evening decline. He drew up the boat at night in a secluded nook of the lake, and having made a slight repast on the contents of Fanchette's basket, and drank of a clear spring that ran stealthily through the verdant grass, he laid himself down in the bottom of the boat, and slept soundly until morning.

Accustomed, as a sportsman and a soldier, to much hardship and privation, he heeded not the evening dew, nor the night-air; but the weather was now become very wintry; the next day was wet, and after rowing the whole of it through heavy rain mixed with snow, he began to consider whether he had not better run the risk of landing, and endeavouring to procure food and shelter. The wind, too, had been unfortunately adverse, and the waves, breaking on the edge of his boat, entirely destroyed all that remained of his little sea-store. But the horror he felt of being discovered by the emissaries of the Governor of Chillon, deterred him from going on shore until dark, as he felt that death itself would be preferable to falling into the hands of one who, he knew, would not hesitate to gratify his revenge on him, as he had done on many other unfortunate beings who had fallen into his hands. To sleep in his wet clothes he found to be impossible; he therefore passed the night in pacing up and down the shore, after having in vain sought for shelter near it.

"One day more," he said, as on the third morning he cleared his battered bark of the snow which had partly filled it, and prepared to launch it into the lake; "one day more—my arm is feeble and my strength nearly exhausted; but He who drew me from my prison, will deliver me in the way best suited to his wisdom.

He took a draught of the waters of the lake as his only break-



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fast, and once more committed himself to its waves. The snow had now ceased to fall, but the dawn was red and lowering, and Di Rossi pushed on in the hope of reaching Geneva ere the storm, which hung black and lowering over the Jura, spread to the vale below. As he felt his little remaining strength decline, he looked wistfully towards the town of Nyon, half doubting whether he was justified in proceeding in his crazy boat, amid a threatening storm; but the fear of captivity nerved his arm with temporary force, and enabled him, buoyed by the hope which the near approach to Geneva inspired, to exert his most strenuous efforts. In another hour, however, in which adverse and conflicting winds entirely exhausted his remaining strength, the threatened storm, sweeping down from the mountains, hid the city from his view: the waves rose and broke over his frail bark, until, filling with water, it was drawn down by the eddying flood. Di Rossi kept possession of one of the oars, and endeavoured to support himself on it; but he felt aware that his grasp was gradually relaxing, and a mist fast gathering over his eyes. His senses, however, were yet acute enough to enable him to distinguish a voice, which, amid the roar of the elements, called on him to "hold fast." It was high and shrill, and appeared that of a young man. "Hold on, my lad!" it said: "don't be down-hearted, we shall soon be with you."

A boat, guided by two lads, now approached from the shore, and reached the exhausted sufferer, just as he was relinquishing his hold on the sustaining oar. His last effort was, aided by his young deliverers, to get into their boat, at the bottom of which he lay, almost without consciousness.

"It was well we had the boat at hand, or the poor fellow must have been drowned," said the younger lad.

"Ay, truly, Antoine, and that I had the help of thy stout arm," returned the elder brother, with a good-humoured smile; "but now we have got him, I hardly know what we shall do with him."

"Carry him home to be sure, to supper."

"But what will father say to our bringing another mouth, when there are already more than there is bread to put in them? Dost thou not remember the poor women and children who were turned away starving from the city gates, the other day?"

"Ay, Jules, that I do, and am not like to forget it soon. But this poor fellow looks very sick, and perhaps may not want much, therefore I could spare him a part of my allowance."

"Why, Antoine, thou forgettest that Dotto has already the best share of it—wilt thou hang the poor beast?"

"Yes, Jules," said the little boy, whilst his eyes filled with tears, "if it must be. Master Farrel said truly, that men must be fed before dogs."

"Master Farrel," repeated Di Rossi, making an effort to speak; "if you could bring me to the speech of Master Farrel, my good lads, he would lighten you of all further charge on my account."

"Holla! boys, what are ye about? Are ye bent on delivering the city from some of her superfluous burthens?" roared out an elderly man, who, his cloak flying back from his shoulders, his hair blown about by the wind, ran from a bureau on the side of the lake to the edge of the water. "There, there! throw me a rope, and I will help pull ye on shore. But what could induce ye to go out in such a storm?"

"To the rescue of this poor fisherman, father," said the elder boy, who had now jumped on shore, "whom we saw nearly perishing, and who, but for timely aid, must have been lost."

"Poor fellow!" said the father, "I fear you have done him little benefit by saving him from drowning, to bring him hither to starve. I hardly know how to refuse him aid, yet my orders are peremptory to let no one land." During this little conversation, the father and sons had succeeded in almost lifting poor Di Rossi out of the boat; and when they had placed him on a bench in the bureau, the former continued, as he rested the sufferer's head on his shoulder, "I really know not what we shall do to provide him with food and shelter in this besieged city."

"Aunt has plenty of room," said the youngest boy, "and I'm sure she will take him in."

"Room is not what we want, my child, but food, and she has half-starved herself already."

"Well, dear father," continued the pleader, "I must—I will hang poor Dotto, and give the rescued man half my rations."

"Agreed, my little Antoine, and remember thou keepest thy promise."

"The stranger said he knew Master Farrel," observed the elder boy; "would it not be wise to run to the temple and stop him as he comes out?"

"Yonder is thy aunt, my son—go and hasten her steps,—she will direct us to the minister, and I doubt not find some way of helping the poor man."

The boy quickly returned with a lady, dressed in deep mourning, who, throwing off her cloak and gloves, advanced rapidly towards the sufferer.

"He is fainting for want of food!" she exclaimed, as she bared his wrist, and felt his fluttering pulse. "Run, Antoine, and fetch a little bread and wine from my buffet."

"Nay, there is no need to go so far," interrupted the father; "these are articles that do not abound just now in our city,

but we have nevertheless a little yet to spare to the destitute. Where is the minister, sister?"

"He came out of the temple with me, and will be here anon," said the lady, as she advanced eagerly to take the wine from the hands of her nephew, and carry it to the sick man's mouth. Di Rossi swallowed a small portion, and the temporary excitement enabled him to sit up and utter a faint acknowledgment, when his eyes closed again, and he sunk, perfectly insensible, into the arms of his compassionating supporter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EMBASSY.

Now may *this relic* reverend of old
Guard thee in danger. Health and strength be thine
Through thy long travel. May no sunbeam strike,
No vapour cling and wither. Mayst thou be,
Sleeping or waking, sacred and secure.

ROGERS.

WHEN Charles of Savoy reached his capital, he found that heavy news had collected from all quarters. His nephew Francis, burning with the desire of taking possession of Milan, and effacing the disgrace of the unfortunate battle of Pavia, had assembled a large army for that purpose, whilst the Emperor, Charles V., had lost no time in seizing on the dukedom of Francis Sforza, who had just expired, and placing it in a condition to oppose the pretensions of his rival.

History informs us that Pope Clement VII., conversing one day with the King of France, on the failure of his Italian campaigns, imputed it to the want of some place of retreat for his army after a battle; and with an absence of integrity which has often disgraced the politics of the Vatican, counselled him to seize on the neighbouring dominions of his uncle, the Duke of Savoy, and incorporate them with his own. In furtherance of this iniquitous advice, Francis had the littleness of mind to bring several frivolous charges against his relative; but being unable to give to them the slightest colouring of justice, he boldly claimed the dukedom in right of his mother, Louisa of Savoy, alleging that Charles, as the descendant of a second marriage, had no legitimate title to it. Already had he dispatched the president of his parliament, Poyet, to assert his

claims, but notwithstanding the vehement eloquence of the royal advocate, the upright integrity of the Duke's leading counsellor, Jean François Porporat, had refuted all his pretensions, and obliged him, at length, to recognize the arrogance and oppression on which they were grounded.

"Le Roi le veut," said the Frenchman—to which the Piedmontois calmly replied,

"You cite a law that I do not find in my code."

But this was not the only point on which Francis attacked his overwhelmed kinsman. The persecutor of heretics, and defender of the rights of legitimacy, condescended to employ a private ambassador, the politic and courtly Verét, to offer protection and co-operation to the protestant and republican citizens of Geneva.

Harassed from without, as well as borne down by domestic trials, the amiable, yet weak prince, only clung with greater tenacity to the superstitious rites and observances of his church; and believing that a remissness in some of these might have been the cause of his misfortunes, he called on father Ambroise once more to quit his convent walls, and go on pilgrimage for him to Einsiedeln.

"The blessed Virgin is angry at my desertion of her shrine," he said, "and will refuse to aid me, until I make my intended offering. Since the council opposes my quitting Turin, thinkest thou, father, that the holy Maria will accept it from other hands—the purest I can find to lay it there?"

"She, who so faithfully fulfilled the duties of a humble station, my prince, would not surely require you to neglect those of the lofty one assigned your highness. Although it is with deference I venture my humble judgment, yet, methinks, we too often slight our home obligations, to wander to distant shrines."

"Thou therefore condemnest my late journey to Chillon?"

"Does not the brightest example teach us to visit the sorrowing and imprisoned, my prince?"

"True; and although the effort, as far as Bonnivard is concerned, was useless, I feel happy that it was made. But," concinued the prince, resigning himself again to the power that subjugated him, "thou wilt go for me to the shrine of our Lady of the Hermits? Thou wilt not shrink from the exactions of a rigid pilgrimage, which I myself should have performed? Thou wilt not stop by the way to repose thy weary limbs, more than nature absolutely requires? Thy drink must be the waters of the spring, thy food and lodging what the hand of charity supplies; and thou wilt tread thy pilgrim steps, to the measure of thy chanted prayers." The evident abstraction of the father, somewhat offended the Prince, for he added in an altered tone,

"Speak! do I tax thy duty too severely? I know thou scornest reward, but perchance thou requirest rest?"

"I seek neither, here," said the monk, with a deep sigh.

"Thou wouldest give all and receive nothing," said the Duke, somewhat haughtily. "And yet, if the poor Duke of Savoy has little that is worth thy care, his word might procure for thee the cardinal's hat which the proud Archbishop so eagerly covets."

"This simple cap will suit my grey hairs better," said the monk smiling, as he took off the conical cap of his order, and discovered his commanding brow. He continued, whilst a deep flush crimsoned it:

"I am not so moderate as your highness kindly judges. Where is the human heart without a wish? But the request I have to make is of so engrossing a nature, that I forbear to wear out your generosity by smaller claims."

"I promise unheard, to grant it," said Charles, with evident satisfaction; "therefore, tell it me without hesitation."

"Not now, my liege lord—let it be my reward for the faithful discharge of my present trust; at my return from Einsiedeln, I will remind your highness of your gracious promise. In the mean time, forgive my boldness, if in token of it, I ask the pledge of this crucifix." And he pointed to one of gold, with an exquisite relievo of carved ivory, which stood on the table.

The prince looked at his companion with surprise. "Thou wert not wont to doubt my word."

"Nor do I now, my liege lord; but life is uncertain, and I would not rest the fulfilment of your promise on my return, but on the safe restoration of the sacred pledge. Besides, in the contingencies of my journey, I may stand in need of such credentials; circumstances may occur which may require prompt ——"

"Enough," interrupted the prince, "thou shalt have it, holy father, and not more willingly than I will redeem the pledge at thy return. It is, indeed, a relic of inestimable value, and next to the King of the great captain, which my ancestor Pierre le Grand received from the Dean of St. Maurice, I own nothing of greater sanctity. Read the inscription on the pedestal; thou wilt learn from it that this crucifix was given by St. Bernard to the Duke Amadeus, called the Crusader, just before his departure for the Holy Land. When, mortally wounded, he retired some years after to die in the island of Cyprus, he despatched a trusty page with orders to deliver it to his successor; and it has descended ever since, with the crown of Savoy. Thou seest, then, holy father, how great is my confidence in thy discretion."

"My prince does not repent the yet more valuable trust he

reposed in me at Chillon—and I will make a no less worthy use of this precious deposit."

"Take it then," said Charles, reverently passing the crucifix to his lips, whilst the monk unbonnetted himself to receive the relic, "and may He who hung on it, restore you both in safety to me!"

After a short pause, the monk said, "I shall visit the castle of Chillon in my way, would your highness entrust me with any mission to the Governor?"

"Wherefore shouldest thou go thither?" asked the Duke hastily; "methinks thou wilt find better welcome at the shrine of St. Roche, or near the tomb of Sigismond. That castle is not now, as in the days of the pious Amadeus, the favourite halting place of Palmer and Pilgrim."

"I have left there an object of great affection and solicitude—my spiritual daughter, the young Lady of Brières."

The prince's countenance assumed an unusual expression of sternness. "Name her not," he said, "fair and gentle as she seems, I have too sure proof of her guilt to listen to any overtures in her favour."

"I only ask to see the maiden, and try to win her back to the faith."

"It cannot be," interrupted the Duke, impatiently; "besides, thy visit to Chillon would be bootless. I have complied with the request of her father, backed by the advice of the Archbishop of Turin, to permit her being placed under the mild rule of the Abbess of St. Maurice."

"Will your highness then allow of my visiting her there—the tomb of Sigismond is one of the stations of my pilgrimage?"

"I am not sure that even here, you could see her," returned the Duke, with evident embarrassment. "Besides, it is better thou shouldest not. I bid thee, not only as thy prince, but as thy friend, to beware of tampering with these heretics; thy holy life has not quite freed thee from the imputation of too great indulgence to their errors."

"Alas! my prince, is it from the sick and diseased that the physician flies?"

"Press me not, holy father. I tell thee thou knowest not what thou askest; dangerous diseases call for strong remedies, and the soul of the young woman will be irrevocably lost, if she fall into the hands of Di Rossi."

"Of Di Rossi, my prince! is he not a prisoner in her father's castle?"

The Duke fixed his eyes on him. "Knowest thou not that he is at liberty? Men charge thee, father, with aiding in his escape."

"They charge me falsely," said the monk calmly; "I knew not until this moment, that the young man was free."

"And yet they tell me of some one who prevented the sentinel from doing his duty on the night of the prisoner's flight."

"My lord, I am a servant of the Prince of Peace; I do not, therefore, hesitate to avow, that I endeavoured to turn the soldier's too ready aim, imagining however, that it had another mark—that of the poor youth, whose punishment your highness revoked on the day of the trial."

The prince was silent, and the monk added, "I would willingly hope that your highness rejoices with me in the emancipation of Di Rossi from his cruel persecutor?"

Charles did not notice the words of father Ambroise, who would have withdrawn, had not the Duke detained him, saying, "I promised to admit the Archbishop, and he should be already here. He too, has need of thy services, holy father, for honest men are scarce in these degenerated times." He rang, and his secretary appearing, he desired the prelate should be admitted. "We have much to thank you, holy father," said he, after he had paid his homage to the prince, "for undertaking the pilgrimage which our too devoted sovereign had purported; and whilst hastening to lay his offering on our Lady's shrine, you may do the state good service by the way."

Tne monk bent his head, and crossed his arms in the attitude of obedience and attention.

"The prince commands that we have no reserve with you," continued the prelate; "I must, therefore, first inform you, that François de Montelbet, Lord of Very, is, at the command of the King of France, raising several hundred men in the Lyonnois, to proceed to the deliverance of the rebellious city."

"Heaven will give strength to its own cause," said Charles. "The blessed saints send daily to our army volunteers, burning with zeal in this crusade against heresy."

A slight movement of impatience contracted the features of the haughty prelate. "Your highness's faith in the marvellous interposition of the church, is a lesson even to us, her own anointed priests," he said, checking its expression; "but if you would, in return, deign to receive a caution from our experience, I would urge that ambassadors be sent to the Emperor's court, as well as to that of the French king, and a secret emissary to the cantons of Fribourg and Berne."

"Have we not already thought of this?" said Charles; "the president Lembert is, ere now, at Naples, and your brother prelate, the Lord Bishop of Lausanne, will leave our capital tomorrow for Dijon, where my dutiful nephew chafes and frets under the chastisement of temporary sickness that Heaven

has sent him. What more do you command, John of Coulpoys?"

"Nay, my liege lord," said the Bishop, bowing with proud submission, "I only ventured my poor opinion, which the exigency of the moment drew from me."

"I do not doubt thy wisdom," said the Duke with a heavy sigh. "Thou counsellest, therefore, that father Ambroise should courteously beg these upstart burghers to reach out their clumsy hands to poor Charles of Savoy."

"My prince," said the Bishop, suppressing his just indignation at his sovereign's obstinate prejudice, "these upstart burghers, as you perhaps too harshly term them, want not royal suitors. The emperor and king have already been many days at their gates demanding an audience; and even now the delegates return to tell their fellow citizens of the slights they received at Aosta."

"Well, be it so, since such is thy will!" said Charles, with the peevishness of a man convinced against his wishes. "Let the father bear our humble excuses to these citizen princes, for our presumption in forbidding the entrance of their Lutheran hypocrites into our canton of Vaud. But since when, has the primate of Turin laid aside the thunderbolts of the Vatician, and taken up the olive branch?"

"Since experience has taught him the insufficiency of opposition without power, my prince: be advised by one, who is little inclined to stoop, unless it be to conquer and consent that the father, whilst prosecuting his original object of a pilgrimage to the shrine of Einsiedeln, should visit the towns of Fribourg and Berne, and learn how they stand affected to our cause."

"There is reason in what thou urgest," said the Duke. "If Berne help Geneva, she is for ever lost to Savoy, and is not the only jewel that will fall from her crown. The bears have always coveted the fair forests of la Suisse Romande."

Early on the following morning, having received his political instructions from the Archbishop, and his costly offering for the image of Einsiedeln from the hands of the Duke himself, father Ambroise once more set off for the monastery of St. Bernard, whither, gentle reader, if it please thee, we will follow him in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

ST. BERNARD.

But not a sigh of lurking life
Through all his frame he found to creep,
He knew not what it was to die,
But knew his master did not sleep.

OLD BALLAD.

THE beams of a cloudless sun enlivened the lovely Vale of Aosta, as father Ambroise rode slowly and thoughtfully through it. His pilgrimage, strictly so called, was not to begin until he left the monastery, and the Duke, in order to spare him all needless fatigue, had insisted on his performing the previous journey on a mule, with whose paces and dispositions, he graciously assured him, he was well acquainted.

It was an unwonted luxury for the self-denying ascetic, thus at ease to look around on the beautiful scenes of nature, which his ardent soul and cultivated taste knew so keenly how to appreciate.

"'Twas well," he said, as his delighted eye wandered from the romantic and luxuriant vale to the dark forests above, and the snowy peaks which crowned them—"'Twas well my heavenly Father called me early by trial from the delights of sense, or I should have forgotten that earth was not my paradise. Now, weaned by suffering from its transient pleasures, the stern heights of St. Bernard are more congenial to my spirit than all the fruitful luxuriance of these plains. Yet Thou hast been beneficent to man," he continued, as the habitual devotion and thankfulness of his mind broke out in a song of praise from his lips; "how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! These valleys smile in Thy sunbeams—these fruits and flowers bloom and ripen amid Thy dews—these sturdy forests clothe the rocks on which Thou hast cast their seed; yea, even the snowy tops of the mountains give back the last beams of Thy day, and glow in its closing rays,—but man, man alone is cold, unfruitful, and insensible! Welcome," he continued, as his eye caught the first view of the convent of St. Bernard, "welcome, thou coldest, barest habitation of civilized life! Thou art not, like the world below, fair outside, but heartless and chilling within, for under that rough exterior thou aboundest in light and warmth. Here, at least, I can show kindness to my fellow-creatures, without asking their creed or country. It was a heaven-born thought of

thine, St. Bernard, thus to raise a shrine, not to exact costly offerings from thy votaries, but to afford help and shelter to the weary wanderers of the earth."

As the monk passed slowly over the road that skirts the little frozen lake, his reverie was interrupted by a wild howl which proceeded from a large dog of the well-known St. Bernard breed, who, rushing from the lower door of the hospice, and joined by two or three more that were playing about on the snow outside, came bounding towards him, and impeding each other's course in the tumultuous race. The first however and noblest of the party, oustripped the rest in speed, urged perhaps by warmer affection, and ere his master could dismount, almost pulled him from his mule by his importunate caresses. Jumping on the sides of the poor beast, he caught hold of its mane in his wild delight; licked the monk's face and hands, and did all but welcome him in the speech of man,—but that of nature was quite as powerful. With the rest of his canine friends, arrived also some of the Chanoines, who, roused from their dinner by this unusual noise, hastened to greet the stranger; and by the time he had reached the entrance, the monastery had turned out all its inmates to welcome one, who was universally beloved within its walls.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, brother! we spoke of thee just now," said the superior, as he led his guest into the refectory, and placed a portion of the dinner before him. "Eat first, and satisfy our curiosity after. Down, Drapeau! down! Brother Erasmus, do take this troublesome fellow on thy rounds with thee."

The young monk called the dog, but Drapeau had no intention of obeying; and ensconcing himself at his master's feet, neither coaxing nor threatening could induce him to move.

"I will send Victor for him, when we are equipped for our evening's course—he will accompany him willingly."

"Ay, ay, Drapeau will not hang back when duty calls—like master, like man," said the superior, with a kind look at father Ambroise: and when left alone with him, he added earnestly, "Thou wilt not leave us again, I trust! Sit thee here, near the fire, and tell me how our poor Duke bears up against his evil fortune. Thou wilt not leave us again, I trow?" continued the old man, accompanying the reiterated question with an earnest look of interrogation.

"Not to-night, I trust, reverend father, but to-morrow, with your permission, I set out for Einsiedeln."

"Not with my permission, assuredly; I cannot always give up my claims on thee. Charity, thou knowest, begins at home."

"Begins, reverend father; but your charity makes wide circuits."

"Like my truant monk," said the good Chanoine, patting him on the shoulder. "But I tell thee, brother Ambroise, now I have caught thee, I will not easily let go my hold."

Here the maronier entered, wrapped in his long cloak, a lantern in his hand, and a small wicker basket and flask hung across his shoulder.

"Come, Drapeau, my boy!" he said, "all's ready, and a heavy snow-storm driving over the valley. Come along, thou lazy fellow,—up, up!"

The dog slowly arose, opened his wide mouth in a tremendous yawn, stretched his ponderous limbs, and then approaching his master, placed his head on his knee, and looked meaningly in his face.

"Not to-night, Drapeau, not to-night," said the monk, gently patting the noble creature's head. "Thou reproachest me rightly with my laziness—I have more than half a mind to go with thee."

"Nay, brother, I insist on thy resting this evening! Thou spoilest the creature. Away, Victor, and take the darling with thee!"

The man whistled shrilly, the dog followed him out of the chamber; and soon his deep bay was heard, mingled with the voices of men, on the outside of the convent.

"This noisy fellow has snapped the thread of my discourse," said the good Chanoine, when they had re-seated themselves; "but I must tie it together again, as I have much at heart to urge thee to take on thy shoulders, a burden I begin to find too heavy for mine. I must soon lay it down anyhow, and it remains with thee to decide whether I try the chance of a milder air on my worn-out frame, or let it be laid a few years sooner in our mountain church. There is this advantage in the latter case, with which a poor pedlar, who died here a few days since, consoled himself—that I shall not have so far to climb as those who are buried in the cloisters below."

Father Ambroise, who had no relish for this jesting on serious subjects, in which many even of the devout of his persuasion indulge, replied gravely, "I would do all I could to prolong your valuable life, holy father, but give you an unworthy successor. There are many amongst our brothers who could fill your office far better than one who, from constitution and habit, is equally unfit for catering for the temporal wants, or discharging the politer duties of hospitality to the numerous strangers who visit our walls. At present," he continued, "it is our sovereign's will that I leave you to-morrow."

The good superior's interest and curiosity was now so much excited by the communications his companion had to make, and in talking over the many little occurrences of minor importance on which he wanted the direction of his master-mind, that some hours had flown unheeded by, when they were startled by an unusual noise at the entrance door.

"It is Drapeau's voice," said father Ambroise, "who has returned before his party, and wishes to force his way to me."

"They hear him from below," said the Chanoine, probably a little disappointed at his return, "and here he comes through the passage. Softly, my good fellow! don't scratch down the door?"

Before father Ambroise could rise to admit the importunate intruder, the door was opened from without, and Drapeau bounded to the side of his master. Instead, however, of lying down as before at his feet, he stood at his side, looking intently at him, and placing his broad paw with no gentle emphasis, from time to time, on his knee or arm, to attract his notice. The superior, tired of these interruptions, yet unwilling to banish the favourite a second time, succeeded, by roughly ordering him to lie down, in keeping him for a few minutes quiet; but the instant the restraining eye was turned from him, he got up, walked round the room snuffing in every corner, and at length placing his nose under the door, whined most piteously.

"There is something more than common in this," said father Ambroise; "the dog has certainly run away from his companions, perhaps to give us warning of some misfortune that has happened to them, and in his way to urge us to assist them. Drapeau, my poor fellow, tell me what thou wouldest?" The dog ran hastily at the call, and taking the monk's habit in his mouth, pulled him towards the door. "I must indulge thee, my brave dog. I will but get my cloak, and follow thee."

"At any rate, if you will go, take a Maronier with you," pleaded the Grand Chanoine.

But Drapeau had become so importunate, that he scarcely allowed his master to put on the usual equipments for his nightly expeditions, and his wild joy rendered all the good man urged, unheard.

The night was clear, but intensely cold; a bright moon "looked deeply down" from the blue vault of heaven, and shone on the glittering snow, over which the monk and his companion hastened. The storm had rolled off for the moment, but a heavy cloud, like a curtain partly drawn up, hung round the mountains' heads, forming a deep setting to the sharply peaked rocks; and ever and anon, a muffled gust arose as it were from the earth, and lifted the snow in whirlwinds of the finest powder.

The dog ran steadily forward, his nose towards the ground, turning occasionally to ascertain that his master was following him, who, yielding himself entirely to his guidance, walked on as quickly as the newly-fallen snow, and the inequalities of his path permitted.

After descending the gorge for half an hour, father Ambroise perceived lights at a little distance, and soon found that they proceeded from the party who had left the convent early in the afternoon; but instead of running to meet them, as he expected, Drapeau slunk back, and remained close at his heels.

"Ah, my poor fellow," said the monk, "thou art then, after all, but a poltroon, and only wanted a little holiday."

The dog crouched low, as if he understood the reproach, and his master advancing to meet the party, found they were returning to the hospice with three travellers, whom they had discovered bewildered in the snow-storm.

"Have you seen Drapeau, father?" asked one of the attendants.

"Here he is, Victor—and now we will return all together to the hospice, and if we make good speed, may reach it ere the storm breaks."

But Drapeau was again unmanageable; he darted past the whole party, and although he stopped within sight, all efforts to get hold of, or coax him to return, were fruitless.

"It's the voice of Heaven, speaking through that dumb creature," said Drapeau's most especial patron, Victor; "if you will permit me, holy father, I will just humour him, and go whither he chooses to lead."

The man having received an assenting nod from his superior, ran forward, whistling, and cheering Drapeau, who joyfully preceded him for some paces, whilst father Ambroise, curious to observe his movements, remained a little behind the homeward-bound party. Of a sudden the animal stopped, looked round for his master, and running towards him, took hold of his gown, and urged him forward as he had before done.

"Thou art right, Victor," said the monk, strongly affected, "it *is* the voice of Heaven, and we will not resist it. Go on, my faithful Drapeau, and we will trustingly follow thee."

Having ascertained that Victor's stores were yet untouched, and desired the party to despatch some one in search of them, should they not return in a few hours; father Ambroise now set out with his attendant and their faithful guide, to traverse the trackless waste, over which dark clouds rapidly gathering, threatened a quick-coming storm.

"I'm always as sure that Drapeau is right, as I can be that I am so myself, and perhaps surer," said Victor; "why that dog is

as good a Christian as we are—that is, I mean, as such poor ignorant folks as myself, and the like, father."

"In one respect he is better than any of us, Victor—he does his duty in that state of life, in which his Creator has placed him."

"Well, that's exactly what I said to a young jackanapes of a serving man, who came up here last summer, and who wanted to compare our dogs with his master's long-legged, addle-headed lurchers. 'Our dogs,' said I, 'St. Bernard's dogs, are almost human beings, and may perhaps go to the same heaven as we shall.'"

"Nay, Victor, there thy partiality carried thee further than was reasonable," said the father, almost wishing, if not believing, like an eminent minister of another creed nearly three centuries later, that there was a

'World, where dogs are blest.'"

"Why, father, will you believe," pleaded Victor, that Drapeau there, a dog of his figure and parts—a dog that has been all his life devoted to good works—succouring the needy, leading the wandering into the right way, reviving the fainting—a dog, as one may say, that is consecrated by our patron. Do you believe—"

Here Drapeau's panegyrist was arrested by a sudden tornado, which almost took him off his legs, and raised such a cloud of snow around the wanderers, as for the moment nearly buried, and entirely blinded them.

"We must strive to get into shelter, until the violence of the wind abates," said the monk, "or we shall be lost."

They paused a moment: Drapeau's deep bark was heard amid the wild raging of the elements.

"There he is, noble fellow!" exclaimed Victor, "that's his own sweet voice, encouraging us to follow. I always say that I'd as soon any time hear it, as the organ and the whole choir to boot."

"It is impossible to think of returning," said the monk, heedless of his companion's unorthodox taste. "The mountain morgue should be somewhere hereabout; if we could reach it we should find in it a refuge, although a melancholy one, until the morning."

"I think, now madam moon chooses to peep at us from behind the clouds again," said Victor, "that I see something like the dog yonder: perhaps he is seeking shelter for us therein,—yes, here is indeed the morgue."

It was so. The dog approached a low building, whose top was nearly concealed by the snow, and suddenly disappeared underneath it.

"Follow on," said the monk, "I think I hear moans."

"It is the dog's voice, father—he has found a body; hear how he howls. We must try and get round to the window on the other side, and look through the grating."

With much difficulty they effected this, Victor removing the snow with his alpenstock; and as the moonbeams fell directly on the grated aperture, they clearly discerned the whitened bones and ghastly skulls with which the mountain charnel-house was filled. Guided by the barking of the dog, they at length succeeded in reaching the entrance, and in widening the hole already made by Drapeau's passage through the snow, sufficiently to enable them to creep through it. Victor trimmed his lamp, and they crossed the heaps of bones which crumbled beneath their feet, until they discovered amongst these fearful relics of mortality, a yet breathing female form, half resting against the wall, the head sunk on her breast, whilst the dog was licking her hands, which lay listlessly at her sides; sometimes barking as if to awaken the slumberer, and then moaning piteously at the futile attempt.

"Hold the lantern nearer," said the father, as he gently raised the head, and almost again dropped it, on recognizing the pale features; "there is yet a faint fluttering of the pulse," he continued, his surprise and emotion conquered by the necessity for prompt effort. "Open the flask, Victor; do thou chafe her hands, whilst I moisten her lips with a little of its reviving contents. That's right, my brave Drapeau! thy kindly warmth will be most beneficial," he added, as the dog, with heaven-directed instinct, placed himself at the side of the sufferer, laid his face across the body, and thawed by his warm breath the icicles that hung on the coarse garments with which it was clothed.

"Will any one deny that creature has a soul?" muttered Victor, as he skilfully and humanely assisted the monk in administering the usual restoratives; and his idol Drapeau, in support of his favourite hypothesis, looked at their movements with a face full of meaning, and a whine of commiseration. "See, holy father, how he licks these poor hands, as cold and white as marble. I warrant ye, they belong, together with these jetty tresses, to some gentle damsel, although clad in pilgrim's weeds."

"One little used to cold and fatigue," said father Ambroise, with a deep sigh, "and evidently recognized by Drapeau."

"Ay, holy father, and if not by a miracle, there's none worthy credit. I shall never believe in another saint if Drapeau isn't canonized."

The good father could not reprove the heterodox idolatry of his favourite, whilst he aided him so indefatigably in adminis-

tering all the means practised by the philanthropists of the hospice for restoring suspended animation; but it was nearly two hours before their benevolent efforts were rewarded, and it would be difficult to determine which of the three amiable beings who surrounded the poor sufferer, was most delighted, when she opened her eyes, raised herself in Victor's arms, and looking fearfully around, uttered some incoherent words. Certainly Drapeau's joy was the most demonstrative, and perhaps his voice the most soothing that, under existing circumstances, could have met her awakening faculties. Bursting into tears, she wept unchecked for a long time, whilst the gentle animal licked her hands and face. At length she said, "Drapeau, dear Drapeau! art thou here again? O that I could see thy master!"

"He is not far off," said Victor, gently.

"And who art thou, friend?" asked the patient, now first perceiving him.

"A servant of St. Bernard, and his dog Drapeau, fair pilgrim."

"And father Ambroise! O tell me, where is he?"

"He is at thy side, my poor child," said the monk, advancing and taking her hand. "But how camest thou here, and where is thy young mistress?"

"'Tis a sad story, father."

"And one we will not now tax thy strength to relate," said the monk, recollecting himself: "let us only gratefully acknowledge thy preservation, which we owe to the interposition of a gracious Providence."

"And to Drapeau's sagacity and courage," interrupted Victor.

"Yes, truly," said Rosette, for since the good father has found her out, we think the reader will also courteously recognize her, "thou wert indeed the humble instrument of my deliverance." She then related, though her little story was often interrupted by weakness, that having been overtaken by a snow-storm, just as she reached the morgue, she had taken refuge in that melancholy building, without being aware of the horrors it contained; that when night approached she had heard human voices, mingled with Drapeau's well known bark; that she had called the dog, who recognized the voice of his old playmate of the castle of Brières, whither he had often been brought by father Ambroise, and that after having greeted her with the most lively demonstrations of joy, he had left her, she doubted not, to fetch his master.

"Which he did, as I am here to witness," interrupted the delighted Victor; "but go on, fair pilgrim."

"I can remember little more," said Rosette, faintly, "for overcome with cold and fear, my senses forsook me. I resisted, however, as long as I could, having understood that sleep under

such circumstances would be fatal, and knowing how much depended on my reaching the hospice; the horrors of my situation also took away all inclination for repose."

"And to this you in part owe your preservation, as fright kept the blood longer in circulation."

As the monk uttered these words, Drapeau bounded from the building, and returned shortly after with a party from the hospice, dispatched to their aid by the Grand Chanoine.

Poor Rosette, still accompanied by her faithful guard and guide, was carefully conveyed to the convent; and father Ambroise, in committing her to the charge of the housekeeper, promised to visit her early on the following morning.

CHAPTER XI.

LA FETE DES FOUS.

Know'st thou what travellers shall walk with us on this day's pilgrimage?

The notes of the organ pealing along the corridors, awoke Rosette at an early hour; she started up in her bed, imagining she was still at St. Maurice with her lady, but the keenness of the morning air, and a few moments' reflection, realized her actual situation, and recalled the urgent nature of her errand. She therefore arose, and had completed her simple toilette, when the good house-dame arrived with some breakfast, and a message of kind solicitude from father Ambroise, who visited her as soon as the morning service in the chapel was ended, anxious to know the object of her adventurous pilgrimage to the snowy heights of St. Bernard. Although their conversation occupied much time, the substance of it may be thus briefly related:—

After a residence of some months in the Carmelite convent of St. Maurice, during which, although urgent for their conversion, the gentle abbess had treated Beatrice and her attendant with the greatest kindness, and had become much attached to them; she received an intimation from her relative, the Primate of Turin, accompanied by severe censure of her indulgence, and that of her confessor, father Anselmo, of their intended removal to a stricter rule, and into more rigorous confinement; and was sternly commanded to prepare them for immediate departure. The evening before this mandate arrived, Rosette, who was permitted occasionally to go out with one of the servants, was accosted by a pilgrim, who found means to discover himself to her

as the Savoy Lackey, Marco, and to inform her that he had been sent by the old Concierge to urge her and her young lady to instant flight, for which every thing had been arranged, and to disclose to her, as a powerful motive for the measure, the discovery which he had made of a plot to immure his young mistress for life in a distant cloister, and to betray her attendant into the hands of the Sergeant Prepotenti.

We pass over the perplexed consultations of the persecuted young confessors, and give only the result of their deliberations, —that the duty of Beatrice was to abide the gathering storm, rather than by flight to subject the kind abbess to its fury; and that of Rosette to escape from the horrid fate which awaited her, to the monastery of St. Bernard, which naturally presented itself, both as affording a present place of refuge, and the only means of securing the future services of their inestimable friend, father Ambroise.

In order to allow Rosette the necessary repose after her late harassing exertions, and to gain time for the due consideration of the perplexing path which lay before her, the monk of St. Bernard, to the great delight of his superior, and almost equal satisfaction of our humble friend, Drapeau, delayed his departure until the following morning, when placing Rosette on his mule, he commenced his painful pilgrimage at her side.

Carefully avoiding all those places in which Rosette might be recognized, they reached Fribourg on the fourth morning after they left the hospice. As they proceeded down the steep streets of that picturesque city, they observed a general stir throughout the whole population, and that every thing wore the air of a general holiday. The streets were strewn with rushes, and arched in various places with boughs of evergreen. Lamps were displayed in almost every window, oftentimes encircling some paltry image of the Virgin or saints, gaily dressed; but the most prominent decorations surrounded several gaunt figures of the magi, composed of painted wood or wax, and displayed in front of many of the principal buildings.

"Canst thou show us the church of St. Nicholas, friend?" said the monk, addressing a man, who appeared from his habit to belong to the choir of the cathedral.

"You will need no guide thither at present," answered the man, "since the crowd are not permitted to enter, until the bishop and magistrates have chosen a king."

"A king, friend?"

"Ay, a king—we have got two, but cannot find a third; this way, holy pilgrim—you may, perhaps, be of use in their need. Don't you know that it is le jour des Fous?"

"Ay, indeed!" said Rosette, "if we may trust our eyes and

ears. But do tell me, father, what does the man mean by choosing a king? Crowns do not often go a begging."

"He means, child," said the monk, with very unusual pettishness, "that it is the anniversary of the day on which the wise men, guided by a star, came to worship, in His lowly manger, One who was the light of the world."

"But what has that to do with kings? The Bible only talks of wise men who came from the East—it does not mention their number or condition."

"But the traditions of the church, which are of equal authority,—I speak it with reverence,—inform us that Gaspar, Melchor, and Balthazar, were three eastern kings, who came to offer their treasures, and worship the infant Saviour. It is an ancient custom of the good people of Fribourg, and doubtless still kept up in many other places, to represent in a sort of pageant, or religious masque, as it is called, the memorable scene, on the anniversary of the day on which it took place. These exhibitions, which, in the earlier ages of the church, were performed with great solemnity and devotion, have, I regret to observe, fallen into folly and misrule; and have too justly merited the name by which the common people designate this sacred day. But here is the church; thou mayest amuse thyself whilst I enter it, in contemplating the curious bas-relief representing the last judgment, which ornaments the portal beneath the tower. It will furnish thee with more profitable meditations than the captious objections with which thou hast of late exercised thy spirit." Poor Rosette keenly felt the first unkind word she had ever received from the father. She blushed deeply, and hung down her head, whilst tears rushed into her eyes, and her kind companion, repentent and sorrowful, said gently, "I will not leave thee long—I have particular business with the curé, and when it is finished, I will come and seek thee."

It was not without some demur, that the apparently humble pilgrim was admitted into the presence of the curé, who, with his diocesan and officials, together with the chief magistrates of the city, were assembled in an inner chapel, divided from the great altar by a screen, as is still seen in some of our own cathedrals. Here a singular scene met his eyes. In a recess at one end, representing a stable, surrounded with stuffed oxen, mules, and camels, sat a young woman, dressed in the inappropriate costume of the court ladies of the day, with a quantity of showy drapery and glittering ornaments. A tall man, clad in an embroidered doublet with slashed sleeves, a scarlet mantle flowing back from his shoulders, stood at her side, and a waxen baby lay in her arms. Two men of dark complexion, habited in long ermined robes, with crowns on their heads, were kneeling at her

feet, prepared to lay their treasures before her. In the meanwhile, the Bishop and his satellites were half coaxing, half scolding, a tall and extremely handsome Jesuit priest, who, flushed and angry, was defending himself from their attempts to invest him with the clothes and regalia of the royal Balthazar, whilst the rest of the dramatis personæ were casting, every now and then, a supplicating look to be delivered from their painful attitudes of suspense and constraint.

"I crave your indulgence, reverend father," said the young man, shaking off the officious menials; "I shall but disgrace the royal Magus. Here is a venerable pilgrim whose noble deportment will do him far more justice;" and he directed the attention of all present to father Ambroise, who now entered.

"Get thee gone, then," said the curé, advancing to meet the monk; "here is one who will deem it an honour to be thus employed in the sanctuary. Welcome, holy pilgrim, whence comest thou, and whither bound?"

"Your first interrogatory, reverend sir," answered father Ambroise, courteously, "I will answer at a more convenient opportunity; to the last, I name Einsiedeln as the end of my journey."

"'Tis a long way," said the Bishop, "and a difficult one at this season; thou canst pay thy homage to our Lady nearer at hand. This foolish fellow refuses the crown we offer him—if thou wilt wear it for a few hours, thou wilt greatly oblige the good citizens of Fribourg and their Bishop."

A slight shade of scorn passed over the fine countenance of father Ambroise as he answered, "My business, my Lord Bishop, is with the realities of life; I have neither time nor taste for its masks and pastimes."

"Nay, my grave sir palmer," said the prelate sarcastically, "you do not suppose I ask you to enact the part for my own amusement; but it were a pity to deprive our worthy fellow-townsmen of their annual diversion, and I pray you, be persuaded to undertake it."

"Crowns do not grow on the bushes of Einsiedeln, holy pilgrim," said one of the magistrates, "and it is something, even for one night, to be a king."

"I am content with my pilgrim's habit, worthy sir, and let me at once caution you not to waste any more of your time on one who has none of his own to dispose of," said father Ambroise, in a tone that put a stop to all further solicitation.

"Your pilgrimage, probably, is not on your own account?" asked the Bishop, who began to feel he had to deal with some one who deserved respect.

"If your lordship, and these worshipful gentlemen, will grant

me a private audience. I will explain my own plans, together with the important mission with which I am entrusted."

"Certainly," said the chief magistrate; "but, my Lord Bishop, I pray you lay your commands on some of your own train, to take on him these cumbrous robes of King Balthazar, if the people must have their rare-show on this their holiday of fools. Pardon me, my lord, I'm a rough citizen, and cannot, just now, stay to scan my words, for my wife has dispatched half-a-dozen messengers to advise me, that three of the lordly bears from Berne have stalked out of their dens, and demand loudly to see me. If I do not hasten home, they may, perchance, seek me here; and I should not quite relish that one of their stiff-ruffed preachers should peep behind the scenes at all this mummery."

"These sacred representations—" began the curé, but the entrance of another of the magistrate's servants, with evident marks of haste and agitation, cut short the exordium.

"Did I not bid thee tell thy mistress, rascal, that we were crowning King Balthazar?" exclaimed the angry citizen. "Can't wait! nay, tell them they must. Stop their mouths with some of our holiday cheer—why did not thy lady bid them to the feast?"

"An't please your worshipful honour, my mistress urged them many times to alight and refresh themselves, but they would accept nothing but a stirrup-cup, and said their business was urgent. They will be beforehand with your worship, if you do not come forthwith, for I left them in hot contention with my lady about following you here."

"Then, by St. Michael and all the saints, I must run for it! I say, fellow, do thou stand at the door and keep them out—I will be after thee as fast as I may." He seized his cap and sword, and whilst buckling on the latter, said in breathless haste to the Bishop, "Your lordship sees I cannot remain for the coronation."

"These sacred representations," again observed the sententious curé, only again to be cut short by the impatient magistrate.

"Very true, reverend sir, all right and expedient; but these starched matter-of-fact Reformers would set us down for a pack of idolaters, and sneer at the holy mysteries of the jour des fous. By St. Anthony!" he continued, as he let fall the sword, which he had vainly attempted in his haste to fasten on, whilst his face became as red as the rejected robes of the eastern sage, "and ye may now have an opportunity of proving the truth of my words, for here come Masters Bruin in solemn scorn, and in spite of my orders to keep them out. That rascal's ears shall tingle for this!"

The worthy magistrate's mortification at being discovered in an employment so little befitting his vocation, and of which his plain good sense could not but point out the folly, was not much soothed by the dignified simplicity of the personages who now entered the chapel, and advanced towards him, unruffled by the repulse they had encountered at their entrance. The leader of the party, Jean Rodolph Neugli,* like his brother, the celebrated general of that name, united the nobler qualities of wisdom, gentleness, and benevolence, to the most determined courage and resolution; and his colleagues, Louis le Diesbach, and Rodolph de Grafenreid, were amongst the noblest and most esteemed of the citizens of Berne.

As they proceeded up the nave of the church, the Bishop whispered something in the ear of his officious attendant, the curé, who hastily causing the regalia of the slighted Balthazar to be removed, proceeded to oblige his royal brothers, Gaspar and Melchoir, to resume the kneeling posture, which they had exchanged for a more comfortable position, on the steps of the altar, and somewhat roughly to awaken St. Joseph, who had, during the long pending negotiation, fallen asleep in the midst of his camels.

These arrangements were happily finished in time for the official to advance with his diocesan a few steps, to meet the intruders, and give him the support of his portly presence.

"We would fain have awaited your arrival at your own house, worshipful sir," said Neugli, addressing the chief magistrate, after all parties had courteously saluted each other, "but our haste was urgent, and we were told the ceremony in which you were engaged was likely to detain you until noon."

"These sacred representations, these holy mysteries——"

"Pardon me, reverend sir," interrupted De Grafenreid, whose zeal for the reformed religion, if not greater than that of his courteous companion, was more demonstrative, "we have no wish to intrude into such secrets—we only desire that our fellow-magistrate will leave their arrangement in the abler hands of the priesthood, and accompany us to the council-chamber."

"It is the Holiday of Fools," muttered the worthy citizen, "and I am not the least of them for meddling with it! I am quite ready to attend ye, gentlemen," he continued, leading the way towards a side-door; "this is our nearest road."

"Perhaps my Lord Bishop will also aid in the assembly," said Neugli. "And I beg your worship speedily to convoke it, as to-morrow's sun must see us far advanced on our road to Geneva."

The mention of Geneva quickened the movements of the party,

* See note L.

and as the curé closed the door on the last of the retiring train, he said, "Mummery! holiday of fools did the bloated idiot call it? And what would the church of Rome do without such? These sacred representations—these holy mysteries, revive the spark of devotion, which in these days of heresy and unbelief, it requires strong attrition to elicit, and constant effort to feed."

The long pent up speech was at length set free; but alas! instead of the approbation of his diocesan, for which it was conned, it was echoed only from the deserted aisles of the church; and the poor curé turned disappointed and disheartened, to arrange the melodrame of le jour des fous for the expectant crowd, whose hour of admittance was now fast approaching.

The interest which the mention of Geneva excited, was deeply shared by father Ambroise, since the hopes and fears of a great part of Europe hovered around that struggling state, as the pivot on which many mighty interests revolved.

To prevent a coalition between the oppressed citizens of Geneva and their more powerful neighbours of Berne, had exercised the abilities of many a political potentate, who would, under other circumstances, have scorned her petty interests and agitations—those "tempests in a tumbler," as the witty scoffer who dwelt three centuries later on her shores, termed them.

But whilst France had twice attempted to throw troops into her garrison, and Savoy tenaciously endeavoured to hold her in vassalage, the emperor was crouching with fawning adulation to the citizen princes of Berne, to prevent their coming forward to help her.

It is not necessary for the elucidation of our little history, to relate what passed in the council-chamber between the ambassadors from Berne and the good burghers of Fribourg, nor to detail the various opinions which they expressed relative to the appeal of Savoy, presented by father Ambroise. It will be sufficient that we endeavour, albeit with a feeble pen, to portray the generous enthusiasm which animated the hearts of the Bernese, when the watch-word was at length given for the noble army of these northern heroes to buckle on their swords, and to march forward to the relief of their oppressed, yet undaunted brother Protestants of Geneva.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLESSING OF THE BANNER.

What spell is o'er the populous city cast!

It was nearly a fortnight ere our pilgrims reached the city of Berne, since their journey thither was not without hindrance and adventure. Harassed in mind, and wearied by the painful ceremonies imposed on him, father Ambroise with difficulty accomplished the first day's stage after leaving Fribourg; and ere he reached the village where he meant to rest on the second night, he found himself utterly exhausted, and unable to proceed. "I will rest on this bench, dear daughter," he said, as he quitted Rosette's supporting arm, and seated himself within a little sheltered alcove by the way-side, erected close to the rapid stream of the Seüse, which divides the cantons of Fribourg and Berne. The friendly retreat, thus placed for the refreshment of the traveller, was separated by a narrow road from the gate of a garden and orchard, which surrounded a comfortable house, built in the Swiss style, with high and projecting roof, wooden galleries, and texts of Holy Scripture painted over them. The garden and adjacent ground were covered with snow, but a path had been cleared from the house to the gate: a pastor, in the cloak and cap of the reformed church, was pacing slowly backwards on it, with a book in his hand, from which he occasionally raised his eyes to fix them on the long range of snowy mountains, now glowing with the reflected rays of the setting sun. As the pilgrim sank back on the bench, pale and exhausted, Rosette uttered an involuntary cry, which brought the pastor to her side.

"Your companion looks very ill, young maiden," he said; "if you will assist me in supporting him into my house, we will procure him some restorative."

"Thank ye, kind sir," replied father Ambroise feebly; "I fear I should be too heavy a charge, since I feel the approach of a serious malady. If you could procure me any easy mode of conveyance to the next hostelry, you will do all that charity requires."

"Not all, my poor friend," replied the pastor, with a sweet smile; "wot ye not that he who was neighbour unto him who fell among thieves, bound up his wounds, ere he set him on his own beast? Thou must come into my house, where there is

always a chamber ready for the wayfaring." Saying this, he gently raised the monk from his seat, and supporting him on one side, whilst Rosette aided on the other, they crossed the road and approached the house. Ere they reached it, a pleasing-looking young woman had opened the door, and placed a chair in the entrance, on which she bade them rest the invalid, whilst she prepared him a draught of warm milk, the only restorative he could be prevailed on to accept.

As they were about to convey him to bed, father Ambroise again remonstrated on the trouble they were taking for a stranger.

"My friend," replied the host, "many were the friendly roofs that sheltered me when I wandered about houseless and persecuted; and my Madeleine knows the vow I have made thus to return the benefits I received."

"Then be it so," said the priest, "although on my head, as a son of the church from which you suffered persecution, you are heaping coals of fire."

When father Ambroise was left alone with his host, he confided to his care the costly offering for the shrine of Einsiedeln, and the yet more precious crucifix, with directions for their destination, should he be prevented, by illness or death, from performing the remainder of his pilgrimage.

"Alas!" thought the pastor, as he took the glittering baubles from the trembling hand which presented them, "that man should thus hew out to himself broken cisterns, when the full stream of mercy flows without limit or bounds!"

The perceptions of the sufferer now became more and more clouded, and in a short time all the symptoms of fever were apparent. For many days and nights, Rosette and her kind entertainers watched by his pillow, comforted by the doctor's assurance that care and rest would restore the wasted strength, and quiet the agitated mind of their patient; and the doctor's prognostic was fulfilled. The naturally robust constitution of the monk, inured to hardship and privation, recovered its usual tone, and his mind was soothed by the quiet nursing he received.

During the succeeding days which the travellers spent under this truly hospitable roof, they became greatly endeared to its excellent owners. Rosette made herself generally useful and agreeable to the simple yet elegant mistress, and won the hearts of the children; but there was yet a stronger bond of union between the pastor and monk. Himself escaped from the errors of the Romish church; sacrificing country, fortune, and friends, for the reformed faith—the pious and talented Jean le Comte, Seigneur de la Croix, could not behold another entangled in the

chains of superstition without striving to set him free. Whole hours were occupied by these amiable antagonists in arguing on the tenets of their respective creeds; and they separated only to pray for direction and light. But amid this subject of primal interest, they did not forget the fate of those who needed their utmost efforts, and often concerted together every possible means of affording them assistance. In this Madame le Comte and Rosette were also deeply interested; for the heart and imagination of the pastor's wife had been engaged by her countrywoman's history of the various scenes through which she had passed—and she never wearied of hearing, or Rosette of speaking, of her young mistress, of Michael Cottier, and the castle prison.

No entreaties, however, could prevail on father Ambroise to remain longer than his health absolutely required, beneath the sheltering roof of the Swiss pastor, and he urged the plea of Beatrice's danger, as one to which his benevolent host would offer no opposition. "That excellent lady," he said, "has won all our hearts—I only ask one day's delay, and I will myself accompany you as far as Berne—but my wife would fain keep this young maiden until your return."

Rosette shook her head. "A thousand thanks, Monsieur le Ministre, but I cannot let my first friend traverse that wild desert alone."

"Thou art a good girl," said the pastor, "and I am content that our friend should see that we of the reformed church can go on pilgrimage too, when duty calls. However, I think I can smooth all objections. What sayest thou, Madeleine? wilt thou and Rosette accompany us to the city, and abide at thy brother's, whilst I go on to Einsiedeln with our friend?"

Father Ambroise had weighty reasons for rejoicing at this change of companion, and accepted the proposal with grateful alacrity.

It was about eight o'clock on a bright and frosty morning, when the party descended the hill leading into the city of Berne. The air was cold but pure, and the sun shone on the fantastic frost-work which hung from the boughs of the trees, or gemmed the herbage beneath. As they passed under the arcades on which the city is built, they found every shop shut, and almost every house tenantless. No busy housewife, no gossiping maiden, lingered round the quaint fountains, the sound of whose gushing waters alone interrupted the stillness of the deserted streets.

"It is, I suppose, some feast of your church," said the monk, addressing his companion.

"It is a day of peculiar solemnity," was the answer.

"The people of Berne have a better," Rosette hesitated and

added, "a different manner of celebrating their holy days from their neighbours of Fribourg. You remember, father, the noise and confusion of la Fête des Fous!"

"I do, daughter, and think with thee that solemnity, if it do not degenerate into gloominess, (an extreme charged on the seceders,) is a better manner of honouring a God of order, than the wild uproar we have lately witnessed."

"Stop, Madeleine!" exclaimed Mons. le Comte, "you should do the honours of our city to the strangers. You surely will not pass the clock-tower of Berchold of Züringen without pointing out its quaint device. Look steadily at yon chanticleer, maiden," he continued, laying hold of Rosette's arm, as they approached the antique watch-tower, which even in our day, attracts the attention of travellers, "and those curious lords of Berne, sculptured in stone, and thou wilt see a dance which, at thy age, should not want attraction."

Rosette stopped, and raising her eyes as the pastor good-humouredly directed, saw, with wonder and admiration, the bird flap his wings, crow twice, and the hideous face above, yawn at each beat of the bell that struck the hour of eight—an intimation, by-the-bye, that time passed as heavily to the idle of the twelfth century as it does to those of our own. The puppet had scarcely opened his mouth for the last time, and lowered his sceptre in gracious recognizance of his subjects the bears, who make their hourly circuit below, when all attention was drawn from the grotesque group by a burst of harmony, so full, so loud, so blended, that it was like the voice of many waters; or such as to human conception might seem to resemble the hallelujah of that countless multitude which surround the throne of Omnipotence. For a few minutes the travellers, giving themselves up to the rapt delight, stood motionless and silent, when Monsieur le Comte, taking the arm of the monk, and beckoning the others to follow, passed quickly through a portion of one street, then crossed a transverse alley, and came at once into the open space which sursounds the venerable and spacious minster church of the city. On one side, planted with fine trees, and surmounted by a solid wall of masonry, rising more than a hundred feet from the bed of the rapid Aar, was, and still remains, a lofty terrace, from which can be discovered, in fine weather, twelve snowy peaks of the range of the Bernese Alps, whose cloudless summits seemed, this day, to have uncovered themselves in honour of the occasion, and formed a meet setting for the scene within.

The doors of the fine cathedral were thrown open, and around each were assembled a multitude of persons who could not find accommodation within its walls—a crowd of persons so dense, and yet so orderly and immovable, that they appeared rooted to

the spot. They were composed principally of the peasants of the neighbourhood dressed in holiday costume, and fell back from the principal portal at the approach of the well-known pastor, who, followed by his party, reached the interior of the edifice, and there beheld a sight of mingled interest, grandeur, and beauty.

The centre of the building was filled with soldiers—the brave soldiers of Berne—with their handsome uniform and massive arms, and that mingled dignity and simplicity of deportment, which reminded the classic spectator of the legions of Rome, when Rome was free and virtuous. Nor did the band of grave citizens and senators, who occupied the seats near the pulpit, destroy the similitude. At the head of these were the three noble brothers Neugli—the general François Neugli being conspicuous amid the patrician band, from his commanding form and eagle eye, tempered by grace and sweetness. In the galleries were ranged the female aristocracy of Berne, who, on this patriotic occasion, did not disdain to wear the costume of their canton, differing only in the fineness of the snowy neck-kerchiefs and sleeves, and the richness of its jewels, from that of the numerous groups of the lower citizens' wives and daughters, and the peasants of the neighbourhood, who, with their silver chains and buttons, long plaited hair, and the fanciful decorations of their diminutive straw-hats, vied in freshness and gaiety with their patrician countrywomen. But amid this bright band of the brave, the wise, and the fair, there was one form in its pale holiness, and venerable sanctity, on whom all eyes were fixed—bound—riveted: and when the first low tones of his voice were heard, breathing out his soul in prayer, youth, beauty, power, and wisdom, hung breathless on its moving tones.

Berthold Haller, the great, the good, the philosopher, and the Christian, occupied the pulpit. On his dying-bed, the intelligence that his countrymen had at last listened to the voice of supplicating Geneva, revived the expiring embers of life: the flickering fire burst at once into light and heat. "Bear me," he exclaimed, "to the church: I shall yet have strength accorded me to bless the banner of my country, and to bid its brave defenders go forth, conquering, and to conquer." Pale, trembling, and emaciated, yet animated with that burning zeal which the waters of sorrow cannot quench, nor the floods of trial overwhelm, the dying man was borne by his brother ministers, as a father by dutiful and affectionate sons, and placed by them in that pulpit, which had so often resounded to the harmony of his voice, and the earnestness of his supplications. And now the prayer ended, he sat down a short time to recover his breath. A stillness the most profound reigned throughout that vast as-

sembly, and expectation held every soul in its powerful chains. The holy man arose, and the general advanced with his lieutenant and banneret, bearing the gorgeous banner of Berne, embroidered with its well-known emblem the Bear, to the foot of the pulpit, from whence its waving panoply seemed almost to enfold the form of the preacher. At first his voice was low and weak, and his ashy-pale countenance was coloured only by a small hectic spot in the middle of each sunken cheek: but as he proceeded, he seemed endowed with supernatural force. His eye lighted up, dark and flashing, beneath the snowy honours of his fine formed head; the blood rushed into his hollow cheeks, and gave that appearance of fulness and vigour, which is sometimes the precursor of dissolution; whilst the accents of his voice, clear and sonorous, pierced the hearts of his auditors, as if they had been addressed to them from that bright heaven which overshadowed him, and to which he was hastening.

"My brothers and fellow-soldiers in Christ!" such was his address, and in some such words as the following he continued: "When He who came to give light and life to a world sunk in darkness and iniquity, was borne, a weak and wailing infant, into the temple, the tongue of the aged Simeon broke out in the full ecstasy of his joy and thanksgiving—'Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' And such, my brethren, was my prayer, though such was not my hope! for, whilst wearying Heaven with petitions for the deliverance of Geneva, I did not believe my eyes would behold that salvation. Yet why did I doubt? for never since He who was greater than the temple was borne into it, never has there been a cause more vitally important to the world, than this which it is your high privilege to aid and defend. Insignificant as that distressed city may appear, from it shall arise the light of truth and christianity; and the spark now almost smothered, nurtured by your fostering hands, shall burn until the days of the Lord are accomplished—until the earth shall be rolled up as a scroll, and the angel of the Covenant, stretching forth his hand to heaven, shall swear by Him who liveth for ever and ever, that 'time shall be no more.' My fellow-citizens and magistrates," he added, after a short pause, "ye have done your duty; ye have called together a brave army; ye have bound them by merciful and judicious laws; ye have set over them experienced and christian commanders—and God will abundantly recompense ye and your descendants, for this act of justice and charity. Your citizens shall live in peace and plenty, no enemy shall enter your walls, and the light of the everlasting Gospel shall shine brightly over your fruitful land, unless, grown careless by prosperity, ye forget to feed the sacred flame, amid the pursuits of worldly

gain or the enjoyments of luxury and ease. But to ye, my fellow-soldiers in this christian warfare! I would particularly address the last words of your dying pastor. Let me bid you buckle on, not only the arms of carnal warfare, but those of spiritual defence; let me entreat ye to take unto ye the whole armour of God, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit; and oh! above all, may your feet be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace! Let me impress on your minds, that this is no common warfare: that if blood be shed, it must flow from kindred veins. Oh, then, let each blade be stainless, bright in its spotless lustre, when ye return to your native city; and as ye show mercy, may mercy, peace, and blessing be your everlasting reward. As your warfare is one the world never yet beheld, so let its results, as far as depend on you, be equally wonderful—a pangless, bloodless victory!" He paused a few moments, wiped the cold dew from his brow, and then directing his discourse to the galleries, in which, as we have already said, the Bernese ladies sat, he continued—as simultaneously rising, they bent their heads in meek attention: "And ye, my countrywomen—daughters and mothers of my people—ye to whom the precious charge of rearing the children of the commonwealth, cheering the labours, and multiplying the enjoyments of your sons, your fathers, and your husbands, is assigned—I bid ye, as christian women, join your influence to mine, to reward with your approbation and your love, those who alone are worthy of it; and, strong in your weakness, to promote the reign of peace and holiness upon the earth." The holy man stopped from exhaustion, and the sobs of the fair beings he addressed were distinctly audible. After a short pause, he continued: "I shall not be on earth to welcome ye home again, my beloved friends and fellow-citizens! but I feel there will be none other wanting in the happy re-union; and if purified spirits are permitted to look down from their region of blessedness, believe, that of Berthold Haller will be in the midst of ye."

He ceased, and a hymn was given out and sung. Then, when the full swell of voices sunk into silence, Haller once more arose, and stretching his arms over the banner of his country, and towards the whole assembled multitude, he pronounced, in a solemn and impressive voice, the blessing of the high priest on the hosts of Israel.*

* Numbers x. 35; vi. 24

CHAPTER XIII.

GENEVA.

Yet shall she rise—but not by war restored;
Not built in murder—planted by the sword.
Then on her tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth ye mountains, and ye valleys sing!

HERRA.

THE affecting scene at the minster church made a strong impression on the mind of father Ambroise, which the subsequent evening, spent in the house of an eminent Reformer, and in company with some of the most celebrated ministers of the period, further strengthened; but nothing could shake his resolution of continuing his journey, or even induce him to defer it beyond the following morning, when, accompanied by Monsieur le Comte, he took the road to our Lady of the Hermits. We must now leave them to pursue their pilgrimage, and return to Geneva, there to await the arrival of her brave and welcome deliverers, and in the intermediate time continue the history of the Chevalier di Rossi.

We left him, it will be remembered, in kind and skilful hands; but for many a painful day and sleepless night, he lay, unconscious of the unwearied charity that kept her vigil near his bed, or the sacrifice made by the christian family who ministered to his wants, whilst their own were so scantily supplied. A low fever, brought on by anxiety, fatigue, and privation, for a long time wasted his strength and oppressed his brain, rendering him unconscious of aught but restlessness and pain. At length some powerful application removed the weight, and after a long sleep, during which it remained a painful doubt whether he would ever awake, he opened his eyes in restored reason, and fixed them on a countenance of peculiar interest.

"He is awake," said this hovering angel of charity to her companion, whom his dress announced to be a minister of the reformed church; "will you send for Dr. Güthertz, who desired to be immediately called?"

"Where am I?" whispered the sick man, looking vacantly around.

"You are with christian friends, and in the hands of One, who has brought you back from the jaws of death," said the minister.

Di Rossi closed his eyes, but it was to lift his soul in grateful

prayer. The doctor quickly arrived, felt his patient's pulse, and ordered some nourishment to be given him.

"His fever has left him," he said, "and this long sleep has renovated exhausted nature; henceforth he will require more food than physic; an untoward circumstance," he continued, with a playful smile, "since the demand for the one has decreased with the scarcity of the other; but I will try and help out with both."

"There will be no need, my good friend," said the minister, "for any further demands on your generosity. I bid ye all, as the prophet did besieged Samaria, Get up, eat and drink! Deliverence is as surely at hand for *our* Israel: and so strongly do I feel this, that I would not hesitate this moment to open our granaries, and deal out the last grain to our stinted population."

During this little dialogue, we beg the reader to believe, that the comfort of the patient was not forgotten. The active nurse had prepared some warm nourishment, the doctor had raised the pillow, and drawn aside a little of the curtain, permitting a struggling beam of the afternoon's sun to find its way through the half-closed shutters.

When the invalid had swallowed a little of the food administered to him by the good aunt, as we shall for the present call her, the doctor laid him again on his pillow, and said, good-humouredly, "There, lie you still until I see you again to-night, and neither ask nor answer questions. And do thou, my fair mistress, let that soft pipe of thine be more distinctly heard; it will amuse my patient to listen, whilst thou and Master Fanel discourse gently together. Where's Antoine?"

"He will be here soon, kind Dr. Güthertz," said the aunt, as she opened the door for the excellent man, and then returned to her companion.

"Let us kneel together," he said, "and render thanks for the mercy shown to the sick man."

Di Rossi bent his head in token of grateful acquiescence; and then in a strain of powerful and devotional eloquence, the minister poured out his grateful acknowledgments.

They were yet on their knees, when a little boy entered, leading a small dog by a string. He closed the door softly, walked on his tip-toes across the room, and knelt down, whilst his little companion seated by him on his haunches, his ears pricked up, was kept from moving by the raised finger of his young master, who looked at him occasionally, his eyes brimful of tears.

When the prayer was ended, the little boy went up to his aunt, and kissing her, he said, "Dr. Güthertz says our sick gentleman is better, and will want all the food we can spare, so

I have brought poor Dotto to take his leave." Here he burst into tears, and buried his face in his little favourite's silky coat.

"Antoine, my child, dost thou repent the sacrifice thou art making?" asked the Reformer. "Look round, my boy, and see how each one pours what is most valuable to him into the treasury. Did not thy father and our kind doctor pull down the houses that sheltered them; and wot we not of another who has made greater sacrifices than this?" and he glanced at the good aunt, whose glistening eyes rested on her nephew. During this discussion, the poor little dog, whose instinct had told him that something was in agitation in which he was concerned, and that not of a pleasant nature, looked from one to the other, gently whining. "Trust thy little idol to me, Antoine," continued the minister, "and it shall be spared unnecessary pain; and trust the word of one who has seen more of God's gracious dealings than thou hast, that He will cause thee to rejoice in the sacrifice thou now makest, and will amply requite it to thee."

The little boy placed the string in the Reformer's hand, stooped to give his favourite a parting kiss, and hurried from the room.

In the meantime, our invalid, who had heard all that passed, was inexpressibly touched, and beckoning to the aunt, she laid her ear close to him, and understood his faint though urgent entreaty that his young deliverer might be spared so painful a sacrifice.

"My brother," she said, "is desirous of proving his sincerity, and of teaching him that when he makes promises, they must be fulfilled."

"Ay," returned the Reformer, "and we must also teach our little pilgrim self-denial, and trust in Providence—he comes of a noble race, who have laid their best on the altar. But be not distressed, good sir, the idol shall be spared if possible, and Antoine's sincerity yet uncompromised."

The patient now endeavoured to express some of that gratitude to his benefactors, with which his heart was oppressed, but the minister imposed silence, on the authority of the doctor. "There," he said, pointing to Heaven, "is the only safe vent for the emotions of the sick man's heart."

The doctor, soon after, again visited his patient, and pronounced him in a fair way of recovery, provided all excitement was avoided, and that he kept his bed for a few days longer; to the side of which Antoine was, at his particular request, often admitted. The celebrated reformer, Fanel, still came daily to pray and read by the invalid, and although he looked often on him with an eye of searching inquiry, he as yet forbore to ask him any questions.

It was on the eve of that day in which Dr. Güthertz had promised to take off his restrictions, that Antoine took his seat as usual, near his new friend. "I now see," he said, "that master Fanel was right. You are a far better friend and companion than Dotto could be—though, for a dog, there never was his equal." This was the first time the boy had ventured to speak of his favourite, and doubtful of his own firmness, he suddenly changed the subject, saying, "My aunt says we always love those most for whom we have made the greatest sacrifices—she has given up more than any one, I believe."

"For your cousin Michael, I suppose?"

"O no, dear sir, not quite that; for Michael gave up much too, and risked more."

Di Rossi pressed his hand to his beating temples, and dared not ask any more questions; when his gentle nurse entered, he looked at her with an eye of intense interest, and felt a suffocation at his heart, and dizziness of brain, which made the physician shake his head at his evening visit, and ask on what agitating subjects he had been speaking?"

"Speaking of none, dear sir," said the patient, "but thinking on one that wrings my heart; and I shall be a happier man if you will allow me to unburden it."

The doctor looked alarmed. "Perhaps the minister would be a better confessor," he said.

"I would choose the one most interested in the family to whom I am so indebted."

"On that subject, I yield to no one, sir,—but your health?"

"Nay, dear doctor, hear me! I was the fellow prisoner—the fellow sufferer, of Michael Cottier!"

"Michael Cottier!" exclaimed Dr. Güthertz, starting. "O tell me all you know of that dear boy!" and he listened with the most eager interest to Di Rossi's history of his own and Michael's blended adventures; promising to bring his painful situation before the council, at the earliest opportunity, but begging the chevalier for the present, to conceal from Madame Cottier and the rest of the family, his knowledge of one so dear to them, whilst he gave him free permission to relate his own previous history.

The next morning was an eventful one for our sick man; it was the first time he was to leave his bed, after having kept it more than a month—and all invalids know with what a mixture of pain and pleasure they look forward to the fatiguing exertion. On this occasion our little friend Antoine acted as valet de chambre, performing his office with tenderness and ability.

"And this is the strength of man!" said Di Rossi, as, the operation of dressing finished, he leant on Antoine's shoulder to support him to a couch. "You will scarcely believe, An-

toine, that I was once a very giant; but you see how vain it is to pride ourselves on what is so soon taken from us."

Madame Cottier, for it was under the roof of Michael's mother that his noble friend and defender had found so generous a shelter, now entered, and asked permission to sit by him whilst Antoine read, adding, "You must, I fear, content yourself with our poor services as pastor and physician this morning, since our gentlemen are gone to attend a special meeting of the council. Some deputies are newly arrived from Berne; but it is almost courting disappointment to hope for assistance from that quarter, since scarcely a week passes, that does not bring offer of help, clogged with exactions that we cannot accede to."

"Shall I read, sir?" said Antoine, mounted on his high stool, with all the grave dignity of a divine; "I have found out that pretty chapter about the three children in the fiery furnace, which I think will amuse you."

The lecture finished, Madame Cottier took her knitting, and Di Rossi considered how he should make the disclosure of his name and circumstances, which his hospitable entertainers were too delicate to require, when Antoine relieved him from his embarrassment, by asking a question which led directly to the subject, and was prompted by that of which they had been reading. "Did you ever see a king, sir?"

"Yes, Antoine; and what is more, lived some years in the palace of one."

Antoine opened his eyes wide. "What kind of looking men are they, sir? very large and tall, I suppose, like our lieutenant Berchold?"

"Which of your questions must I answer first?" said Di Rossi. "Perhaps I had better tell you a little of my own history, in one respect resembling that of the three youths you have been reading of; for though not actually a captive, I was taken from a country I greatly loved, my mountains and my liberty, and carried to a king's palace, where I was made his page."

"Is not this delightful, aunt?" said the little boy in a low voice.

"It is, indeed, Antoine; but you must not tire monsieur by asking troublesome questions."

"I am delighted to answer them, dear madam," said Di Rossi; "and at the same time to inform you who it is you have so generously sheltered, with no other claim on your bounty, but his want of it."

"And yet, how many have we found in his patient sweetness under suffering, his piety, his ——"

"Dear aunt," said Antoine, "I beg your pardon, but will you let Monsieur ——"

"Di Rossi—Fernando di Rossi is my name, and in future you must call me by it. But here I am, Antoine, to tell you my story. I went from my father's castle to the vale of Aosta at your age, and exchanged my simple mountain habit for a dress embroidered with gold lace; and then, instead of scampering through the forests with hawk and hound, I was forced to stay in an ante-chamber with half-a-score of mischievous urchins like myself, until it became my turn to wait upon the king."

"And what did you do for him?" interrupted the delighted listener. "Did you put on his crown, and help him to get up on his throne?"

"No," replied Di Rossi, smiling, "he was placed there by stronger arms than mine."

"Then you buckled on his sword, perhaps, or pulled off his boots?"

"Nay, now you run into extremes, and degrade my office to that of a valet. I sometimes carried messages—took orders to the servants in waiting; but really, Antoine, I can scarcely remember what I did, but bear the jokes and compliments of the fair ladies of the court."

"Well, I fear I should have quickly tired of such a life, and have tried to escape to my mountains."

"That is exactly what I did," continued Di Rossi, "but I was brought back just as I got half way from Versailles to Paris; this step, though I did not deserve it, was the happiest of my life; for as I was conducted up the great staircase, that most excellent Princess Margaret, now Queen of Navarre, was descending with the venerable Bishop of Meaux. She stopped, and inquired why I wept,—I told her frankly that I was tired of idleness and a court life, and that I had a friend in Savoy whom I could not be happy without.

"The Princess smiled, and said, 'She would beg me of the king—would procure me a good tutor, and send for my friend to share his instruction.'"

"And did you have school, sir?" asked Antoine.

"That we did, and learnt to know the best of all books, the Bible, under the teaching of the pious Bishop of Meaux. It was at this time I became acquainted with your pastor, Fanel; but sickness has so much changed, that he has not recognized me, and until this day, our kind and cautious doctor would not allow me to speak."

"And now, I fear, he would be angry with us for making you talk too much," said Madame Cottier.

"One question more, dear aunt," said Antoine, coaxingly.

"Did the Princess send for your friend? and what was he called?"

"He was a namesake of yours, dear boy, Antoine de Beaufort. The Princess kept her word, and we spent three happy years together, till ——" Di Rossi stopped.

"O, go on! go on!" exclaimed the eager listener, "till what?"

"Till the Duke of Savoy begged our fathers to recall us, and placed us near his son Philibert, at Madrid. De Beaufort caught the fever, which proved fatal to his youthful master, and shared his early grave. And now, dear boy, ask me no more questions to-day," said Di Rossi, laying himself back on the couch, and shutting his eyes.

The aunt resuming her knitting, and Antoine his studies—half an hour of perfect stillness succeeded. At the end of that time, the report of a cannon, followed by the loud shout of cheering voices, was heard from the street below. Madame Cottier laid aside her work, and Antoine ran to the window. "What can all this mean?" he exclaimed. "Good news, I am sure, for the people are running out of their houses as if they were mad; shaking hands, and embracing one another. There goes another big gun! and another! why the old house will tumble about our ears! But, dear aunt, do come to the window, for here is papa and Dr. Güthertz, and Master Fanel and Auguste, with such a big branch of laurel in his cap, and—O, can it really be? Dotto running at his side." Saying this, and forgetting all besides, the happy boy sprang out of the room, and down stairs, to welcome his recovered treasure.

"It would be impossible to keep the secret, if we wished it, in this city, overflowing with joy and gratitude," said Dr. Güthertz, on their entrance; "and, indeed, I do not see that it will do my patient any harm to rejoice with his friends. Our suffering state has, at length, good grounds to hope for diliverance from her enemies, since the deputies from Berne are now come, not to negotiate hard terms, but to offer unconditional assistance, and only wait for our acceptance of their unqualified friendship, to march their noble army hither, and raise the siege."

The recovery of Di Rossi was now henceforth. In a few days he was enabled to unite his thanksgivings with those of the grateful citizens, in a solemn assembly, which it had been the first care of the Reformers to convoke, in the cathedral of St. Pierre; and, a fortnight afterwards, to hail with them the first glance of the bright arms of the rescuing army, as they descended the snowy heights of the Jura. Then, charged with a mission from the council, and sanguine with the hope of a speedy return to aid in the emancipation of the prisoners, and the restitution of their rights, he set off for the court of his royal mistress, the Queen of Navarre.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERSECUTION.

Yet mighty God, yet shall thy frown look forth
Unveiled, and terribly shall shake the earth.
Then the foul power of priestly sin, and all
Its long upheld idolatries shall fall;
Thou shalt raise up the trampled and opprest,
And thy delivered saints shall dwell in rest.

BRYANT.

We now return to Beatrice and the convent of St. Maurice, taking up the thread of our narrative where Rosette's broke off, at the parting between her and her young mistress. The flight of the waiting woman was happily not discovered until after the arrival of the escort appointed to conduct Beatrice to her new abode, when the gentle Abbess, forbidden to take leave in person, sent a sorrowful farewell through the portress, together with a letter from the Sire de Beaufort, in which he commanded her to surrender his daughter into the hands of the official, appointed by the Archbishop of Turin, as her guide and guardian. Beatrice made no resistance, confident in the wisdom of Him in whom she trusted, and ready to follow His bidding, even to the stake. The portress wept, as she handed her into her litter, at an early hour on the following morning, and saw it conveyed through the court to the outer gate, where Beatrice, looking anxiously amongst the armed escort which surrounded her, for the dark countenance of Serjeant Prepotenti, shuddered as she discovered his absence, lest he might overtake the fugitive of whom she doubted not he had gone in search. Her conductor, having closed the curtains, rode silently by the side of her litter; and our poor heroine, thus left to the uninterrupted indulgence of her own thoughts, had ample time, during her solitary journey of three days, to ruminate on the past, and to school her mind for future trial. She had little communication with her guide, who waited on her in silence, and locked the door of her apartment at night; but assured of the painful truth, that her father had sanctioned her present rigid treatment, she forbore all inquiry or complaint. About the middle of the fourth day, she was desired to descend from her covered carriage, and mount a mule. The road now lay over rough mountain passes, covered with snow, the minute particles of which, raised by the wind, nearly blinded her; whilst her hands became so frozen, that she could not guide the animal she rode.

At length they reached an elevated plain, from which, amid

the wide waste that spread around, they discerned the glittering spires of a large church surrounded by numerous buildings, presenting a strange contrast with the wild region in which they stood. They next descended into a hollow between rough and barren mountains, and passed through a village composed chiefly of various descriptions of houses of public entertainment, from the large hostelry which displayed on its sign a daubed representation of two enormous ravens, to the lowest cabaret in which pilgrims of the most wretched appearance were carousing. Proceeding forward, the travellers entered a spacious court, two sides of which were formed of high stone buildings; in the centre rose a stately cathedral, whose shrine was surrounded by lamps, which shed, through the stained pains, a faint light on the court below, and partially illumined the gloomy edifice before which the cavalcade drew up. A large fountain in front of the church poured its incessant waters from fourteen shoots, fed by the melted snow of the neighbouring mountains—the only sound which broke the death-like stillness around, until the vesper-bell clanging from the lofty tower, struck like a knell on the heart of the weary girl, who shuddered as she looked on the dreary prison which she now perceived was to be the termination of her journey.

At the sound of that bell the attendants descended from their mules, prostrating themselves for a few seconds on the ground, when a lay monk, who acted as porter, opened the door, and demanded their business. Beatrice did not hear the answer given by the conductor, for, numbed and dizzy, she could scarcely keep herself from falling, as he assisted her to alight, and supported her into the building.

She passed through a gloomy, arched, passage, preceded by the spectre-like guide, the close damp air of which almost suffocated her, and she shuddered as she observed some doors with iron gratings, with a foreboding that some such might one day close on her. It was, therefore, a considerable relief to find her way lay up a long flight of stone steps, at the head of which the guide rang a bell, and a nun appearing at the door, bade Beatrice enter. The parlour, if such the gloomy apartment might be designated, was large and lofty, with a brick floor, and heavy beams black with age and smoke. A few embers burned on the hearth, near which stood a small table, having on it a wooden trencher, a bowl of milk, and a loaf of coarse bread.

"Eat," said the hard-featured nun, "and warm ye quickly, for the hour of prayer is nigh."

Beatrice seated herself, and ate moderately of the homely fare before her, when the nun starting up at the sound of a bell, took her lamp, and bade her follow to the choir.

"Good sister," said Beatrice, detaining her, "I pray you show me my sleeping chamber, for I have travelled far, and am weary."

"Are ye then too tired to return thanks to our blessed Lady for her protection by the way?" asked the nun scornfully.

"I prefer offering up my thanks to God for His gracious guidance, in my own room," said Beatrice, calmly.

"Heretic!" muttered the recluse, as she proceeded through the cold stone passage; whilst pale spectral beings, each bearing a lighted taper, issued from the grated cells on either side, and glided past them.

At length they reached the high folding-doors which led into the choir; when Beatrice again refusing to enter, the nun cast on her a fearful scowl, and led the way to a door at a little distance in the same gallery.

"Here is the room thou art so desirous to enter," said she, "maybe thou wilt ere long, be equally glad to quit it, for thou wilt find little in it to pamper thy worldly delicacy. Yonder is thy bed—to-morrow at sunrise, thou must quit it to attend the early matins." Saying this, she left the apartment, and locked the door on the outside.

Alas, poor Beatrice! she looked around her melancholy cell, and felt as if the grave had closed on her. It was small, scarcely more than eight feet square, but so high that it had almost the appearance of a well, since the flickering flame of the lamp did not enable her eyes to reach the top of the blackened ceiling. It contained but one window, placed very high, the grated bars of which were draperied by cobwebs; one chair and a wretched pallet comprised the whole furniture of the miserable cell, and though weary, and almost benumbed with cold, it was long ere she could prevail on herself to approach the latter. In this situation of earthly hopelessness, what was the deserted girl's only consolation?—what could it be—but prayer? Composed, strengthened by its exercise, she threw herself, without undressing, on the hard bed; where sleep for a few hours sealed her swollen eyelids. On opening them the next morning, she beheld the sour countenance of sister Barbara, who, with a change of apparel, brought her a small cup of milk and a bit of bread, and informed her of the Abbess's command to dress quickly, and accompany her to morning prayers.

"Tell your superior," said the captive firmly, "that I do not join in the services of the church of Rome, and that if she will allow me the favour of an interview, I will inform her of my reasons for declining them."

The nun left the cell with her usual scowl, and Beatrice was once more alone. Hour after hour passed heavily by, marked by the deep-toned convent-bell; but no one came. She had no

book, no work, nothing but her own sad anticipations to mark the dragging time. The rays of the setting sun were seen for a few moments, between the grated bars of her window, and then all was again grey twilight. When the evening bell broke on the fearful stillness, the nun entered the room with a lamp, and the reiterated command to attend vespers, which met the same undaunted negative. Once again she returned with a small quantity of bread and wretched broth, then taking the lamp, bolted the door after her, and left her captive in silent darkness. Another night, more forlorn than the last, passed over that captive's head. Weariness of body had enabled her on the preceding one to sleep, but as the hopelessness of her situation became more apparent, a thousand restless fears for the future, and recollections of the past, chased slumber from her eyes. Foremost amongst these recollections was her father's cruel change, his unfeeling desertion of a child he had once appeared so fondly to love; and she taxed her memory in vain for any ground for his cruel conduct towards her,—in all but "touching her God," her conscience acquitted her of the slightest neglect of his wishes, or opposition to his will.

Thus passed the first day of the poor captive's imprisonment, and thus, with no variation, dragged on seven silent, solitary days, seven almost sleepless nights. Since her entrance into this miserable abode, she had never heard a human voice, except the melancholy salutation of the nuns as they passed one another in the corridor, and the few words repeated morning and evening, with unvarying monotony, by her rigid jailer.

On the eighth morning, instead of this oft-rehearsed invitation to the mass, the nun informed her that the Abbess commanded her attendance in the parlour, and preceding her to the end of the corridor, she opened the door of the apartment, and withdrew; leaving Beatrice in the presence of the formidable superior and another person, who sat with her at the upper end of it. The room was spacious, handsomely furnished, and lighted by two oriel windows, through which the morning sun streamed, dazzling the eyes of the captive, who stood irresolute whether or not to advance, and timidly shrinking from the fixed gaze of those before her. There was nothing in the appearance of either that indicated the rigour of a penitential life. The Abbess was apparently about forty years of age, and before indulgence had spoiled the symmetry of her form, she had possessed a considerable share of beauty. Even now, when filling her place in the choir, or performing her dramatic part in the pompous ceremonies of the Romish church, she was a comely and striking personage; but the slightest opposition to her imperious will, lent a fierceness to her eyes, and a suffusion to her complexion,

which formed a painful contrast to her habit of humility, and vows of sanctity. Her companion, the noble and mitred Abbot of the neighbouring monastery, was in the full vigour of manhood, extremely handsome, and dressed with the most scrupulous care, and costly splendour. His lawn sleeves were of dazzling whiteness, his cloak flowed gracefully from his shoulders, and his scarlet stockings drawn closely over his well-shaped leg, were fastened at the knee by diamond buckles. He rose at Beatrice's entrance, and uttered an exclamation, which was repressed by the stately Abbess, who turning towards the object of his involuntary admiration, said, in no harmonious tone, "Lady Beatrice de Beaufort approach! You may perhaps have deemed me wanting in the respect due to your rank and house, in not personally receiving you within these walls. But the censure of the church levels all worldly distinctions; and as her unworthy servant, I felt called on to show my disapprobation of one, who had so justly incurred it."

During this harangue, Beatrice crossed the room with a firm step, and stood at its close, on the opposite side of a small marble table, placed before her formidable judge. She spoke not, for as yet it had not been given her what to say, and her silence seemed embarrassing to the Abbess, who stopped a few seconds as if awaiting an answer.

"I had another reason for not breaking in on you," she at length continued; "I trusted that solitude and privation might have a salutary effect on your spirit, and instruct you to meet me with the respect and obedience due from a daughter to her spiritual mother."

"Personal suffering, madam," replied Beatrice, in a gentle yet firm tone, "can have no power over opinions which were not formed from earthly motives."

"In that you said rightly, Lady Beatrice; it must have been satanic influence only, that induced you to disgrace your birth and sex, and to rise in rebellion against your spiritual and temporal parents."

"Your zeal, dear madam," interrupted the Abbot, placing his hand gently on the arm of the nun, "commendable as in itself it assuredly is, carries you perhaps a little too far. Let us hope that this our erring daughter may be induced, by milder methods, to listen to the admonitions of our holy church and her ministers, and to recant the pernicious opinions she has so unhappily adopted. I wish much to see her in private, and to use arguments which cannot at present be fully discussed, in the hope of prevailing on her to accept the pardon offered by our gracious prince."

"Whatever you may wish to say to my charge, monsignore,"

said the nun, laying a peculiar stress on the possessive pronoun, "must be said in my presence, and subject to my authority, since, with humble submission to your lordship on all other matters, the Lady Beatrice de Beaufort was entrusted to my sole guardianship by her diocesan, the Archbishop of Turin."

"I will then profit by the present opportunity of urging my cause," said the Abbot, with calm politeness, "since I fear it will be the only one afforded me, as I depart to-morrow for Rome. But first, daughter," he continued, rising and placing a chair, "let me release you from your present painful position, and then distinctly state to you that I am empowered by the Duke to set you at liberty, and to place you in the safe keeping of any friend you will name, on the sole condition of your returning to the bosom of your holy mother, who holds out her compassionating arms ready to embrace you—nay, answer me not, until I set before you the peril of your refusal. I wish you to know the depth of the precipice on which you stand, ere you turn aside the friendly hand that would snatch you from it."

"Nay, this is past all bearing!" interrupted the Abbess, the veins of her forehead swelling beneath the band which with difficulty compressed them, and her heightened colour painfully contrasting its snowy whiteness. "A noble Abbot suing to a stubborn heretic to accept the pardon, which no true son of the church should offer!"

"In that censure you include a far more illustrious member of it than her unworthy son before you, madam," said the Abbot, with dignity. "But I must not permit your zeal to interfere with my duty." Then turning to Beatrice, he continued, "I do not intend, young lady, to enter now on points of faith—all that can be urged to convince or warn has, I am aware, been already set before you by the pious and learned father Ambroise."

"Whose kindness," interrupted Beatrice, her eyes filling with tears, "must have overcome all considerations, but those of conscience and conviction."

"Ay," said the Abbess scornfully, "and whose weak indulgence, together with the affected tenderness of my sister of St. Maurice, has pampered self-sufficiency into insolence."

The Abbot turned again to Beatrice; "You will consider my propositions—weigh well their advantages, and the danger of rejection—and give me your answer at my return."

"I can consent to no delay—the present moment must decide the young lady's fate," interrupted the Abbess.

"Then let her at least hear her doom ere she seal it. Will you accept the pardon of your prince, daughter?" asked the prelate.

"I cannot, on the terms he proposes," said Beatrice; "and I do beseech you, my lord, to receive this as my final answer, together with my grateful thanks. Time cannot alter my convictions, although it may weaken my powers of resistance."

"Farewell then, obstinate and ill-fated girl!" said the Abbot; "you have closed on yourself the door of the outer world, and the mildest fate which awaits you, is a life of punishment and penitence."

Beatrice turned pale, and trembled exceedingly, and the Abbess, under a semblance of compassion, but in reality to terminate an interview during which she was every moment expecting her prey would escape, called on sister Barbara, who stood at the door, to lead the exhausted girl back to her cell, where she threw herself on her hard pallet, and, worn out by long sleepless nights, and the violent struggle she had lately endured, fell into a deep and tranquil sleep. She was awakened, by the nightly return of the nun, to all the horrors of her situation.

"My earthly doom is now fixed," she said; "there is no return to the cheerful light of day—my brief course is nearly finished, and these gloomy walls will be my living grave. O my God! give me but strength to continue steadfast to the end, and all will be well—for what is life? what its longest duration, what its brightest prospects, but a dream—a warfare—a pilgrimage? And ye, my beloved fellow-travellers over the rugged road of human suffering," she continued, as her thoughts wandered over the snowy mountain and the stormy lake, and penetrated into the captive's cell, recalling each beloved companion of her christian course. "Ye too are climbing alone, the rough steeps of adversity that lead to the mountain of our Lord. May He be with, to cheer and support you, as He does me, in this hour of woe!"

Such were the meditations, such the consolations of the young Christian, who, like the persecuted saints of the first ages, was "cast down, but not destroyed."

It is difficult and painful to detail the particulars of the days that followed, varied only by fresh injuries, privations, and sufferings. Each evening was the victim led into the Abbess's parlour, where, instead of the compassionating and well-bred Abbot, she was exposed to the coarse invectives of some priests, who were assembled for the purpose of argument and reproof. Throughout the fiery ordeal she was supported by such strength from above, as enabled her not only to bear with patience the ill-usage she received, but to render such reasons for her faith as often silenced her enemies, and even softened all but those whom interest and natural malevolence had hardened against her. Her outward frame, it is true, decayed—the rounded beauty of her

form was gone—the pure clearness of her complexion assumed a sallow hue, and her eyes lost their lucid light. But the soul daily became more devoted and holy, and one undeviating principle never forsook her constant mind—a belief in the kindness and goodness of God, and a humble and child-like dependence on His mercy and truth.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MARTYR.

When persecution's torrent blaze
Wraps the unshrinking martyr's head,
When fade all earthly flowers and bays,
When summer friends are gone and fled,
Is he alone in that dark hour,
Who owns the Lord of love and power!

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

THE malignant beings into whose power, in times of persecution, it has pleased the Lord to place so many of his chosen people, have ever been most subtle in devices of torture, varying and increasing the portion of suffering, as they have observed strength from above given to support it.

The tormentors of Beatrice de Beaufort were not behind the most forward, either in invention or power—finding their victim unmoved by taunts or threats, they determined to vary their plans, and by drawing her from her solitude, subject her to more active trial. Although the Archbishop of Turin had been obliged to concede to the wishes of the Duke, that offers of pardon and restoration should first be made to the offender, through the medium of the Abbot, he had prevailed, by an artful exaggeration of her offence, and its dangerous consequences, that the case should afterwards be subjected to the decision of the church, and that she should be placed under the sole direction of the Abbess Chabalais. The commands of the Archbishop to his female agent were positive, as far as related to the strict confinement and rigid penance of her captive; but even to this ready instrument of his dark designs, the naked truth was too hideous to be laid open. Thus much, however, was definite—Beatrice de Beaufort must never again breathe the air of the outer world. If she could be persuaded or frightened into a cloistered life, (and no effort must be spared to accomplish the desired end,) the powerful and beautiful abbey of Santa Clara was to be placed under her rule; but should she continue obstinate in her heresy,

the holy Inquisition must pronounce her doom, and the rich guerdon fall into more deserving hands. "Where then," wrote the wily priest, "where can we find a more fitting directress of the envied and honourable situation, amongst the numerous list of fair and noble candidates, than she, whose high qualifications have been too long wasted on a cold and barren soil?"

The bait, so richly gilded, was eagerly swallowed; and the artful priest well knew that by thus placing her victim in the situation of a rival, the full stipulations of the services required would be scrupulously fulfilled. Thus, in whichever way the affair terminated, the noble inheritance of Brières would be lost to the suspected and hated Di Rossi, and remain in the possession of one, whom he had secured to his interest by links which could not easily be severed. It has been truly said that,

> "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
> Those never pardon who have done the wrong;"

and never was the observation more fully exemplified, than in the hatred borne by the cruel mother Chabalais towards her lovely, and innocent charge—a hatred that appeared to increase in proportion as her powers of torture and punishment were exercised.

Finding her unmoved amid the fearful solitude and inaction of her prison, she drew her from it to perform the most painful offices in the infirmary, imagining that such would be peculiarly revolting to a high-born female. But she knew not that Beatrice had been early exercised by a christian mother in deeds of mercy, and that she would find a solace for her own woes in administering comfort and aid to the afflicted. This solace, however, was not of long duration, for when the Abbess perceived that, notwithstanding the odium of heresy which clung to their gentle nurse, and the strict silence imposed on her, her sweetness and "skill of comfort" won on the invalids, she found other and more painful services for her.

After the day was spent in the most arduous and menial occupations of the household, she supplied her with a large quantity of coarse needlework, and set her tasks which could not be accomplished without robbing her of many hours of needful repose. At length, her mind, sympathizing with her exhausted body, longed for rest—longed to lay down the heavy load of life, anxious only to bear to the last an undeviating testimony to the truth, and fearful lest her protracted sufferings might shake the constancy of her mind, by destroying the powers of resistance. Under these circumstances she heard with joy, although it was not unmixed with a feeling of natural dread, that the inquisitor, whose arrival from Rome had been anticipated, had reached

the convent, and that she was summoned for the last time to the Abbess's parlour, to be subjected to a final examination ere her doom was sealed.

Either to give effect to the scene, to strike terror into his victim, or really to disguise his person, the inquisitor wore a covering of cere-cloth, which completely concealed the upper part of his form, being drawn over the head, and falling below the waist. Slits were cut in it for the eyes and mouth, and the whole presented an unnatural and hideous appearance, whilst the muffled sound confinement imparted to the voice, added to the disagreeable effect—an effect, however, powerless, together with all the other means of intimidation employed to subjugate and terrify the victim, who looked with calmness on the futile effort, and felt nothing but pity for her blind and erring oppressors. The inquisitor addressed her but rarely, rather prompting the priests from time to time, as they examined her on the leading articles of her creed.

Truly, in that moment it *was* "given her what she should say." Amid threats, taunts, and promises, she stood, firm as thousands of others have done in the same blessed cause, and supported by the same everlasting arms.

Her courage rose by oppression—even her weakened frame, invigorated by her undaunted spirit, sustained the long trial which the malice of her enemies seemed to find pleasure in protracting, until, unable to reply to her searching arguments and powerful truths, the inquisitor broke up the assembly, and dismissed her with these words: "Go to thy apartment, Beatrice de Beaufort, thy doom is sealed!"

It would be too difficult a task to describe the various emotions which agitated the breast of our young Christian, as she closed the door of her cell for the last time, and sat down to contemplate the dreadful fate that awaited her on the morrow—a fate which, although not openly denounced by her unrighteous judge, had been sufficiently made known to her through the dark insinuations of sister Barbara. Terror at her anticipated martyrdom was blended with joy at the release it promised from present evil—hope and blissful anticipation, with lingering regret and natural weakness. The struggle was long and agonizing; but consoled and strengthened by those direct ministrations of the Spirit which have enabled the martyr in all ages calmly to contemplate death, and even to glory in suffering, faith at length obtained her victory, and holy peace succeeded to the bitter strife. The convent clock had marked the progress of many an hour of abstracted devotion, ere she arose from her knees, and prepared for the last time, to put off her earthly clothing; its warning voice fell yet again unheeded on her ear, as a gentle

sleep threw its soft oblivion on the past, and strengthened her for future trial.

She arose at day-break—selected the dress she thought best suited to the solemn occasion; and throwing a light mantilla over her head, with which she could at pleasure conceal her face, she looked, not like a victim dragged unwillingly to the altar, but as one prepared to lay herself cheerfully on it. At length the convent bell flung its deep note on the breath of morning, and at the same time the sound of numerous and measured footsteps caught her ear, accompanied by a low chant. They approached nearer and nearer, traversing the gallery in which her cell was situated: the door of it was unlocked, and the stern nun entered. She seemed surprised at finding her prisoner prepared and calm—perhaps she had anticipated a struggle which would have excited less bitterness than the christian gentleness of her deportment. Placing the door open, she bade Beatrice stand at her side, as the long procession passed slowly before them, until the time arrived in which she was to take her station in it.

In front of that imposing procession walked several young choristers bearing a large cross, and chanting a low dirge-like mass; then came four priests holding a canopy over the head of a fifth, who bore the Host. An image of the Virgin was next carried by with similar honours,—the nuns followed veiled, and clothed in long mantles, holding each a lighted taper, the tall and portly Abbess closing their ranks. After these walked some other, but subordinate performers in the solemn drama, and the procession was closed by a group, whose office, but too obvious, sent the blood of the trembling victim for a few short moments of weakness, curdling to the heart. The two foremost, habited as free-masons, with conical caps, and aprons on which were traced various sombre devices, held in their hands the implements of their calling, and were followed by others carrying bricks and materials for building—surrounded by flags, on which were portrayed the most horrid representations of the fires of purgatory with other hideous and chimerical phantasmia. It was behind these wretched beings, appointed to hew and close her living tomb, and at the side of the masked inquisitor, that the young confessor was ordered to take her place, partly to humiliate and terrify her, and partly to give effect to the pageant; since effect is as necessary a portion in a Romish ceremony, as in the kindred representations of the theatre and the opera-house. Little, however, was she, who was the object of these low designs, affected by them. The distinctions and terrors of earth were beneath her heaven-directed gaze; she knew she was walking to her tomb, and she heeded not the path of humiliation by which it was approached.

After traversing several galleries, they descended a long flight of stone steps, then proceeding through a vaulted passage, they arrived at another and wider staircase, at the foot of which, large grated doors—conducted into a spacious subterranean church. The greater part of the building was in deep shade, but a brilliantly illuminated altar lighted the upper end, and a solitary lamp burned within one dark recess in the thick walls, before which the train moved slowly, in order that each might view it, as well as to strike terror into the soul of her, who was so soon to be buried within. It was an excavated cell, about four feet square and six high; in a niche in one of its walls stood a lamp, a crucifix, and a skull; and on the ground, in mockery of mercy, a small loaf of bread and cruise of water. There were few in that procession who did not shudder as they paced slowly before that fearful tomb, but from the eye of her whom it was to enclose the mists of earth were cleared; she was enabled to see the angels that kept guard near it, and a world of unfading bloom beyond its gloomy precincts.

At length the procession reached the altar, and fell into their appointed places at, and around it. The priests took their stand within the rails, the nuns ranged themselves on either side, whilst the rest of the assembly filed round at a little distance, forming a living wall about the young martyr, who was left standing in the middle of the circle. O how commandingly beautiful did she appear in that moment of trial! She looked calmly around on her bloodthirsty accusers—on the gloomy tomb—on the meretricious solemnity; and all seemed to shrink before the truth of her searching glance, like the false enchantments of the Egyptian sorceress, before that of the prophets of God.

"Beatrice de Beaufort," at length exclaimed the inquisitor, who stood in front of the altar, masked as on the preceding night, "I call on thee for the last time, to renounce thy damnable heresies, and to return with sorrow and humiliation, to the bosom of thy offended and holy mother—offering thee in her name, and that of the blessed Virgin, a retreat within these walls of this her Convent of the Hermits, if thou wilt openly abjure those soul-destroying errors, and pronounce the vows of perpetual poverty, obedience, and celibacy. Do thou choose, therefore, between the cloister and yonder living tomb."

"I cannot choose," replied Beatrice, in a firm and distinct voice, "because in choice there is no compulsion; and I do not acknowledge your power, or that of any other human being, to inflict on me either of the dreadful fates you name!"

"This subterfuge shall not avail," said the inquisitor; "I demand again, wilt thou renounce thy heresies?"

"Never!" she replied, with a strong emphasis; "never! if by that name you designate a sole reliance on the intercession and merits of the only Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ! Never! if you call it heresy to obey God rather than man, and to reverence the commands contained in his Holy Word, beyond the vain such a term you mean a refusal to bow the knee to idols, or to traditions of human ingenuity and falsehood! Never! if by ask from man the pardon of sins, which God will alone remit through the intercession of His Son."

"Thou deniest, then, bold scoffer," interrupted the father confessor, who had been with difficulty thus long kept silent; "thou, a worm of the earth! a vile heretic! deniest the authority of the blessed Virgin—thou refusest to do her honour!"

"But as one blessed among women, though woman still!"

There was an evident stir of displeasure throughout the whole assembly at this bold avowal, and the father confessor was proceeding with increased vituperation, when the more wary inquisitor interrupted him.

"Patience, good father, I beseech you!—We shall want no testimony but what proceeds from the mouth of the accused." Then turning to Beatrice, he said, "Thou art, then, determined to seal thine own doom, and to take from our holy and pitying church all power of forgiveness? Be it so! thy blood rests on thine own head—my hands are free of it!"

"Deceive not thyself thus, reverend sir," said Beatrice, solemnly; "on you, and on my other cruel oppressors, will rest the foul stain, and God will avenge it. It is not, then, for myself I plead—I ask not human pardon—I shrink not from human vengeance; yon gloomy tomb will be to me the gate of Paradise; but I do beseech ye to have mercy on your own souls! I do implore ye to pause, ere ye bring on them such heavy condemnation. And oh! may God hear me, when I pray, not alone for those who 'decree unrighteous judgments,' but for those who witness them, and lift not up their voice against them!"

There was a short pause of death-like stillness, during which even hatred and envy contemplated, with compelled admiration, the christian maiden, who, with hands and eyes raised to heaven, implored forgiveness for her enemies.

But the interruption was short-lived, for the Abbess and her priests, by various signs of impatience, intimated their desire to proceed, and the father confessor, turning to the inquisitor, said, "Holy father, it is time that we put an end to this mockery: guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!" said the unrighteous judge, "and let the sentence of the church be speedily executed. Officials, do your office!"

The nuns shrunk closer together, as the terrific beings advanced to seize their prey, but stood irresolute and awed, when, lifting her hand, and receding a few paces, she said solemnly, "Approach me not—lay not a finger on me, until I warn ye of the deadly peril in which ye place your souls by obeying the wicked mandates of those, who would plunge them in perdition. If the foul act is to be perpetrated—if a human and unoffending being is to be hurried alive into the tomb—let those who imagined, execute the deed!"

The wretched instruments were yet human, and passed irresolute and awe-struck; till the authoritative commands of the inquisitor chased the transient emotion, and they laid their ruthless gripe on their delicate and unresisting prey, bearing her towards the yawning grave. But no human eye was permitted to penetrate into the mysteries of those diabolical rites—no human ear to listen to the shriek, the expostulation, or prayer of the victim; the inquisitor alone followed to direct the execution of this worse than pagan sacrifice, whilst the choir, aided by the trembling voices of the nuns, burst forth in a loud and discordant anthem, and at the same moment extinguished the tapers they carried. The lamps burnt dim around the altar; then one by one, and apparently without human agency, went out; whilst, at the same time, the stunning chorus sank, as gradually, into a low monotonous dirge—but ere light and sound had quite melted into darkness and silence, and the procession had addressed themselves to quit the subterranean church, it was flooded by a torrent of light which rushed through the entrance-doors, and dazzled eyes, so long veiled in partial darkness. A multitude of persons carrying flaming torches, burst into the building; and filling the arches on either side of the principal aisle, the brilliant illumination discovered the forms of the Abbot of Einsiedeln and the Monk of St. Bernard, as they passed rapidly up it. Preceding his companion, breathless and agitated father Ambroise forced his way through the terrified nuns who had closed around their superior, and demanded the restoration of her victim. The Abbess, bewildered and dazzled at the sudden apparition, made no reply, whilst her eye glared fiercely on the intruder; then, as recollection returned, alarmed and consience-struck, she became deadly pale, and trembled exceedingly.

"Do not trifle with us, madam," exclaimed the Abbot, "I command you instantly to deliver up the Lady Beatrice—delay may be fatal—speak! where have you concealed her?"

For another dreadful moment the wretched woman stared fearfully around, her eyes bursting from their sockets, whilst she struggled for utterance; but a gurgling in the throat choked all

articulation—the rushing blood swelled the veins of her neck, and mounted into her cheeks and forehead, and with one wild shriek she fell back into the arms of the surrounding nuns.

"Away! away!" said the Abbot to father Ambroise; "lose not a moment in rescuing your ward; and claiming for her and yourself the promise and protection of the Duke, leave me to appease the thunders of the Vatican."

Father Ambroise hastily placed one knee on the earth, seized and pressed to his lips the hand of his generous superior, and followed Monsieur le Comte and Marco, who, assisted by some monks, had extricated Beatrice from the tomb which had partly closed around her, and were bearing her up the staircase into the outer court. Here, pale, trembling, and almost insensible, they placed her in the litter which stood ready prepared for her flight; and mounting on mules, they proceeded some way, ere they ventured to stop and administer the refreshment which she so greatly needed. Stunned by the overwhelming events of the past, Beatrice could scarcely realize her escape; but although feeble and suffering, her dread of pursuit enabled her to bear the fatigues of their journey, and even to urge her companions to increased exertions. On the second evening they reached the friendly city of Berne, and father Ambroise had the unspeakable delight of placing his exhausted charge in the arms of her faithful Rosette.

Madame le Comte received the rescued captive as a sister, and the reformed city participated in the delight of welcoming a victim snatched from the fire of Romish persecution. But it was a long time before Beatrice could personally acknowledge the attention which the noblest of the citizens vied in showing her, and many an anxious hour did her tender nurses, Madame le Comte and Rosette, pass by her bedside, from which her judicious physician had excluded all other attendants, ere their beloved patient was restored even to partial recovery.

Father Ambroise and the faithful Marco were then the first to claim an interview; and whilst the former, better schooled in concealing his feelings, gazed in silent agony on her altered features and wasted form, the poor serving man's sorrow found vent in lamentations and tears. Beatrice held out her hand to him, and after expressing her lively gratitude for the inestimable services he had rendered her, begged he would give her a circumstantial history of all that had befallen him after he accompanied Rosette to the foot of the St. Bernard pass.

The faithful creature related his story with much simplicity, but as it was interlarded with some unnecessary detail, we will give it in fewer words. On leaving Rosette, he returned to St. Maurice, and from thence followed Beatrice unperceived to

Einsiedeln. Here he remained hovering about the convent, until he contrived to gain the good-will of the porter, and to be employed by him in many little services within the walls. On one of these occasions, he had been sent with some food to the workmen occupied in the preparation of the subterranean chapel, when partly from the hints he received, and partly from conjecture and apprehension, he felt assured that the contemplated ceremony was in some way connected with the fate of his young mistress, who he knew was yet a prisoner in the convent. He had long intended to acquaint the Abbot with her detention, and having been informed the prelate had returned the evening before, he bent his steps towards the cathedral, with an intention of accosting him after the early prayers. Great indeed was his surprise and joy to perceive, as he knelt around the grated chapel of "Our Lady," the Abbot approach with father Ambroise to lay the Duke's offering on her shrine; but deeper yet were those of the Monk of St. Bernard when he heard tidings of his lost daughter. Her peril, however, was imminent, and assured by the promise and pledge of his Prince, the Abbot lost not a moment in arranging with father Ambroise and his able assistants, Monsieur le Comte and Marco, some measures for her escape. Fearing, by demanding openly her liberation from the Abbess, she might accelerate her destruction, they finally determined on the plan which, as we have seen, it pleased God to bless, and in the execution of which, graciously employing the agency of man in the work of mercy, he took on Himself alone the avenger's part.

In the meanwhile, the most exhilarating accounts daily reached Berne from her conquering army. The siege of Geneva had been raised, her distressed citizens relieved, and their brave deliverers had marched triumphant, yet without blood-shedding, through the Pays de Vaud; receiving the homage of its inhabitants, and leaving only one solitary fortress to own the sway of Savoy—the Castle of Chillon.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RELEASE.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
Whilst around thee chafes the billow.
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

In following the more eventful history of the other personages of our little tale, we have been obliged to neglect those first introduced to the reader, and the prisoners of Chillon have remained unnoticed in their dungeons. But, alas! what is there in the life of a captive to relate, but a tale of suffering monotony? Yet, whilst darkness and solitude were their portion—whilst they ate the bitter bread of captivity and drank the water of sarceness, their fellow-beings in the same castle rioted in freedom and luxury. The lake smiled in its loveliness before them, green mountains afforded them shelter and pastime, and earth laid its store of fruit and flowers at their feet. Yet, amid this seeming inequality of fate, the law of compensation was not outraged, since the peace of God rested on those who suffered for the truth, whilst the struggles of ambition, and the stings of conscience, poisoned the happiness of their guilty oppressors, even in the first flush of its attainment.

And the Governor of Chillon has purchased the toy he panted for—the fair and frivolous Lady Blanche, and the bridal has been celebrated with the same mirth and festivity as if the union had been assorted by nature and approved by Heaven; but when the gloss of novelty had worn off, when the glittering pageant had passed by, he found her folly and waywardness somewhat irksome, and a thought of his daughter occasioned a writhing of remorse that amply revenged her wrongs. Still, even in his darkest moments, no intention of redress presented itself—he had turned the current of his hopes into another channel, which, in his conception, rendered the sacrifice of Beatrice inevitable; thus the ambitious and sensual often make a law to themselves of their wishes and aims, and pursue them with a pertinacity which would be heroism in a righteous cause. Since the escape of Di Rossi had furnished him with a plausible pretext for continuing the strict guardianship of his innocent daughter, he had committed it unconditionally into the hands of the Archbishop, and, engaged by new ties and fresh schemes of ambition, he

endeavoured to banish all recollection of her wrongs or claims. Vain effort: since conscience asserted her right, and in spite of the constant gaiety in which his youthful bride had involved him, his spirits became clouded, his temper morose; and naturally stern and cruel, he redoubled his severity and vigilance on the unfortunate captives committed to his keeping.

We left Michael Cottier in the midst of his arduous endeavour to run through the bars of his prison window with the slender means which, tradition has informed us, he made use of for that purpose; and the visitors to the dungeons of Chillon may still see the loop-hole through which, it affirms, he plunged into the lake.*

Notwithstanding the promise made to father Ambroise by the Governor, that Cottier should be removed into an upper apartment, we have seen that means were found to evade it, and that Le Blanc continued in his cell, by the zeal and fidelity of the young man's friends. It was a considerable time ere Lenoir and the old fisherman could again venture near the castle; but after suspicion was lulled, the latter returned to throw his nets at a little distance, and with eyes cleared by affection and gratitude, perceived some one within the grating on the outside of Michael's cell. It was impossible to approach or make any sign, but he continued to ply his humble calling within sight of the loop-hole, in the hope, should the captive find means of getting through it, he would perceive that friendly aid was near. Nor was he deceived: Michael had recognized the little bark, and it had given fresh vigour to his efforts.

And now behold the young captive mounted on the wall, working the live-long day at the massive bar. His progress was so slow, that it was only at the end of distant portions of time that it was discovered to be such, and that a slight indenture had been made on the obdurate iron. At first he laboured almost without intermission, and sleep and food were neglected in the prosecution of the energetic task. His frame wasted as his spirit became more ardent, and hope lighted the bright flame of his eye, and painted the hectic of his cheek. At length, the savage Bertoldo began to suspect some reason for the undrained pitcher, and almost untouched bread, and to threaten, if he did not eat his allowance, he would report it to the Governor. But the appetite, which eagerness and hope had at first blunted, would not return with the return of less excited feelings, and his stomach refused the prison fare. Day by day was the threat and taunt renewed, and day by day the captive's prayer for release was breathed with additional fervour.

* See note M.

We have said that some slight impression was made on the bar; but it was the work of months completely to divide it—and thus passed the winter away, and the first opening of spring. That slow, yet never ceasing effort, which conquers all difficulty, like the dropping of water on flint, was at length successful. The bar was nearly divided, (the last stroke being reserved for the hour of departure, since to remove it before would have been certain discovery,) when Bertoldo entered the cell for the last time.

"What, at your old tricks, young master!" said he, as he looked into the unemptied pitcher. "Come, come, this is child's play; think not to deceive me thus!" and turning aside the straw, he discovered a quantity of stale pieces of bread. "This very night, by the beard of St. Anthony! I will acquaint the Governor, and he will discover some means of drenching thee, as we do a stubborn horse."

"Bertoldo," said the young Christian, in accents of pity, rather than reproof, "every hard word that thou sayest to the unfortunate will rise up against thee in judgment. A day will come when, if thou repent not, punishment will overtake thee, and thou wouldest gladly give all thy hoarded gold for one promise of that mercy, which is made to the merciful."

The wretch took again the food he had brought, and said, with a sneer, "All this is mighty fine preaching, young sir! but thou wilt not find Bertoldo the man to relish, or take it without return. A few twinges of the pincers, and a little salutary stretching of the limbs, may perchance improve thy appetite. In the meantime, as thou dost not appear to like the fresh food I have brought, I will leave thee, like a wayward child, to eat thy last night's supper, ere I give thee this day's dinner." He left the cell, and Cottier fell asleep with a prayer on his lips and heart for his conversion.

The next morning dawned brightly on the outward world, though it threw no cheering ray into the captive's cell; but he heard the soft breeze of spring stirring the waves which gently laved the walls of his prison. He spent the day—the last of his earthly captivity—in prayer and meditation; and when the sun had set, and the stars began to appear, he quitted his cell, and approached that of Bonnivard.

"Who is it that calls on the unfortunate Bonnivard?" answered the soft voice of the Prior of St. Victor.

Cottier explained to him that he had been many months the sharer of his dungeon, and his hope of bringing him relief when he had effected his own escape.

"Alas! my son, the attempt is fraught with peril, and I entreat thee not to incur it for my sake; leave me rather to perish

in captivity—it is not so sad to me, as to thy young years; besides, thou hast already well fulfilled thine errand in the comfort thy too dearly purchased visit afforded me. Thou hast brought me back to the love of my kind; and I have found both mercy and correction in Alice's precious legacy. I beseech thee, attempt not the dangerous leap! the lake is deep, and there are hidden rocks around the dungeon walls!"

"I am an expert swimmer," pleaded Cottier, "and help is at hand: moreover, there is no retreat—the iron bar is removed, and this attempt at escape would incur a heavier penalty than death itself."

"Go, go, then, my child!" exclaimed Bonnivard, in a voice of strong emotion, "and may God, in his infinite mercy, preserve thee!"

"He will, my reverend benefactor, and remember whichever way He extends his protecting arm, whether to draw me from the deep waters and place me on the soil of earth, or to land me on the everlasting shores of pure delight—Michael Cottier is alike under his guidance, and alike blessed." His emotion now checked all further utterance, but of the word "farewell," and he hastened away, lest Bertoldo should arrive ere he had effected his escape. He climbed the wall, removed the divided bar, and looked through the narrow aperture.

The day had been remarkably fine, and the lake unruffled; but the evening breeze now swept its surface with a moaning sound, and large masses of clouds floated across the bright surface of the moon, dimming her fair light, which yet silvered their edges; like Christian love that strives to illumine the envious malice which would obscure it.

On examining the loop-hole, the captive found it would only admit even his slender form sideways; but although to plunge thus into the lake was attempted with difficulty and danger, he did not hesitate. One look at the bright sky—one prayer to Him who dwells beyond it—a prayer of faith, of hope, of charity—and he has darted through the narrow opening, and plunged in the deep blue waves below.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FAREWELL.

Oh fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins show—how sweetly
E'en death embraces thee! The peace of Heaven,
The fellowship of all blest souls be with thee!

OLD AUTHOR.

THE Count de Blonay, after having in vain opposed the sordid sacrifice of his sister, had refused to sanction by his presence the celebration of those nuptials, at once repugnant to his delicacy and affections, and set off to join his regiment, which shortly after took the field. At the end of the campaign he returned to the Pays de Vaud, to find it had submitted without resistance to the Bernese power, and to learn that the relative into whose keeping he had entrusted his castle and estates, had done homage to the conquerors, as the only means of saving them from destruction. Further intelligence, of a nature that brooked no delay, had been conveyed to him relative to a proposed attack on the castle of Chillon—and the day after his return, he presented himself at its gates. He greeted his brother-in-law with distant courtesy, and proceeded at once to speak of the purport of his sudden return.

"Your castle is threatened, my lord," he said; "the Bernese army is again advancing towards the Pays de Vaud, and Geneva has equipped and manned six galleys, whose sails are already unfurled, to carry war to the further shores of the lake."

The Governor's lip curled in scorn.

"True strength," continued the Count, "consists not in despising, but in preparing to combat our foes. This fortress should be effectually manned, its walls strengthened, and the whole building restored to its former state of defence. The banqueting and withdrawing rooms must again become the barrack and guard-chamber;" and as he spoke, his eye glanced around the splendidly adorned apartment he then occupied.

"You cannot really be in earnest!" said the Governor, "thus to fear a few painted galleys, which have so long been held up to us as bugbears, that our children have learned to jest on them."

"My apprehensions are founded on the co-operation of Berne."

"Have not the surly bears but now, turned growling from our walls?"

"Danger deferred, my lord, is not overcome; and if you will read this, you may be enabled better to judge of the justness of my apprehensions."

The Governor took the offered document, but ere he examined it, said, "If your lordship wishes to see your sister, you will find her alone. I need not caution so tender a brother to spare her all unnecessary alarm."

The Count bowed, and ere he left the room the Governor had opened the packet, and commenced the perusal of its contents.

It was with feelings of mingled affection and regret, that Albert de Blonay entered the room where he had first beheld the only woman he had ever loved—regret deepened by the consciousness of the injustice done her. His mother and sister had in their letters assured him that she had sought the cloister from choice; but the sentiments she had so unreservedly avowed to him rendered this improbable; still a vague hope that she had renounced these errors, that thus the barrier which separated them might be removed, in spite of his melancholy nature, lighted up a faint ray of hope within his drooping heart. He found his sister just in that state of languid satiety which the favourites of fortune experience, when the gilded toys they have dearly purchased begin to lose their first brightness. Her attendants were displaying before her some costly stuffs, from which she was selecting a dress for an approaching ball; and she was pouting because the Governor, who had been twice summoned, had not arrived to give his opinion on the important choice. She was charmed to see her brother, for he came from the court, and must have much to communicate—uttering, therefore, a cry of delight, and bundling up the finery, she exclaimed, "There, wenches, take it all away, and yourselves too, and leave me alone with my Lord of Blonay."

A volley of questions now burst from the young lady's lips, which the patient brother answered ere he ventured to bring forward the subject nearest his heart; and this was done with so much grace, that his lively sister complimented him on his unusual communicativeness.

"Well then, dear Blanche, you must reward me by answering questions in your turn. Are you happy in your new situation?"

"Why ye—s, tolerably so. I don't much like this old castle, but my lord promises that we shall go next summer to Brières, where he is anxious the heir of those fine domains should be born."

"The heir of Brières!" exclaimed De Blonay; "surely that estate belongs to the Lady Beatrice in right of her mother?"

"But don't you know, Albert, that Beatrice is to be a nun; in which case it remains in her father's possession?"

"Indeed!" replied her brother, suppressing his indignation; "and how long is it since the Lady Beatrice has shown this inclination for a cloister?"

"My lord tells me she had a decided vocation from childhood, and that her late melancholy was occasioned by his refusal of her wish to take the veil."

A glow of indignant scorn flushed the pale countenance of De Blonay, as he interrupted his sister by asking, "If the Lady Beatrice was in Savoy?"

"I cannot tell you, Albert,—I rather think she is at St. Maurice, and that my lord says she is removed that I may not desire to visit her."

"You must not be put off thus, Blanche,—it is your duty to inquire into the poor young lady's actual situation—promise me you will do so, dear sister," he continued, kissing her cheek.

The lady was about to reply, when a servant entered with a message from the Governor, begging to see the Count immediately in his cabinet. He found him in great agitation.

"Your information is but too true," he said, "and has just been confirmed by an express from the Bishop of Lausanne. The Genevan galleys have already been descried from that city, and certain intelligence reached it that the army of Berne is once more on its march. We must, therefore, look for its arrival ere many hours are passed."

"And we will receive them," said De Blonay, "as becomes the loyal subjects of our gracious master, happy in the opportunity they give us of recovering the territories they have wrested from him in a moment of surprise."

"It is all in vain, De Blonay; you forget that since the discovery of gunpowder this fortress is no longer impregnable. If we can save our families and our valuables, it must be before the enemy arrives—have you anything you wish preserved?"

"The inestimable jewels of honour and loyalty."

"All fine talking, young man! but we are run into a corner, and have no elbow-room for heroics."

"You will at least present a daring front to the enemy—you will not allow him to conquer without resistance?" asked De Blonay.

"I will make the best defence I can, and if this fail—as fail it must—I will secure the most favourable terms of capitulation—more than that, le petit Charlemagne himself could not do."

Somewhat appeased by this concession, De Blonay, having arranged with her husband a plan for the immediate removal of the Lady Blanche, quitted the castle to collect the few followers

which yet remained true to the house of Savoy, and promised to return on the morrow to take up his position with them on the ramparts. He rode on for some time in melancholy musings, and then by a strong effort concentrating his thoughts on the subject, which required present and prompt determination, he banished the pleading form of Beatrice, and forced himself to dwell on the approaching bombardment of Chillon, and the best means of meeting the threatened danger. In this emergency he recollected the courage and experience of Lenoir, his intimate acquaintance with the secret approaches to Chillon, and all the intricacies of the building—and dismounting and giving his horse to his servant, he proceeded alone up the gorge which led to his cottage.

The blustering winds of March were now subsiding into the soft sighing of April; the trees were partly clothed in the vivid tints of spring, and the meadows glowed with the thousand blossoms that strewed their green lap. The young chevalier paused as he caught a view of his ancestral towers rising above the embowering foliage, and looked around on the matchless scene. "All, all!" he muttered to himself, "prince, country, hearth and altar, all will ere long be swept away! But De Blonay's part is marked out, his lot decreed—amid the wreck of every other possession, honour and loyalty shall yet be his!"

Everything was still around the cottage of Lenoir. His children were not there to gambol with the goats, who grazed undisturbed amid the rocks. The industrious housewife no longer sat by with her knitting, nor the old fisherman mending his nets on the sunny beach—yet his work lay near, together with the tools of husbandry, which De Blonay imagined the master of the cottage had laid aside as he entered it for his noon repast. He therefore approached the outer door and knocked gently. No one rose to bid him welcome, but as it was not quite closed, he distinctly heard within a low voice in prayer, mingled with sobs, lamentation, and woe. Unwilling to intrude on a scene of domestic calamity, and equally so to quit it without some offer of sympathy or assistance, he hesitated a moment, and then gently opening the half-closed door, beheld a scene at once so interesting and mournful, as riveted him for a few moments to the spot, till delicacy obliging him to quit it, he walked some hurried paces into the wood, and burying his face in his hands, endeavoured to recall it, as he would the ethereal loveliness of a fleeting dream. A quick step behind roused him—he turned and beheld father Ambroise.

"Do I still dream!" he exclaimed, as he clasped the hand of his revered friend. "No, this at least is reality, and I find you in unchanged friendship."

"Then wherefore shun me, De Blonay?—did I not see you at the door of the cottage?"

"I shunned you not, dear father—I did not even perceive you amid that touching group—explain it to me, I beseech you! That lovely face, fair as the flowers strewed around it—tell me, have I not seen that form before?"

"You have, my son,—you saw him surrounded by trial and suffering—he is now in the Paradise of his God."

"Did he then die a faithful son of the church?"

"He died, I trust, a faithful son of the church of Christ—died in the holy cause of mercy which He sanctified: sacrificed his young years, his budding hopes, and obeyed the simple and saving injunction of his Master, to quit all and follow Him. As a soldier of the cross, he stumbled not over it, but took it rejoicingly on his young shoulders. But why do I mourn him?—the stamp of early glory was on his fair brow—the martyr's wreath might almost be said to shade it even amid the sunny ringlets of his bright locks. I *will* not weep!" said the monk, as he dashed the tear from his overflowing eyes; "at least I will not allow the weak drops of human frailty to quench my bright rejoicings at his deliverance."

"And that deliverance, as you term it, dear father?" asked the Count, deeply affected; "speak! were murderous hands ——"

"No, son, no! Marked you not one slight blood-spot on his marble brow, amid the snowdrop-wreath which infant hands had twined around it? that was the only stain which Heaven permitted to disfigure even his mortal form, occasioned by his falling, on his descent from the window of his cell, against the sharp point of a rock. Lenoir and Isaack Bontemps were near at hand, and hastened to his aid; but his spirit exhaled as they drew its frail covering from the water. He was excessively emaciated, and of course weakened by captivity, and had not strength sufficient to struggle with the waves."

"You are then going to inter him?" asked the Count, in a voice which betrayed his sympathy with the father's tale.

"Not yet, not *here*," he replied with emphasis; "but of this more anon. His own minister is now praying by his mortal remains, in the hope of administering comfort to those who are weeping around them."

"I have gazed with indescribable interest on the mourning group," said the Count—and his voice faltered as he added, "gazed on that kneeling form, as attenuated and marble-like as the face of death she bathed with her tears—O, father, can it indeed be she?"

"It is—Beatrice de Beaufort—and well may you ask that question doubtingly. Yet amid its wasting and pallor I can trace

that heavenly sweetness which few mortal countenances ever ——" The monk checked himself, and after a few moments' pause continued, without any apparent notice of his companion's emotion, "O my son, what devastation have I witnessed in the last few months, occasioned by the wild fury of man's passions!"

"She has then suffered?" interrupted De Blonay.

"You shall hear her history before we part," answered the monk; and they walked on in silence until they reached the castle. Entering the principal hall, the Count led the way into a smaller apartment, whose balcony overlooked one of the most glorious views which earth offers to the admiring gaze of her inhabitants. Immediately beneath them lay the garden and pleasure-grounds of the castle, laid out in long terraced walks, ornamented with statues; and in flower-beds, intersected by hedges of evergreens, and enlivened by fountains. Beyond these, and gradually sloping to the edge of the lake, rose majestic forests of trees, brightening in tint as they approached to dip their pendant branches in its blue waters—whose opposite shores were bounded by the snow-tipped mountains of Savoy.

"What a paradise!" exclaimed the monk, as they leant over the balustrade.

"It is a paradise," answered his companion, "but a fallen one, and therefore I must quit it." The monk looked at him with surprise. "Yes, holy father, traitors to their prince, recusants from their church, I would rather herd with the wild flocks on yonder pathless mountains, than remain amid this redundant loveliness." He stopped, overpowered by contending emotions, and after a short pause, continued with deep yet resigned melancholy—"I must leave the shores of Lac Leman—leave my ancestral halls to that branch of my family who have sworn allegiance to the usurping power of Berne—and give to the injured church and tottering throne of my forefathers, the weak prop of my feeble arm."

"Nay, my son," said the monk, "wherefore shouldest thou leave the sheltering roof-tree which ——"

"Wherefore!" exclaimed De Blonay, interrupting him, whilst he laid his hand on the father's arm, and the calm sadness of his manner changed to firmness and determination; "look at yon castle," and he pointed to Chillon, whose towers, gleaming in the sun-beams, were distinctly visible, "it is the last rood of ground that belongs to our prince, of all this fair land of Vaud, the guerdon of his ancestor's valour—even now the flotilla of Geneva have spread their white sails, and the northern bears have roused themselves from their lair to attack it—even now the vultures collect over the castle ramparts, rejoicing at the coming slaughter."

The monk shuddered; "Alas, De Blonay, the foul bird has never missed his evening repast near those guilty walls, and well would it have been for Charles of Savoy had they been rased to the ground, ere he placed them under the authority of the man of blood who now has rule within them."

The Count started, and then, whilst a tone of reproach mingled with the soft accents of his voice, added, "Art *thou* too a traitor to our cause? hast thou remained long enough within the contagion of heresy to taint even thy pure faith?"

"These are hard words, my son. I have seen much that has shaken my faith in the creed of man, and drawn me closer to the word of God. I have seen the foulest spirit of hell pursue his victims in the name of the religion of love and peace. My soul has sickened at the iniquity I have witnessed, and has been harassed by cruel doubts of much that I have been used to venerate and obey."

"Explain, dear father, I see you are agitated—tell me what presses on your mind."

"Not here," said the monk, struggling for composure: "this bright sun and smiling landscape suit not the tale I have to unfold—we will seek the shade of your cabinet, where I can better relate, and you listen, to the sufferings of one dear to us both."

The monk looked not on his companion as he said this, but led the way into the retired apartment he had named—and beginning his history from Beatrice's departure from Chillon, he proceeded to detail his own, and her, blended adventures; finishing them by confiding the secret motives which had induced him to return, with her, into the neighbourhood of her father's castle. "We knew no more than yourself," he added, "the melancholy spectacle which we were to meet at Lenoir's, and stopped only to make inquiries respecting Rosette's father, at whose house our party will for the present remain."

De Blonay listened to this narrative with an intensity which concentrated every faculty of his soul—sometimes cold and trembling, sometimes with a flushed cheek and flashing eye: and now absent and absorbed, he saw only the soft form of Beatrice contending with the malignant spirits around her, and invested with a more touching interest than when he had beheld her, the load-star of admiring eyes, in her father's halls. Father Ambroise respected his feelings, and shrinking from the yet harder proof to which he must subject them, he arose, and leaning against the high chimney-piece, was soon buried in painful reflections. De Blonay interrupted them, saying, whilst his voice belied the calmness he struggled to assume, "I will not trust my tongue to speak of the excellence of her, who known too late, is lost to me for ever; all I would crave is a right to revenge her

wrongs, and promote her happiness—show me but the way, and I will not hesitate to build it, even on the wreck of my own."

"She must not be allowed to fall into the hands of her unnatural father," said the monk; "we must use our joint interest to implore pardon and restitution from the Duke, and—" he added with an averted eye, "we must find her another protector."

"There lives but one man worthy the precious charge," said De Blonay, whilst the blood forsook his quivering lip, and then returned almost to purple his cheeks and forehead, "that man is my friend, my injured friend, Di Rossi. I owe him this reparation for my base desertion of him in his hour of trial; and for the meanness with which I sought to win from him the love of one, whom I knew was the object of his earliest affections."

"Those affections were sanctioned by a mother's approbation," said the pitying monk, "and as far as any one could share the heart of the maiden with Heaven and that mother, Di Rossi did. But, my son, let us now change this subject, though for one scarcely less painful—the situation of yon fortress—surely the garrison will make a stand? the walls are thick, the position favourable?"

"But there is hollowness and cowardice within," said the Count, with a deep sigh; however, I will collect all the aid I can, though I fear it will consist only of my personal domestics, since my vassals have taken the oath of allegiance to Berne. Lenoir is a subject of Savoy, and may be of use; we will admit him into our consultations."

The sun had run its course in the heavens ere those consultations were ended; when father Ambroise, having partaken of a slight repast, left the castle of Blonay, and proceeded towards that of Chillon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RETRIBUTION.

Heaven's trampled justice girds itself for fight
. . . to thy knees, and cry for mercy! cry
With earnest heart, for thou art growing old
And hoary, unrepented, unforgiven!

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

ALTHOUGH the evening was far advanced when father Ambroise arrived at Chillon, the bridge had not been drawn up; numerous persons were passing and repassing on it, and an un-

usual bustle pervaded every part of the castle. The monk was conducted immediately, at the desire of the Governor, into his cabinet, where he found him busily employed in examining and destroying papers, the ashes of which lay on the hearth.

The room was but partially lighted by one lamp, which threw its rays directly on the countenance of the Governor, and the monk was struck by its extreme paleness, and the deep lines that had gathered on his brow, even during the few months which had elapsed since they had met. His dress, usually arranged with such studied care, was now neglected, and his eyes were swollen and inflamed.

"You are welcome, father," he said, as shading them with his hand from the immediate glare of the lamp, he tried to penetrate into the gloom beyond, "welcome as unexpected. Sit ye here near the fire, for the evening air is fresh, and say—whence, and wherefore come ye?"

"I will answer your lordship's last question first," replied father Ambroise. "The wherefore of my visit is, that I have heard danger threatens you, and I am come to warn you of its approach, and to urge you to make some necessary preparations for it."

"This is truly kind, but unlike the world, who fly from, rather than court, the peril of the threatened. But tell me, what have you heard of the approach of the Bernese?"

"That they are almost within gun-shot of your walls."

"And the flotilla from the rebel city?"

"Will, ere to-morrow's noon, float on the waters around them."

"Then there is not a moment to be lost," exclaimed the Governor, rising and throwing open the large oriel window of the apartment. "I have arranged matters for the departure of my lady and valuables by day-break, but the night is clear and calm, and I see no reason to prevent their setting sail immediately, together with the prisoners;" saying this he rang a bell.

The first impulse of the monk was to remonstrate against the removal of those prisoners; and the next, to remain a quiet spectator of the Governor's plans, until he found a more favourable moment for frustrating them. He therefore placed himself in the embrasure of the window, as a page entered, who was ordered to summon the captain of the galley and the jailer; the former, having received orders to prepare his vessel for immediate departure, left the room as Bertoldo was announced. The position of father Ambroise, together with the darkness of the apartment, prevented those who entered it from perceiving him, and it is probable that, in the agitation of the moment, the Governor had either forgotten his presence, or did not anticipate

the confession he was to receive from his trust-worthy associate, whom he thus accosted.

"Are your prisoners ready, Bertoldo?"

"All, my lord. They have had their forage and shake-down for the night; and a better feed than ordinary to hearten them for the extra work of the morrow."

"But what shall we do with the sick man—must he be left behind?"

"Ay, ay, Excellenza!" said the fellow, his little grey eyes twinkling with a peculiar expression. "We must leave him behind—but there is no chance of his running away, and there will be enough left to ransom your highness, and all worth redeeming, without this heretic Genevese."

The Governor, sunk in thought, did not reply; and the sarcastic fellow, who seemed to take the same morbid pleasure in the malice of words as of deeds, went on. "The Prior of St. Victor will balance your highness; then there are the four deputies and the two remaining comrades of the aforesaid unbeliever, to weigh against the colonel and the captain of le petit Charlemagne, with old Confetti, and two or three serving men to boot."

"Hold thy fool's prate!" said the Governor, now rousing himself. "I tell thee 'tis unlucky this fellow cannot be removed; for I have no one I can trust to attend on him, when thou departest with the other captives."

"Be not alarmed on this head, Excellenza; the sick man will require no nurse, and tell no tales."

"Is he then dead?"

"As a door nail."

"Explain, when—how did he die?"

"I am a modest man, Excellenza, and not given to boast of my good deeds; but I thought I could not do him a better service than to shorten his laboured breathings, and spare him a trip to the other side of the lake, so I ——" and here the hardened wretch, placing his thumb against his wind-pipe, made a gesture of such significancy, as thrilled father Ambroise with horror; and an involuntary exclamation, reminded the Governor of the presence of a third person.

The light that fell on the countenance of the speakers, enabled the monk further to perceive, that the Governor placed his finger on his lips as he said aloud, "Since the poor man was so great a sufferer, I am thankful that it has pleased heaven to release him; but I regret he had not the consolations of religion in his last moments. Why didst thou not summon the chaplain?"

"You forget, my lord, that his reverence has left the castle; and also that the dead man was a heretic."

"Well, well, thou doubtless didst thy best; and now away! and prepare for starting in an hour at furthest."

When Bertoldo had quitted the apartment, father Ambroise returned to the chair he had occupied opposite the Governor, who looked anxiously at him, and perceiving no change in the calm expression of his countenance, said, with an air of forced indifference, "You have not yet told me, reverend father, from whence you come, and what has drawn you from your snowy mountain?"

"I left it at the bidding of our prince, with a valuable offering for the shrine of our Lady of Einsiedeln."

As the monk pronounced the last word, laying on it a marked emphasis, he looked at his companion, who tried in vain to meet the eye that rested on him; and stooping down under the pretence of placing some fresh wood on the fire, said "From Einsiedeln? You probably then heard, whilst there, of the yet more precious sacrifice which I have laid on our Lady's altar? You heard perhaps, that I had yielded to her the most valuable possession I had in life—in short, that I have at last, and reluctantly, consented to my daughter's wish of taking the veil in her convent."

Father Ambroise arose—scorn and indignation curled his lip, and reddened his cheek, converting the meek and indulgent Christian, into the stern and awful judge. "Antoine de Beaufort!" he exclaimed, in a voice that penetrated to the culprit's soul. "Antoine de Beaufort, nearly thirty years have passed since, an artless and trusting boy, I listened to your wily misrepresentations, and became the dupe of your deep hypocrisy. Thirty years spent in close inspection of the heart of man, have taught me mistrust, if not wisdom. Thou canst not deceive me now. Thy child, thy exemplary child, was a compulsory inhabitant of the cloisters of Einsiedeln—a victim of treachery and falsehood—the treachery and falsehood of a parent she loved and trusted. Nay, hear me!" he continued, waving his hand in an authoritative manner, "I speak not from unfounded rumour, I was myself a witness of the tragic scene. I saw the trembling victim, and her unrighteons judges; I beheld the living tomb in which she was immured."

"Thou liest!" exclaimed the Governor, approaching his accuser with his fist clenched, his eyes on fire, and his whole frame trembling with indescribable emotion.

"I tell thee, wretched man," continued the unshrinking witness, "I *did* see all this, with eyes that might have wept blood at the cruel spectacle."

"Again, I say thou liest, false priest!" replied the conscience-stricken parent. "Thou couldest not behold my child, the child of Bianca, in the hands of those execrable harpies, and not attempt her deliverance—I gave no authority for this."

"Can the shepherd, who wilfully places his one pet lamb in the den of the tigress, justly arraign that savage beast for devouring its tender flesh?"

As father Ambroise uttered these words, a long roll of distant artillery broke on the stillness of night—slowly rumbling over the lake, and reverberating from the rocks and mountains on its shores. The Governor had risen, and lent his head against the mantel-piece; he spoke not—but the monk hoped, from the convulsions of his frame, that he had succeeded in touching his obdurate heart, and awakening his seared conscience.

As the cannonade reached his ear, he started and exclaimed, "They come! messengers of the vengeance of Heaven! I may to-morrow be called to the tribunal of God unshrived, to answer for all my sins; and yet I declare, solemnly, the murder of my child, my darling Beatrice, is not amongst them. But I will revenge it. Gracious heaven, hear my vows!" he continued, raising his clasped hands, "I will pursue the guilty, and for every pang they have inflicted on my precious child, their heart-strings shall answer—their quivering flesh shall atone. I will pursue them whilst life and fortune last; and my dying accents shall breathe curses on them."

"Hush!" said the monk sternly; "lay not on others the sin which lies at thine own door; and which must be atoned for by far other sacrifices than those so consonant to thine own malignant spirit. My religion forbids all deception, and therefore I use it not, even for the good of thy soul. Thy daughter lives—but that she does so, is through the grace of God, and the instrumentality of strangers."

"She lives! Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the Governor, bursting into a flood of tears. "O what a weight thou hast taken from my heart! But tell me, where is she? Why does she not seek the protection of her father?

"Why! Sire de Beaufort? Do you ask why the quivering dove flies from the falcon's claws? You have forfeited all right to the disposal of your daughter—and she quits my guardianship only for one more powerful."

"O reverend father, thou art hard upon me in this my day of chastisement!" said the Governor, as he sank into a chair; "yet not harder than I deserve. My sins rise up against me in judgment—wilt thou hear my confession, and relieve me of their intolerable burthen? I would make a clean breast, ere that sun rises, whose setting rays I may never behold."

"Before I consent to receive your confession, Sire de Beaufort," said the monk sternly, "let me again remind you that I know too much of your past life to be deceived; and also let me caution you against flattering yourself with the hope of making a compromise with heaven, by confessing sins, for which you do not mean to make reparation."

"Thou art cold and stern, father, and wouldest repulse instead of encourage me; but my iniquities rise fearfully before me, my sins stare me in the face, and I must find relief in confession, or they will overwhelm me!" and he breathed a sigh so deep and long drawn, as though the weight on his breast impeded respiration.

The monk walked to the door, bolted it, and returning to his seat, desired the penitent to kneel before him. The seal of confession is set for ever on that dark disclosure—a seal never broken but by the command of high authority, and under circumstances of urgent and public necessity.

When the harrowing avowal of dark deeds and sinful passions, which overwhelmed the hearer almost as much as the perpetrator, was ended, the penitent threw himself prostrate on the earth, and remained some time uttering no sound, but groans and heavy sighs; at length he said, "You speak not, holy father! are my sins too heavy to be pardoned? Can you not, will you not, grant me the absolution of the church?"

"I can grant it only on the condition of repentance and reparation, son," said the monk, forgetting all else but the solemnity of his office—the most awfully responsible, as exercised in the Romish church, that man ever conferred on man.

"I will make any atonement you will impose," exclaimed the penitent. "I will build churches, endow hospitals, go on pilgrimage, enrich shrines."

"This is not the atonement that will wash out the stain of blood," interrupted the priest. "The wealth of Golconda cannot compensate to the widowed mother for the son of whom you have robbed her. Gold cannot open the living tomb of the murdered knight. Hospitals and alms-deeds cannot restore the wasted strength of your daughter, nor counteract the poison which ran through the veins of her you once ——"

"Stop, stop! you drive me to distraction! Tell me what I can do to obtain absolution, and I will obey; but do not mock me thus cruelly!"

"I do not mock you, son," replied the father. "I do but probe the sincerity of your repentance. Prove it by wiping off the insult you have offered the noble Di Rossi, and give him the hand of your daughter."

"Never!" exclaimed the Governor, hastily rising from his

knees, "never! This is idly trifling with my feelings; denounce on me the anathemas of the church—I can no more."

"Those anathemas will reach you from a higher quarter," replied the father coldly, "to whom I must report your contumely, and under whose guardianship I will place your daughter. I have claims on the Duke which he will not disown; and the first service I shall request, will be, the restitution of the inheritance of her mother for the Lady Beatrice. I vowed to that mother, whom you so greatly wronged, to protect her child —and I will keep my word."

The guilty man trembled violently; but as he was silent, the monk continued—"You have to choose then between the sacrifice I demand, and the public shame which must follow your refusal."

"But can you, a son of the church, desire me to give my child to a heretic?" asked the Governor evasively.

"I ask you to fulfil your promise to Beatrice's mother. I ask you to give her hand to one like-minded with herself, and if in error, yet, resisting as they have both done unto death, nothing will alter the fixed determination of their souls. Judge then for yourself—pronounce your own doom—remain in your sins, or put your signature to this paper, in which you profess yourself ready to restore to your daughter her liberty and rights, and give her hand to Di Rossi."

The Governor took the pen in his trembling fingers.

"Wait one moment," said the monk, "I must have witnesses." Then stepping to the door, he unlocked it, and two persons entered the apartment. "I have ventured to admit your lordship's noble brother-in-law, together with one for whose services I shall have further occasion," continued father Ambroise, as they approached the table. "My lord of Blonay, I beg you to witness that the Sire de Beaufort puts his signature without compulsion, to that deed."

The Governor wrote his name, and the monk, folding the paper, and placing it in his bosom said, "There is yet another act of restitution which I require from your hands, my lord; I demand punishment on a murderer, and his office for one whom you unjustly degraded."

The Governor seemed relieved by the lightness of the task now imposed on him, and willingly delivered up Bertoldo to justice. "As the vicegerent of the church, I place the culprit in your hands, father," he said, crossing himself, "and wash mine from all participation in his crime."

"You will then give orders that the wretched Bertoldo, with two of your followers, do proceed immediately to the outer door of the dungeon," said father Ambroise; then turning to De

Blonay, he added, "I know I may reckon on your kind co-operation, my son, in giving decent burial to the murdered man, and administering punishment to his murderer."

The Count bowed, and said as he was quitting the room, "We will now leave you, father, to your religious offices, and in half an hour await your arrival at the dungeons."

"Before you quit us," said the Governor, detaining him, "let me inform you of my intention of sending off the prisoners ere the evening arrives."

"In so doing, my lord," answered De Blonay, with firmness, "I deem you would be guilty of an act of injustice, in which I cannot participate; since, if there be deliverance at hand for them, I would not frustrate the will of Heaven."

The Governor bowed submissively, saying, he would leave the final arrangement to him and the father; and the Count and Lenoir left the room.

When alone with the patient, father Ambroise said solemnly, "Sire de Beaufort, you have now complied with the terms of repentance that I, in the name of our church, required of you; I can therefore no longer withhold the absolution which she empowers her priests to pronounce. Kneel down, and receive the pardon she graciously accords you!"

The governor obeyed, and the monk, in accents of blended intercession and solemnity, pronounced the striking formulary used on these occasions by the Romish priesthood. The solemn benediction given, this indefatigable servant of God, and friend of man, hastened to fulfil another painful duty, and to meet his friend at the dungeon door.

We pass cursorily over the horrid scene that followed. The terror of the wretched Bertoldo when called on to surrender the keys of his office, and to remain himself a prisoner—his abject cries for mercy—his imprecations of vengeance, and his frightful agony and remorse when sentenced to occupy the cell of his murdered victim. His merciful judges, however, at the earnest pleading of Lenoir, consented to an exchange of cells with another prisoner, who deemed the spot hallowed by the death of a fellow countryman, martyred in the cause, for which he himself suffered.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SIEGE OF CHILLON.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips, and strained eyes
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
His friends sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the *gallant enemy*
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

MACAULAY.

HISTORY has preserved but few details of the siege of Chillon. That feudal fortress, of no more importance than hundreds of others now sunk in ruin and oblivion, owes its present celebrity not only to the strength of its massive walls, and the surpassing beauty of its situation, but to the classic halo thrown around them by genius, and yet more to the sufferings of its celebrated prisoner Bonnivard, connected as they were with that glorious struggle for religious and civil liberty that immortalized the commencement of the sixteenth century. The feeble light which history has thrown over this last effort of the house of Savoy in the Pays de Vaud, has enabled us to trace the cowardice of one of their adherents, whilst her more seductive sister, Tradition, has shed a gleam over the misty waste, by preserving in the romantic adventures of another, one of those chivalric traits which, if not founded on authentic records, meet a ready belief from all generous minds. We have not essentially altered or added to the scanty materials which we have collected, being aware that, however the writer of historical romance, like the landscape painter, may adorn his sketches by imaginary groups, the outline, when professedly drawn from nature, should be rigidly correct in its leading features.

The morning after the events recorded in the last chapter, at an early hour, the Lady Blanche and her attendants left the castle. They took with them the principal articles of value belonging to the Governor, together with several chests of treasure committed to his keeping by some of the neighbouring gentry, during the late invasion of the Bernese.

The Count de Blonay was indefatigable in his endeavour to prepare for the approach of the enemy, laying in stores for the siege, encouraging the garrison, and setting an example of

activity and self-devotion; but he early perceived a supineness throughout, caused by the representations of the Governor, echoed by the leading officers, of the hopelessness of defence, and the needless expenditure of lives and treasure in its attempt.

The barge containing the valuable freight from the castle had scarcely reached the opposite shore, when the flotilla from Geneva hove in sight, consisting of six large galleys armed and manned. They sailed majestically over the bosom of the clear waters, hailing the crowds assembled along the shores, and were received by them with shouts and acclamations. The Bernese troops approached at the same time by land, and throwing up trenches, commenced a cannonade, which was feebly returned by the besieged. The Count de Blonay could not contend single-handed against the cowardly spirit which pervaded all ranks. It was in vain he raised his voice in the council, or strove, by sharing the labours and danger of the lowest soldier, to protract their efforts of defence: at the end of two days of siege, he had the grief and mortification to see the white flag float on the great tower of the castle, and a herald leave its gates with offers of capitulation. The armed galley, called Le Petit Charlemagne, quitted at the same time, its posture of defiance in front of the walls, and by the command of the Governor, was drawn up so closely to the sides of the fort, that it might easily be reached by means of a gang-board.

Disgusted with the base spirits he had to contend with, the young cavalier left the council, and sought consolation for his grieved soul in the sympathy of father Ambroise, whom he found pacing the rampart, which had formerly been the favourite walk of the Lady Beatrice.

"How delightful is this calm!" said the monk, as his young friend approached; "the deafening din of war is hushed, and yon magic flag in its white purity, seems characteristically to portray the soft reign of peace."

De Blonay shook his head: "I can rejoice in no peace which is not first purchased by victory."

"Alas, and what is victory on one side, but defeat and disappointment on the other? I have seen enough of war even during these last two days, to sicken me of the high-sounding names of glory and renown, with which man has glossed his avarice and ambition. Be comforted, my son, thou hast done all that the most devoted subject could do for his prince; but every drop of human blood that flows after the last reasonable hope of resistance is past, is murder, call it by what name you choose."

"Yet surely, father, you cannot justify the cowardice of the

Governor, and the baseness of the officers, in thus yielding up a fortress, whose stores are undiminished, and walls unbroken."

"I cannot read the heart, but let us hope that mercy may have induced them to stop the waste of human life."

"And if a sense of duty and personal responsibility should induce me to refuse a base surrender of my arms and honour into the enemy's hand, will you judge me with the same lenity?"

"I am not likely to show more partiality to the Sire de Beaufort than to thee, my son," said father Ambroise, with a sweet smile; "but what can thy unassisted arm do, impelled though it be by thy chivalric soul, to prevent the fall of Chillon?"

"Nothing—but it may ward off the dishonour of yielding my sword into the invader's hand."

The monk started, and looking fixedly at his companion, said, "What mean these dark hints, De Blonay? Thou art a Christian, and wilt lay no unhallowed hand on thy life, to escape from what even men do not call disgrace, and God entitles submission."

The young man smiled affectionately, but the transient gleam was soon overcast by a more than usual shade. "Fear me not, dear christian friend," he said, whilst he grasped the monk's hand, "the last sand of the hour-glass shall flow unchecked by me, even though each grain be marked by heaviness and pain. But see! the herald has crossed the bridge, and has reached the enemy's trenches. Why—the surly bears will hardly deign to gnaw the bone thus thrown to them without a struggle!"

"Their leader is merciful as he is brave, and would not willingly stain the laurels that he has reaped on foreign fields, with his countrymen's blood," observed the monk. "That tall form which advances to meet the herald is he. I had the honour of frequent intercourse with him whilst at Berne. Methinks, so deep an impression has his worth and courtesy made on me, that I seem, even at this distance, to hear the gentle accents of his voice."

"I would fain hear them also, father, if you will be his interpreter. The herald waits for the combined decision of the chiefs, whom I see assemble near him—the general turns to him—now what does he say?"

"Without any assumption of witchcraft or astrology, I think I can venture to predict the words of François Neugli from my knowledge of his character."

"Proceed then, father, or the messenger will be back ere you have established your fame for soothsaying."

"Well, then, the Bernese general offers the garrison of Chillon safe conduct to the borders of their own country—nay, more,

he gives them time to collect their goods, and to go out with them and their arms, demanding only the walls, and the prisoners."

"Those are fair and generous terms."

"And such as even a De Blonay should not scruple to accept."

"Perhaps not," said the young man, hesitatingly; "but at any rate, the Governor of Chillon will not be so scrupulous as to reject them, for here he comes, ready accoutred to meet the conference—but why does he cross the court of the castle so hastily?"

"Let us come a little on this side, De Blonay," said father Ambroise, drawing his companion into a watch-tower which commanded a more unimpeded view. "Tell me, are they not drawing up the bridge? and who is that now stepping on board Le Petit Charlemagne? It surely cannot be the Sire de Beaufort!"

"Dastardly coward!" exclaimed the young soldier; "the Governor flies, and leaves his garrison at the mercy of a justly enraged enemy!"

Saying these words, he flew, rather than ran across the rampart, and bounded over the steps that led to the court of the castle; but ere he had reached it, his worst fears were more than realized.

We have seen that the drawbridge was raised; at the same time, the galley belonging to the castle drew nearer to its walls, and the Governor, descending hastily to the rocks that projected at their base, crossed the gang-board and stepped into it.* In an instant, forty oars were plunged into the water, as if springing from the sides of the vessel, so artfully had they, and those who guided them, been concealed; and ere the thought of treachery had crossed the enemy's mind, the vessel had launched wide into the lake. A loud cry of "treason! treason!" burst from their ranks, and shot thick as hail, rattled over the lake, now buried beneath its limpid waters, and then rising and hissing along its surface. The Genevan fleet, furious at what they supposed to be the treacherous abstraction of the prisoners they came to rescue, grasped their oars, and crowded sail in the pursuit: at the same time, a deep curse on the cowardice of their commander escaped from every mouth in the garrison. The soldiery awaited in fearful expectation the renewed attack of an enemy justly exasperated by this act of treachery in the moment of negotiation; but the wise and temperate Bernese leaders, satisfied by the assurance of the herald that the captives were yet secure

* See note N.

in the dungeons of the castle, did all in their power to curb the impatience and calm the resentment of their followers, whilst De Bonnay seized on the moment as propitious for endeavouring to rouse the courage of the garrison—but his promises and reproofs were alike abortive. They threw the blame of defeat on the avarice of their commander; and instead of endeavouring to obliterate the odium thus cast on them, remained inertly watching the flying bark and its pursuers. When it had crossed the lake about half way, the Genevan galleys gained on the fugitive, but having thrown its guns overboard, Le Petit Charlemagne darted on with increased speed, and was soon anchored in ignominious safety beneath the sheltering coast and arms of Savoy.

After some further debate, the Bernese general determined on sending back the herald with the offer of terms, more rigid than those at first proposed to the garrison of Chillon, before the disgraceful flight of the Governor—inasmuch as it now called on them to lay down their arms, and evacuate the fortress at the end of two hours. These terms, however humiliating, were acceded to by Colonel Dufour, and all the rest of the officers excepting the Count de Blonay, who, nevertheless, perceiving the utter uselessness of any further remonstrance, resigned himself to the necessity of bidding a last adieu to Chillon.

And now, whilst the forces of the Duke of Savoy reluctantly prepare to yield up their hold on the beautiful country won by the valour of his renowned ancestor, the invading armies of Berne and Geneva pant to throw open the gates of the hitherto impenetrable dungeons. It was a moment of intense, though conflicting interest to both parties, when, at the expiration of the acceded time, the roll of the drum called on the besieged to assemble in the court of the castle. A long blast of the trumpet was next heard—a melancholy protracted note, returned in echoes from the rocks, and dying gradually along the waters. All was stilled at the sound; not a soldier stirred in the ranks of Berne—not an oar moved the waters around the Genevan galleys. The drawbridge was lowered—the gates of the castle thrown open, and a party was seen slowly issuing from its court. In front walked the Count de Blonay, accompanied by father Ambroise, and attended by Lenoir and a groom, who with difficulty reined in the fiery impatience of the richly-caparisoned war-horse which he led. The Count was dressed with a magnificence more suited to a conquering, than a vanquished knight, and he walked with an erect port and measured step; he wore a vest of dark velvet richly embroidered, and a large two-handed sword hung over his shoulder, the sheath of which was ornamented with gold studs, and the hilt set in brilliants. Father

Ambroise walked at his right hand, bare-headed, and carrying the crucifix so often noticed. The groom who followed, was dressed in a rich livery, and held a small flag, displaying on a dark ground, the cross and star of Savoy—whilst his companion Lenoir, habited in the gorgeous trappings of a warder, a bunch of ponderous keys hanging at his belt, gave, by his gigantic form and dark countenance, the last shading to the singular yet picturesque group. Imagining that they intended to offer some fresh terms of capitulation, General Neugli and his staff, who stood in front of their lines, came forward a few steps to meet the advancing party, as they slowly crossed the bridge; but these acknowledging the courtesy by a deep reverence, turned from them, and mounting a grassy knoll on the right which sloped gently down to the edge of the lake, stood in the centre of the invading forces. Here the Count de Blonay, placing one knee on the earth, took off his sword and gave it to the monk, who in return, placed in his hands the precious crucifix. Having reverentially kissed the relic, he held it whilst the father pronounced a solemn benediction over his bended head; then rising and returning it he vaulted lightly into the saddle, throwing the reins on the neck of his charger, who stood obedient to his master's voice. In this situation the young soldier remained a few brief moments, contemplating the living wall of foes which rose on one side, and the waste of waters which encircled him on the other, as if irresolute which path to choose; when taking the banner from the hand of his servant, whilst his whole form was dilated by indomitable resolution, he waved it slowly several times around his head, and turning his horse towards the lake, they plunged together into its waters. Astonishment, mixed with admiration, kept the countless spectators in breathless suspense, as the animal and its rider struggled bravely amid the waves. The decks of the galleys, and the ramparts of Chillon, sent forth a mingled cheer of encouragement and esteem—whilst the Bernese, partaking the generous enthusiasm of their captain, joined the stronger accents of their northern tongue, to the softer salutations of the south, exclaiming, "Success to the horse and his rider! Long life to the true and the brave!"* When they had diminished to a speck on the face of the waters, and could scarcely be discerned by the keenest eye, father Ambroise rose from his knees, on which he had thrown himself, and advanced to meet General Neugli.

"You and your young hero, father," said the Bernese captain, "have placed us in a situation of greater peril, even than that in which you yourselves stood. One unguarded shot would have

* Note O.

tarnished the lustre of a day, which I trust will descend to posterity as one of the brightest in our history."

"Next to Heaven, my general," replied father Ambroise, "I trusted to your brave Bernese, and you see I did not trust in vain. The young man will doubtless be perceived and aided from the opposite shore, since Chillon is at this moment an object of too much interest to permit any one to leave its walls unobserved."

"I hope you may be right, father," said the general. The Savoyards, I am well aware, will use every effort to meet their young hero, and convey him in safety to the shores he has ennobled; but the enterprise was fraught with peril."

"He would not believe anything impossible to fidelity and courage; and besides what he considered the dishonour of leaving his post, disarmed and vanquished, I suspect his secret wish was to redeem the dishonour done to the cause of Savoy from the dastardly cowardice of its other adherents, by shedding a parting lustre on its arms. Yet think not I sanctioned the daring enterprise, though I could not refuse to execute the commission entrusted to me by my young friend—to beg that this sword, to prevent the surrender of which he has perilled his life, may be hung up in the ancestral halls he has now for ever vacated."

Saying this, father Ambroise would have presented the weapon to the General, but Neugli drew back, and whispered a few words to his aide-de-camp.

"Keep it," he said, "until you can deliver it into the hand of his kinsman. Although I trust that François Neugli may reckon amongst his friends all the generous and true, yet standing in his public position as opposed to De Blonay, even he may not touch that trusty blade; here," he continued, as a young officer approached with the aide-de-camp, "is a scion of his own noble house. Take this sword, De Blonay, hang it high in the halls of your forefathers, that all who look on it may be reminded of the unshaken truth, and disinterested loyalty of him who bore it."

A tear glistened in the youthful soldier's eye, even whilst a flush of pride and pleasure mantled his cheek, as he knelt to receive the valuable charge from the hand of father Ambroise, who, in rendering it up, breathed a pious benediction over his young head.

"And now," said the General, "the day wears; we must not forget that we have a great work to do,—that there are prisoners to be freed."

"For that purpose, General, I have brought one anxious to

[illegible]id father Ambroise, pointing to Lenoir; [illegible]ain participate in the delightful task."

[illegible]we shall have but too many competitors," [illegible]'I tremble for the sudden inroad of light

[illegible]t the captives secretly at liberty?" asked father

[illegible]carcely be politic, even if it were possible," re-[illegible]eral. "This, however, it is not, for the moment [illegible]evacuates, the castle must be delivered up to sack [illegible]r. I will now go forward and receive the keys of the [illegible]nd the capitulation of its former occupants."

[illegible]nother hour the castle of Chillon had passed from the [illegible]ion of Savoy to that of Berne. An advance guard was [illegible]d within the gates to prevent the entrance of any beneath [illegible]ertain rank, either in the Bernese or Genevan forces; the [illegible]sh, notwithstanding, was considerable, and the name of Bonnivard was repeated with thundering acclamation, until it penetrated into the captive's dungeon, and jarred in its intensity almost as much on his delicate organs, as the accents of disaster and grief. Such is man!

"A harp, whose chords elude the sight,"

trembling alike at the touch of joy or woe! Bonnivard, the sage, the hero, the Christian,—he who stood firm in adversity, now sinks into weakness, as the flaming torches strike on his dilated eye, and the loud huzzas pierce his tender ear. The impatient soldiers attempted to break open the door of his cell, ere Lenoir could struggle through the crowd to unlock it—and when he had done so, they pushed him aside, seized on the captive, and bore him to the outer door of the dungeon.

"For the love of Heaven, sirs, be patient," cried out Lenoir, as he exerted his giant strength in following them.

Bonnivard turned at the well-known voice—memory and her thousand associations awoke, and he threw himself into the arms of his compassionating jailer; then raising his head as they reached the threshold of the prison, he looked back on the melancholy abode of six years' solitary confinement, and burst into tears!—tears, it is said, of regret—but who shall attempt to analyze those mingled drops that fall from human eyes! The fountain of our tears, unlike all other springs, can send forth, at the same moment, sweet and bitter waters.* When Bonnivard was conveyed into the upper world, General Neugli, and the principals of each army, approached to receive, and convey him

* See note P.

to an inner apartment, where he was furnished with every accommodation, and left with one attendant, to recover his agitated spirits. In the interim, the services of Lenoir were loudly called for. Cell after cell was opened, and the captives they contained restored to the arms of their friends.

The reader has already learnt that the subterranean dungeon of Chillon contained, at that time, seven separate cells. The first was empty—its two former inmates rejoicing in the fulness of that liberty which has no earthly clog. From the next three cells were released as many deputies from the cantons, who had long been unjustly detained; then came the vacant dungeon of Bonnivard, and from the one adjoining issued an emaciated Genevese, who, together with a brother-soldier, since dead, had been placed in confinement after the battle of Guiguins. There remained yet another cell unopened—and at the door of this Lenoir hesitated.

"Do your duty," exclaimed the impatient crowd; "unlock the door!"

"If you will permit, good sirs," said he, "we will leave this fellow until we ask his excellency the General what his pleasure may be respecting him. He is a Savoyard, and ——"

"No, no!" vociferated several of the bystanders; "our General will not suffer any one to remain in bonds on such a day. Slip his collar, and let the poor dog free!"

"You will not harm him, noble sirs!"

"Harm him!" repeated their leader, a young Genevan officer. "D'ye take us for cannibals? Open the door, I say!"

Lenoir reluctantly turned the key, and the officer entered the cell. Ordering one of the soldiers to approach with a torch, they discovered lying, or rather coiled up in a corner, beneath a heap of straw, the wretched Bertoldo.

"What have we here?" exclaimed the officer, removing with his sword the covering from the ill-shaped lump, "snake or lizard? Unroll thyself, reptile! Thou verily art an ill-visaged knave, and a Savoyard to boot; but we will not stain our good blades with thy slime. Nay, off! off! I like not thy clammy touch! I tell thee, I mean thee no harm. Why dost thou beslabber me thus?" he continued, shaking off the terrified and grovelling wretch, who clung to him with his long lean arms, his skinny fingers taking fresh hold, as fast as the officer disengaged himself from their tenacious hold. "Here, jailer—seneschal! for thou art too fine a fellow for the first calling—get me quit of this jabbering idiot, or I may do him some harm."

As he spoke, and ere Lenoir could secure the retreat of the trembling wretch, the Genevan soldier who had been liberated

from the adjacent cell, took the arm of his fellow-citizen, saying, as he led him from that of Bertoldo, "Close the door, we will examine into the case to-morrow; but we must not set at liberty the murderer of my comrade."

The bystanders caught the dreadful import of his words—they had sought in vain for their missing fellow-countryman, and at this intimation of his fate, the vaults resounded with imprecations on his murderer. "To the gibbet! to the gibbet!" exclaimed a hundred voices, hoarse with vengeance—and deaf alike to the expostulations of Lenoir and the command of their officers, they seized on Bertoldo, hurried him into the outer dungeon, and having passed a rope around his neck, suspended him from the gallows. A few piercing screams of agony—a few writhings of expiring nature, and—earthly suffering was ended, and his spirit in the presence of his offended Judge!*

The crowd having executed this summary act of retribution, now quitted the dungeons, intent on the plunder of the castle, leaving Lenoir alone with their yet quivering victim.

"*Thou* hast justly merited thy fate!" he exclaimed, apostrophising the ghastly spectacle, "but hundreds of innocent men have perished on that same gallows. O, may Heaven grant that the groan of human suffering may never again echo from these guilty walls!"

The castle was now given up to indiscriminate plunder; alas! that man cannot perform an act of justice without tarnishing it by rapacity and revenge! The beautiful apartments of the Duke were despoiled, not only of their costly furniture, but of the silver which was inlaid in their ceilings. The chapel was plundered, the tombs desecrated; and when the secrets of the great prison-house were brought to light, it is supposed the mysterious roof in poor Cottier's apartment was discovered, and Bertoldo's ill-gotten treasures taken from their hiding-place. One dark, lone, spot remained unexplored,—the ashes of the martyred knight lay unmolested, until three centuries had mouldered all but a few bones, which, with the badge of knighthood, were found enveloped in the coarse winding-sheet, in which his dying limbs were wrapped.

On the second morning after the taking of the fortress of Chillon, the returning flotilla hove in sight of Geneva, whose quays and ramparts looked like living walls. Every street had poured forth its inhabitants—the young, the old, the rich, the poor, all alike anxious to welcome their emancipated captives, to greet their victorious fellow-citizens, and above all, to hail the return of one who had suffered so long and so devotedly in the

* See note Q.

cause of Geneva and of truth. The name of Bonnivard was repeated by every tongue, until even infancy had learnt to lisp it, and clap its little hands in imitative joy. And now, as the white sails and floating pennons heave in sight, one lofty bark, conspicuous above the rest, advances first towards the quay, gliding majestically over the bosom of the tranquil lake. Every eye is strained to view its inmates—to discern the idolized Bonnivard. Yes, it is he! They can discern his still commanding form in the prow of the vessel, and around him are his emancipated fellow-sufferers;—but whence that melancholy group near them?—that sable bier—those mourners? O, who that had a friend amongst the captives, but dreaded to find him *there*.

The galley nears the port, amid stunning acclamations—the hero of the day and his companions are borne through streets lined with spectators, and strewn with flowers, to the council-chamber. But the bier and the mourning train stop at the mansion of Cottier's mother.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

AND Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon! In depicting all that remains of his eventful life, we must be content with the few faint lines which the pen of history enables us to trace.

He lived many years after his release from captivity—mingled once more with his fellow-men—returned to the busy strivings of political life, and left to after generations a copious history of his own times, the beautiful manuscript of which is still preserved in the public library of Geneva. This, however, furnishes but little information of a personal nature.

It is related of him, that the powers of abstraction and imagination which had converted his solitary cell into the academy or senate-house, enabling him to draw around him, as by the spell of a powerful enchanter, the great and good of all nations and ages, were not weakened by a return to the peopled scenes of life; and that shutting himself up with his Bible and his favourite authors of ancient Greece and Rome, he felt as much abstracted amid the busy hum of men, as in the solitude and silence of his cell.

All research has failed in tracing the history of Bonnivard's last days. It is well known, however, that he lived to an advanced age, and as his death is nowhere recorded in the registers or archives of the city, those who have most diligently investigated them, suppose it to have taken place in the year 1570, during the ravages of the plague, when the bills of mortality were discontinued, and that he probably fell a sacrifice to that dreadful malady. Some historians, however, have adopted an earlier date for it, placing it in the year 1556, just twenty years after his liberation from captivity; but whatever difference of opinion may exist respecting the exact period at which it took place, all seem to agree in the pleasing assurance of its having been preceded by an honourable old age.

The place of Bonnivard's interment remains a secret which even conjecture has not ventured to disturb—and it is one we have little wish to unravel, or cause to regret—since why should we seek the spot that contains only the dust returned to its kin-

dred earth, when we have the tomb in which the living man so long bore his testimony to the truth; so long suffered in that great cause, that moral earthquake, which shook all the nations of Europe—that salutary tempest, during which our catholic and apostolic church, emerging from the clouds and darkness in which the weakness and wickedness of man had enveloped her, cast indignantly away the broken cisterns of human tradition and invention, and returned, with her pristine zeal and love, to the unsullied and unfailing stream which flows direct from the

LIVING ROCK!

NOTES.

VOL. I.

Note A.—Page 56.

The Bible was printed at Neuchâtel, on the 5th of June, 1535, in the French language, a folio edition by Pierre de Winzel, called Pirot Picard—from the type of his book, *Picard de Nation.* The Neuchâtolois granted him the freedom of their city for his beautiful and correct execution of the important task. The Sacred Book bore the following title; "La Bible qui est toute la sainte Ecriture:" and as motto, "Dieu est tout." It was translated by Olevetan, aided by Calvin, and five hundred gold crowns were furnished by the poor Protestants of the Vaudois valleys, to defray the expenses of its publication; a generosity which we cannot sufficiently estimate, and which [illegible]us acknowledged in some verses placed at the beginning of the Bible.

"Les Vaudois, peuples evangeliques
Ont mit ce tresor en publique."

Note B.—Page 85.

At the annual meeting of the Société de la Suisse Romande, which was held in the month of August, 1842, at the Castle of Chillon, one of the members read an interesting notice extracted from an ancient historian, of the detention therein of Waldo, abbot of Corbie, by his relation, the Emperor Louis le Pieux, in the year 830, a much earlier date than is usually affixed to its venerable walls. Many other proofs of their high antiquity, drawn from the archives of Sion, were at the same time brought forward by the learned antiquarian.

Note C.—Page 102.

The holy Sacrament was carried through the city (Paris) in great pomp; Francis walked uncovered before it, bearing a torch in his hand; the princes of the blood supported the canopy over it; the nobles marched in order behind. In the presence of this numerous assembly, the king declared, that if one of his hands were infected with heresy, he would cut it off with the other, and would not spare even his own children if found guilty of that crime. As a dreadful proof of his being in earnest, six unhappy persons were publicly burnt before the procession was finished, with circumstances of the most shocking barbarity attending their execution.—*Robertson's History of Charles 5th*, vol. ii. p. 212.

NOTE E.—Page 109.

Form of Absolution used by Tetzel.

May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon thee, and absolve thee, by the merits of His most holy passion. And I, by His authority, that of his blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and of the *most* holy Pope, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee, first from all ecclesiastical censures, and then from all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognisance of the holy See; and as far as the keys of the holy Church extend, I remit to you all punishment which you deserve in purgatory on their account, and I restore you to the holy sacraments of the Church, to the unity of the faithful, and to that innocence and purity which you possessed at baptism; so that, when you die, the gates of punishment shall be shut, and the gates of the paradise of delights shall be opened; and if you should not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force when you are at the point of death. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—*Robertson's History of Charles 5th*, vol. ii. p. 122.

NOTE F.—Page 128.

"Redeem then," says St. Eloy or Egidius, Bishop of Noyon, one of the canonized saints of the Church of Rome, of the 7th century, "Redeem then your souls from destruction, whilst you have the means in your power; offer presents and tithes to churchmen; come more frequently to church; humbly implore the patronage of the saints; for if you observe these things you may come with security in the day of retribution to the tribunal of the Eternal Judge, and say, "Give to us O Lord, for we have given unto Thee."—*Mosheim's Eccles. Hist.* vol. i. p. 324.

NOTE G.—Page 165.

The concealed cavity and staircase here described, was accidently discovered by a mason, who inhabited the chamber assigned to Cottier, whilst employed in the annual repairs of the castle.

NOTE H.—Page 166.

It is an historical fact, that both Pierre and his countess were buried at Chillon, although no trace of their remains have been discovered. It is conjectured that their tombs were ransacked by the Bernese troops in search of the treasures they were supposed to contain. The vault in which they were deposited is still pointed out, but the ground has been raised ten or twelve feet there, as well as in the little cemetry beyond.

NOTE I.—Page 169.

Bonnivard often composed verses whilst pacing his narrow cell: or held imaginary conversations with persons of celebrity amongst the ancients.—*Chroniques.*

NOTES.

VOL. II.

Note, page 28.

In the summer of 1840, Madame V—— discovered a subterranean dungeon in a tower of the castle, opposite to that in which the oubliettes before known, are situated. Observing a niche in the wall, such as usually contains the image of the Virgin, she informed the author that she caused the floor to be opened, and found, as she expected, an opening into some underground dungeons. A chimney-sweeper was induced, by the promised reward of a five-franc piece, to descend into them with ropes; but he was so terrified that he demanded to be quickly drawn up into a purer atmosphere. He remained, however, long enough to collect some human bones, a rusty spur, and a coarse cloth of goat's hair. The latter was lying at the door of the chamber as late as the summer of 1843, and may possibly still remain; since the superintendence of the castle has passed into the hands of those little interested in its historical or legendary recollections.

Note, page 34.

The torture-chamber at Chillon still contains the post to which the victim was bound. The instruments of torture have not many years been removed from thence. Mademoiselle C., the daughter of a former commandant, told the author that they were always kept there during the time she resided in the castle.

Note, page 35.

Le Comte de Savoie reçut, comme le présent le plus précieuse, l'anneau du St. Martyr, chef de la lègion Thèbaine. Cet anneau etoit d'autant plus vénéré que les Rois de Bourgogne s'en servaient pour sceller la prise de possession de leur êtats. C'etait dans cette Abbaye (celle de St. Maurice) qu'ils venaient en recevoir l'investiture, et se faire couronner. A leur initiation, nos Princes se servirent ensuite de ce même anneau pour sceller les grands acts de leur administration. Le grand Pierre en fit un si grand cas, qu'il le prit pour sa devise

Sacra hoc pignore felix
Heureux par ce pieux gage. *Muller.*

Note, page 39.

Any one who has entered the dungeon of Chillon after the setting of the sun, in a clear autumnal evening, must be well aware of the sudden illumination here described. We have been told that Turner has taken his view of these dungeons at this felicitous moment.

Note, page 40.

Words said actually to have been uttered by Charles and Bonnivard, during a similar interview.

Note K.—Page 52.

The bent bar still remains in the window, from which a Savoy gentleman is said to have made his escape. It is in a room rarely shown to strangers, and having been evidently used as a place of confinement.

Note L.—Page 81.

When the deputies from Berne visited Fribourg, previous to their last offers of assistance to the Genevans, they found the chief magistrates of the city engaged as here described—in organizing the Fête des Fous. They were, at the moment of Monsieur Neugli's and his colleague's entrance, endeavouring to prevail on a young priest to take on himself the personification of King Balthazar.—*Archives de Berne.*

Note M.—Page 114.

Mademoiselle C., daughter of a former Concierge of Chillon, informed the author that a young Englishman, doubting the possibility of passing through the narrow loophole, through which the young Cottier is said to have jumped into the lake, was furnished by her with ropes and ladders for making the experiment, which succeeded.

Note N.—Page 135.

Ce fut le 29 de Mars, 1536, après deux jours de siége seulment, que Chillon fut pris par les Bernois et les Genevois. Il n'y eut pas de resistance sérieuse. La Chatelain s'en fuit lâchement; tandis qu'on parlementait, le capitainne de la grande Galère s'en fugait avec sa nef en si grand hûte et de si bon cœur que Messrs. de Genève n'ont sut l'atteindre.—*Le Chroniquer de la Suisse Romande.*

Note O.—Page 137.

Un seul homme, si l'on eut croit la tradition, jeta un reflet de gloire sur les derniers moments du régne des Ducs de Savoie dans le Pays de Vaud, c'etait un De Blonay. On raconte que, fort attaché à la religion de ses pères, et à ses anciens maitres, il se precipita à cheval dans le lac pour s'echapper à la flotilla qui entourait le château, gagna à la nage la rive du chablais, et fut reçu à la cour avec la plus rare distinction. Le peuples s'empara de cette merveilleuse progresse, et la racontra au loin: il ne lui vint pas dans la pensée que rien peut être impossible à la fidélité et au courage.—*Notice sur Chillon extraite des Mémoires Historiques de feu Monsieue Ann Joseph. Channoine de la Cathedrale de Sion.*

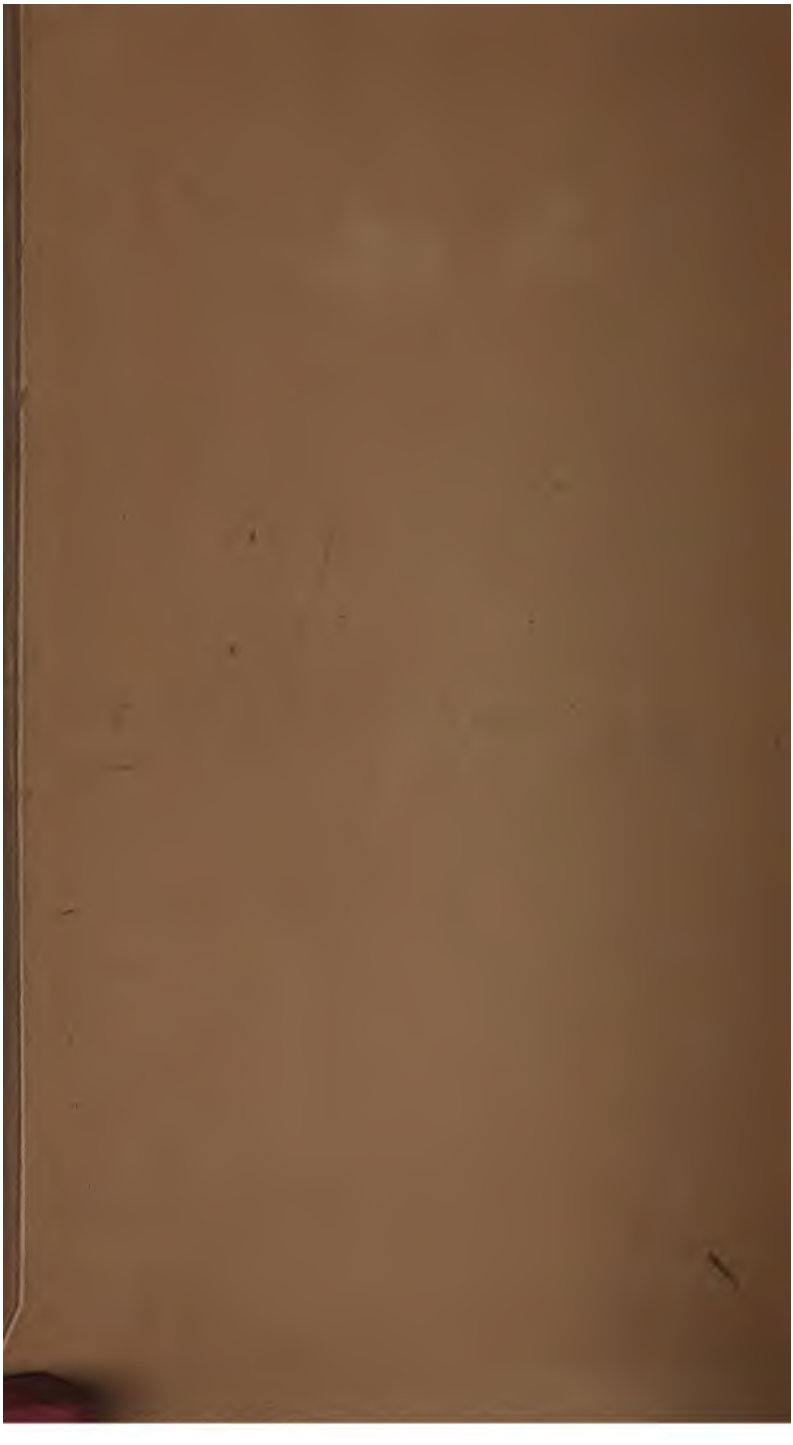
Note P.—Page 139.

On a dit que Bonnivard a été quelque temps comme sans savoir ce qu'on lui voulait, et comme s'il lui eût été indifferent de revoir le ciel. On dit encore, qu'au moment de franchir, le seuil de la prison, il s'est retourné, et que son regard humide a fait un long adieu à tout ce qu'il laissait.—*Chroniques.*

Note Q.—Page 141.

Outside the principal dungeon of Chillon, between the chapel and the staircase leading to the Salle de Justice, the traveller is still shown a beam, now black with age, as the potence or gibbet; and tradition adds, that the last person who suffered on it was a murderer, found in the dungeons at the time of the release of Bonnivard.

THE END.



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